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# The Book of Friendship



Introduction by
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BEQUEST OF
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TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
1940

# THE BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP




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# THE BOOK OF FRIENDSHIP

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

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# INTRODUCTION

SHAKESPEARE describes the way in which the essence of fleeting beauty is preserved.

"For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there:
Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness everywhere:
Then were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Now it nor no remembrance what it was,
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet."

A Book of Friendship is an attempt to collect some of these "flowers distilled" from the world's literature. As the generations pass, friends are separated. But theirs are expressions of feeling that are imperishable. The "substance still lives sweet."

It is pleasant not only to know what wise men have thought about friendship, but how friendly souls have actually felt. There must be a vast variety in the incidents of friendships and a unity in its essential nature. No abstract or philosophical description can satisfy us in regard to an intimate personal experience which we all have felt.

I can imagine a warm-hearted friend reading Emerson's Essay on Friendship, and wondering what it is all about.

"Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls

by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house and know his mother or brother or sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit." . . . "The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and receive a letter. That seems to you a letter. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody." . . . "I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms and admit or exclude on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friends."

To the ordinary person there is something chilly in all this. But if we cannot feel, or desire to feel in just this way toward those whom we call our friends, we can at least try to understand what Emerson meant. To him friendship was something sacred. The friend was the elect soul who stood always for the ideal best. For him to fall short of the ideal was to forfeit his sacred office. Friendship and Duty were from this point of view identical; for it is the friend who points the way and keeps us in it.

"O friend, my bosom said
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red.
All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth,
The mill round of our fate appears

# Introduction

A sun-path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair."

It is a far cry from Emerson's ethereal friendship with its fastidious withdrawal from all personal contact, to the friendship of Huckleberry Finn and Negro Jim as they lie sprawling on the raft in the middle of the Mississippi. Neither of them would have understood the high moods of the spirit. Neither of them illustrated the dignity of human nature. One was a specimen of the "poor white trash" as it existed on the great river, and the other was a runaway slave. They had not chosen one another; they had literally been "thrown together" as by a careless Fate. They had shared the same crusts, they had smoked together and fished off the same log, and lied and stolen in the common cause of self-preservation. In all this there was nothing consciously ethical or inspiring. When Huckleberry Finn's conscience did assert itself, it was by way of protest against this friendship. His conscience was vague on most points, but one thing he knew to be wrong. Whatever other form of stealing might be condoned, he was clear in regard to the heinousness of the sin of stealing a slave from his lawful owner. When he slipped off the raft determined to give the information that would send Jim back to slavery, he felt that he was about to do a noble act.

Then he lost his nerve. He refused to obey his inward monitor and sneaked back to his companion. "I got aboard the raft feeling bad and low, because I knowed very well I had done wrong, and I see it warn't no use

for me to learn to do right: a body that don't get *started* right when he's little ain't got no show — when the pinch comes, there ain't nothing to back him up and keep him to his work, and so he gets beat. Then I thought a minute, and says to myself, hold on, s'pose you'd a done right and give Jim up, would you have felt better than what you do now? No, says I, I'd feel bad — I'd feel just the same way I do now. Well, then, says I, what's the use you learning to do right when it's troublesome to do right and ain't no trouble to do wrong, and the wages is just the same? I was stuck. I couldn't answer that. So I reckoned I wouldn't bother no more about it, but after this always do whichever come handiest at the time."

Huckleberry Finn was unable to apologize for the impulse upon which he acted. It seemed to him a weakness — which he accepted just as he accepted his other manifold weaknesses. He was used to yielding to temptation, and here was another. He was aware that he ought to give Jim up, and he would have done it if he hadn't known him so well, and if Jim hadn't trusted him. He couldn't quite make up his mind to go back on his friend.

Better heads than Huckleberry Finn's have been puzzled over the problems of friendship and have failed as ignominiously when they have attempted a formal solution. For a friend is always an exception to the abstract laws which our reason accepts. We confess this when we say that we are "partial" to certain persons. We are not willing to hand them over to the tender mercies of universal law. We want to shield them, and to give them a little better chance.

# Introduction

It is not that our friends are wiser and better than other people, but that we know them better. The accident of contiguity may have first given them a place in our affections, but now they cannot be removed from that place without causing us pain. They make our familiar world. They are a part of our environment to which we have become happily wonted. We take them as they are, with the frank acknowledgment that to us they are not as other men are, but form a privileged class. We find it easy to forgive their shortcomings, and their good points are all the better because they belong to them. Nor are we satisfied with thinking of them as unrelated personalities. We take them into our hearts with all their natural belongings. We want to know their brothers and their sisters, and to have them drop in to see us.

But after all, Emerson's idea of friendship and Huckleberry Finn's meet at the essential point. Friendship is "attachment" and not detachment. A friend is one to whom we are pleasantly drawn. "It wasn't any trouble" to have old Jim on the raft, and it would have been very lonesome to have him taken away.

A friend is one whom you like to have with you when you are doing what you most like to do. If what you most like to do is to dwell upon the ideally perfect, your friend is the one who meets you in these rare moments. The vision of spiritual beauty is not more than half real till it is shared with him. In the consciousness that another mind reflects your thought, you find the keenest satisfaction. Here is the high office of a friend, and in these high experiences is the point of attachment.

But because thou art virtuous, shall Friendship have

no cakes and ale for those less highly endowed? Happily, Friendship is the most accommodating of all the virtues. She is easy to be entreated and has something for all sorts and conditions of men. Personal attachments are within the reach of the humblest. If our idea of perfect bliss is to go fishing, and loaf in the woods, and float down a river on a raft, we may still have a friend. He is the one whose presence is no intrusion, and whose conversation conveys no reproach. Are we lazy, so is he; are we hungry, he also enjoys his victuals. If the world be against us, all the more do we draw together. To hate the same people and to reject their advice is a real bond.

Friendship rises into the heights of disinterested virtue, but it begins where life begins. It is mingled with the earliest experience, and it exists among the ferocities of the primitive struggle for existence. St. Augustine, referring to Virgil's story of the unsocial giant Cacus dwelling in his dreary cavern without wife or child or friend, said: "It is better to believe that such a man, or semi-man, never existed, and that this in common with many other fancies of the poets is a mere fiction. For the most savage animals encompass their own species with a ring of protecting peace." . . . What tigress does not gently purr over her cubs and lay aside her ferocity to fondle them. What kite, solitary as he is when circling over his prey, does not seek a mate to build the nest and maintain peace.

Friendships have been formed not alone by the fireside of the home or in some sacred place, but by soldiers on the march, by wanderers on the highways, by boys roving the streets in gangs, by pirates upon the high

seas, by scholars, and by men of affairs. Wherever there is "something doing," the law of friendship asserts itself. The laws of evolutionary progress favor it. The unfriendly deed is barren. Friendly coöperation multiplies power. A company of friends conscious of a common purpose, trusting each other, and subordinating individual preferences can achieve success.

In the third and fourth centuries, piety took an unsocial, not to say a morose, form. The idea was to get away from the wicked world and renounce one's natural relations. Hundreds of ascetics fled from their homes to the deserts of Egypt in search of a solitary goodness. The sand hills were honeycombed with the cells of these hermits. But by and by human nature asserted itself. The anchorite who had fled from his neighbors couldn't prevent them from following his example. The desert began to be populous. It was a great experience for the unsocial saint when he discovered that the other saint whom he met every morning at the well was not such a bad fellow after all. So after a while all the cells came to be under one roof, and spiritual isolation gave way to the organized friendliness of the monasteries.

Human life, like all other life, has from some standpoints a sinister aspect. There seems to be a natural hostility between all living creatures. Their interests seem necessarily to conflict. One species devours another. One individual of the species crowds out others who are less fit for the struggle. Friendship at first seems but a feeble and futile protest against a grim reality. It is the expression of a personal preference. Before the bar of Necessity it pleads for tender treatment for a few whom we may have happened to know

intimately. "These are my friends, deal gently with them." As if it mattered.

But the wonderful thing is that it does matter. Friendship, at the beginning so narrow in its scope and so fitful in its action, grows at last into a world power. If conditions are hard, it creates new conditions. It becomes a creative force. What are we working for but to make the world a better place for our friends to live in?

> "Love from its awful throne of patient power
> In the wise heart,"

is all the time working toward this end. Already human institutions have a more friendly aspect. There is a world-wide conspiracy against those cruel powers which have for ages held sway. We are coming to believe that the friendly way is also the strong and wise way.

It is because of this that a Book of Friendship is a Primer of Civilization. It contains the first lessons which must be learned by those who would work for a better social order. All the high loyalties rest on one discovery — the discovery of the worth of a friend. It is surely worth our while to learn as much as possible of the lore of the heart.

*Samuel McChord Crothers*

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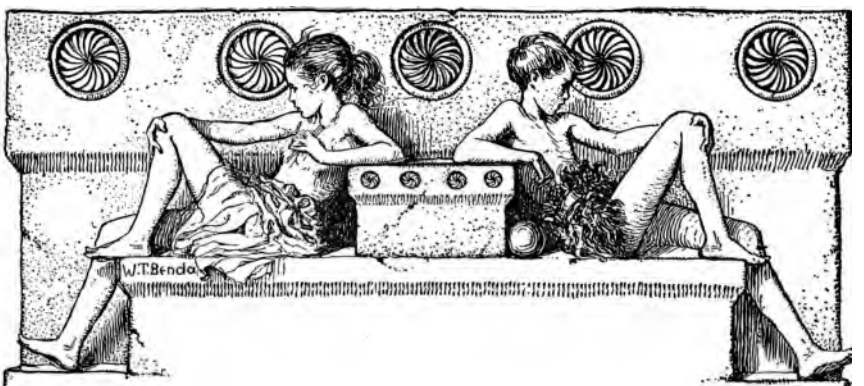

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# I

# CHILDHOOD FRIENDSHIPS




## CHILDHOOD FRIENDSHIPS

To Alison Cunningham
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In School Days
In a Garden
Sir Walter Scott and
Marjorie Fleming
Sunshine
Enoch Arden
We once were Children
Leolin and Edith
The Little Veronica
The Unseen Playmate
The Lost friend


Vojtěch Benda

"No fame, were the best less brittle,
No praise, were it wide as earth,
Is worth so much as a little
Child's love may be worth."

*A. C. Swinburne*

## To Alison Cunningham

From her Boy

FOR the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore: —
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The angel of my infant life —
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice!

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## Braddan Vicarage

I WONDER if in that far isle,
Some child is growing now, like me
When I was child: care-pricked, yet healed the while
With balm of rock and sea.

# The Book of Friendship

I wonder if the purple ring
  That rises on a belt of blue
Provokes the little bashful thing
  To guess what may ensue,
When he has pierced the screen, and holds the further clue.

. . . . . .

I wonder if the hills are long and lonely
  That North from South divide;
I wonder if he thinks that it is only
  The hither slope where men abide,
Unto all mortal homes refused the other side.

. . . . . .

I wonder if to him "the Boat," descending
  From the proud East, his spirit fills
With a strange joy, adventurous ardor lending
  To the mute soul that thrills
As booms the herald gun, and westward wakes the hills.

I wonder if he loves that Captain bold
  Who has the horny hand,
Who swears the mighty oath, who well can hold,
  Half-drunk, serene command,
And guide his straining bark to refuge of the land.

I wonder if he thinks the world has aught
  Of strong, or nobly wise,
Like him by whom the invisible land is caught
  With instinct true, nor storms, nor midnight skies
Avert the settled aim, or daunt the keen emprise.

*T. E. Brown*

# Childhood Friendships

## The French Tambour

PARBLEU! how much I owe the French *tambour* who was so long billeted on us, looked like a very devil, and yet was such an angelic character, and such an incomparable drummer.

A little nervous figure, never still for an instant; a fierce black mustache, beneath which the red lips curled defiantly; fiery eyes which glanced hither and thither.

With all a small boy's devotion I stuck to him like a burr, helped him to polish his buttons till they shone like mirrors, and to pipeclay his waistcoat, for Monsieur Le Grand was somewhat of a dandy, and I followed him, like a dog, on guard, to the roll-call, to parade — all, then, was glitter and gladness, now, *les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand only knew a little broken German — only the indispensable phrases, *Brot*, *Kuss*, *Ehre* — but he could make himself perfectly understood on the drum. For instance, when I did not know the meaning of *liberté*, he would beat the Marseillaise, and I understood him. If I did not know what *égalité* meant, he played the march *Ça ira, ça ira . . . les aristocrats à la lanterne!* and I understood him. If I did not know the German for *bêtise*, he beat the Dessau March, which we Germans, as even Goethe allows, beat in Champagne, and I understood him. Once he wanted to explain to me the word *Allemagne*, and he beat a very primitive simple measure which is often played at fairs for dogs to dance to, the tune of *dum, dum, dum;* I was very angry, but still I understood him.

*Heinrich Heine*

## In School Days

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

## Childhood Friendships

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

*John G. Whittier*

THE child alone is the true democrat;
to him only is every one he meets a friend.

*Anonymous.*

## In a Garden

I HEAR of two far hence
  In a garden met,
And the fragrance blown from thence
  Fades not yet.

The one is seven years old,
  And my friend is he:
But the years of the other have told
  Eighty-three.

To hear these twain converse
  Or to see them greet
Were sweeter than softest verse
  May be sweet.

The hoar old gardener there
  With an eye more mild
Perchance than his mild white hair
  Meets the child.

I had rather hear the words
  That the twain exchange
Than the songs of all the birds
  There that range,

Call, chirp, and twitter there
  Through the garden-beds
Where the sun alike sees fair
  Those two heads —

And which may holier be
  Held in heaven of those
Or more worth heart's thanks to see
  No man knows.

1881. *A. C. Swinburne*

## Sir Walter Scott and Marjorie Fleming

SIR WALTER sat down in his large green morocco elbow-chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, " 'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, d— it, it won't do, —

"'My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
  The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
  Employs ower aft my hand, sir.'

I am off the fang. I can make nothing of *Waverley* to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum-cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gamboled and whisked among the snow, and her master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith, of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith, of Ravelston, of whom he said

at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of the few persons whose spirit and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding, — that's odd, — that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs (the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put up, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb, — Maida gamboling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down

in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be, — "Ziccotty, diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccotty, diccotty, dock." This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers, — he saying it after her, —

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky, dan;
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um, Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill-behavior and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morrice* or the *Baron of Smailholm;* and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating, —

"For I am sick, and capable of fears,
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears.

"If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious" —

Or drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument," —

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
Here I and sorrow sit."

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does." . . .

Here is Maidie's first letter before she was six, the spelling unaltered, and there are no "commoes."

"My dear Isa, — I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painful necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay — birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature." . . .

. . . Here are bits from her Diary at Braehead: — "The day of my existence here has been delightful and

enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well-made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey (Craigie), and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith — the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and (I) walked to Crakyhall (Craigiehall) hand in hand in Innocence and matitation (meditation) sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly — the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face."

Here is a confession: — "I confess I have been very more like a little young divil than a creature for when Isabella went up stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never does it. . . . Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

Our poor little wifie, *she* has no doubts of the personality of the Devil! "Yesterday I behave extremely ill in

God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often tells me that when to or three are geathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Divil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure."

This is delicious; and what harm is there in her "Devilish"? it is strong language merely; even old Rowland Hill used to say "he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words." . . .

. . . She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song: —

"EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH — WHO KNOWS WHICH) ON MY DEAR LOVE ISABELLA

"Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a night-cap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice;
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright,
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives:
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory."

## Childhood Friendships

Here are some bits at random: —

"Of summer I am very fond,
And love to bathe into a pond;
The look of sunshine dies away,
And will not let me out to play;
I love the morning's sun to spy
Glittering through the casement's eye,
The rays of light are very sweet,
And puts away the taste of meat;
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven,
And makes us like for to be living.

"The casawary is an curious bird, and so is the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is not qualyfied for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country." . . .

. . . Do we make too much of this little child, who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years? We may of her cleverness, — not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself! . . . We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

*Dr. John Brown*

## Sunshine

MY friend peers in on me with merry
Wise face, and though the sky stay dim,
The very light of day, the very
Sun's self comes in with him.

*A. C. Swinburne*

## Enoch Arden

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles in dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
"This is my house and this my little wife."
"Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about:"

## Childhood Friendships

When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

*Alfred Tennyson*

## We once were Children

MY child, we once were children,
Two children, little and gay;
We crawl'd inside the henhouse,
And hid in the straw in play.

We crow'd as the cocks are accustom'd,
And when the people came by,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" — and they fancied
'Twas really the cock's shrill cry.

The chests within our courtyard
With paper we nicely lined,
And in them lived together,
In a dwelling quite to our mind.

The aged cat of our neighbor
Came oft to visit us there;
We made her our bows and our curtsies,
And plenty of compliments fair.

For her health we used to inquire
In language friendly and soft;
Since then we have ask'd the same question
Of many old cats full oft.

## The Book of Friendship

We used to sit, while we wisely
  Discoursed, in the way of old men,
And lamented that all was better
  In the olden days than then;

How love and truth and religion
  From out of the world had fled,
How very dear was the coffee,
  How scarce was the gold, we said.

Those childish sports have vanish'd,
  And all is fast rolling away;
The world, and the times, and religion,
  And gold, love, and truth all decay.

*Heinrich Heine*

## Leolin and Edith

SANGUINE he was: a but less vivid hue
Than of that islet in the chestnut-bloom
Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes, that still
Took joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd
Beneath a mane like mass of rolling gold,
Their best and brightest, when they dwelt on hers,
Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star between the less
And greater glory varying to and fro,
We know not wherefore; bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,
A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.
And these had been together from the first.

## Childhood Friendships

Leolin's first nurse was, five years after hers:
So much the boy foreran; but when his date
Doubled her own, for want of playmates, he
(Since Averill was a decad and a half
His elder, and their parents underground)
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green
In living letters, told her fairy-tales,
Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass,
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
The pretty marc's-tail forest, fairy pines,
Or from the tiny pitted target blew
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd
All at one mark, all hitting: make-believes
For Edith and himself: or else he forged,
But that was later, boyish histories
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love
Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and faint,
But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.
And thus together, save for college-times
Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair
As ever painter painted, poet sang,
Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded, grew.
And more and more, the maiden woman-grown,
He wasted hours with Averill; there, when first
The tented winter-field was broken up

Into that phalanx of the summer spears
That soon should wear the garland; there again
When burr and bine were gather'd; lastly there
At Christmas; ever welcome at the Hall.

*Alfred Tennyson*

## The Little Veronica

I AM a child again, playing with other children on the Schloss-platz at Düsseldorf on the Rhine. . . .

O God! once the world was so glorious, and the birds sang Thy everlasting praises, and the little Veronica gazed at me with her quiet eyes, and we sat before the marble statue on the Schloss-platz. On one side of it is the old ruined castle which is haunted by a headless lady in a black silk dress with a long rustling train; on the other side is a high, white building, the upper chambers bright with gay pictures in golden frames; on the ground floor thousands of huge tomes, which the little Veronica and I so often marvelled at when the good Ursula lifted us up to peep in at the big windows. Later on, when I had grown a big boy, I used to climb every day the tallest steps in that library and get down the tallest books, and read so deeply that I was afraid of nothing, least of all of headless ladies, and got so clever that I forgot all the old games and stories and pictures and the little Veronica, and even her name. . . .

You can hardly picture, Madame, how beautiful the little Veronica looked as she lay in her little coffin. The burning tapers which stood round cast their shimmer over the pale, smiling child's face, and the red silk rosebuds and rustling tinsel with which the little head and th:

white shroud were tricked out. The good Ursula had led me at night into the silent chamber, and when I saw the little corpse with the taper and flowers laid out on the table, I thought at first it was the waxen image of some saint; but soon I recognized the dear features, and asked laughingly why little Veronica lay so quiet, and Ursula answered, " She's dead."

And when she said, "She's dead," — but I will not finish the story to-day; it would take too long, and I should have to tell you first about the lame jackdaw who used to limp about the Schloss-platz, and was three hundred years old, and I might grow melancholy. The humor takes me to tell another story, which is both humorous and appropriate, for it is the very story I intended to set forth in this book.

*Heinrich Heine*

## The Unseen Playmate

WHEN children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'Tis he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'Tis he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchman and never can win.

'Tis he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'Tis he will take care of your playthings himself!

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## The Lost Friend

ALL underneath the restless sea
Grief ran along a wire to me;
Children, your tender friend is gone —
Dear Robert Louis Stevenson.

With radiant smiles he reached his hands
To stroke the young of many lands;
Himself a man and boy in one —
Dear Robert Louis Stevenson.

Since he shall live on children's lips
In tales of treasure and of ships,
What need to raise a tower of stone
For Robert Louis Stevenson?

Samoa nurses him in flowers,
Forever hers, forever ours;
Incarnate tune, undying tone,
Dear Robert Louis Stevenson.

*Norman Gale*

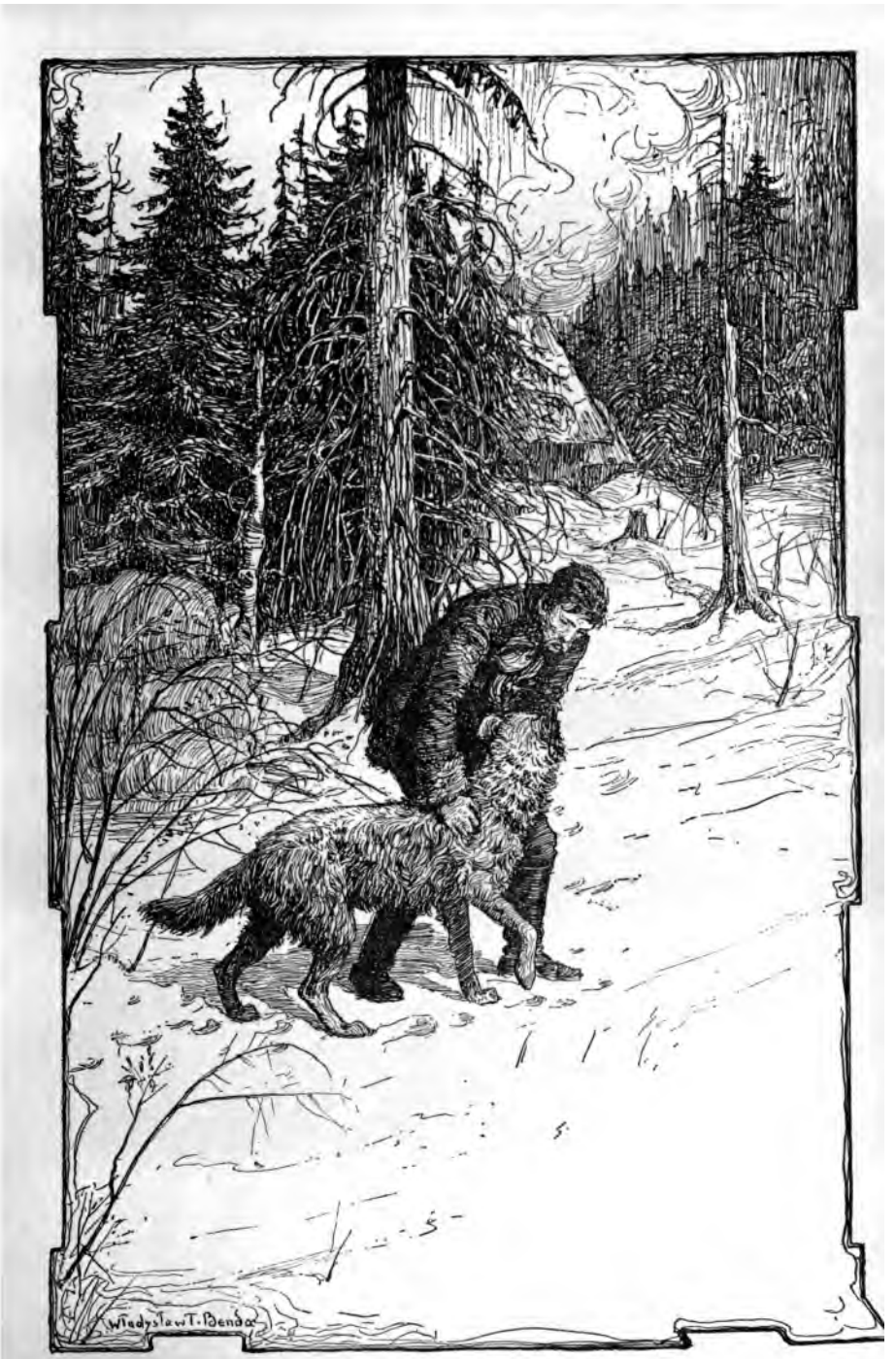
# II

# INARTICULATE FRIENDSHIPS



## INARTICULATE FRIENDSHIPS

The Bullfinch
The Faithful Bird
Poor Dog Tray
Rab and his Friends
For the Love of a Man
The Blood Horse
Modestine
A Night With a Wolf
Friends in Prison
Epitaph on a Hare
The Friendship of Books
The Hills of the South Country


Władysław T. Benda

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat,
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

*William Wordsworth*

## The Bullfinch

IF any one should come to me and bid me recommend
The very nicest animal to care for as a pet,
I should answer, "As a playmate and one's own especial friend,
I have never known the creature to excel the bullfinch yet.

"The rabbit has a twitching nose and bright and startled eye
(And when he happens to be white his eye is pinky, too),
But nothing will he do for you, however you may try,
Excepting eat, and eat, and eat, and eat, his lifetime through.

"The squirrel is a lively little brilliant mass of fur,
Who frolics when he wishes, but to love is not inclined;
The dormouse has attractions, but for months he doesn't stir;
The silkworm is industrious, but lacks the mirthful mind.

"The bullfinch, on the contrary, is full of love and cheek:
He'll hop among the breakfast things, and peck what suits him best;
He'll nestle on your shoulder, and he'll kiss you with his beak,
And sing his little soothing song and puff his rosy chest."

*L.*

## The Faithful Bird

THE greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
That after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too gen'rous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
You must not live alone —

## Inarticulate Friendships

Nor would he quit that chosen stand
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
  Return'd him to his own.

O ye who never taste the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
  Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferr'd
  To liberty without.

*William Cowper*

## Poor Dog Tray

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, while the sorrow was big at her heart,
"O remember your Sheelah when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray."

When the road was so dark, and the wind was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were growing weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray!
And he licked me for kindness — my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go? poor, forsaken, and blind,
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my dear native village, so far, far away,
I can never return with my poor dog Tray!

*Thomas Campbell*

## Rab and his Friends

ONE fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up, — the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest — some kind o' an income, we're thinking."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat with its large white metal buttons, over her feet.

I never saw a more unforgetable face — pale, serious, *lonely*, delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes — eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a life-time, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it: her eyebrows black and

delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James, the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers — pale, subdued, and beautiful — was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up, — were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully, — she and James watching me, and Rab eying all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, so "full of all blessed conditions," — hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth,

express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, doctor"; and in slank the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled and gray like Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick set, like a little bull — a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two — being all he had — gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long — the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity

of all great fighters. . . . So far well: but four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could; James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon — the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle, —

> "The intellectuall power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way,"

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice, — the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and peril-

ous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard; many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. . . .

This was the close. She sank rapidly: the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly"; it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still — her eyes shut, she said, "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank, clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us: Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time, — saying nothing: he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latchets, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down-stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window; there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo;* he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning — for the sun was not up — was Jess and the cart, — a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out — who knows how? — to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of

Alison Graeme, and James may have looked in at her from without — himself unseen but not unthought of — when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin'"; and by the fire-light working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down-stairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm, frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before — as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G.," — sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts, then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee";

and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

*Dr. John Brown*

## For the Love of a Man

FOR the most part Buck's love was expressed in adoration. While he went wild with happiness when Thornton touched him or spoke to him, he did not seek these tokens. Unlike Skeet, who was wont to shove her nose under Thornton's hand and nudge and nudge till petted, or Nig, who would stalk up and rest his great head on Thornton's knee, Buck was content to adore at a distance. He would lie by the hour, eager, alert, at Thornton's feet, looking up into his face, dwelling upon it, studying it, following with keenest interest each fleeting expression, every movement or change of feature. Or, as chance might have it, he would lie farther away, to the side or rear, watching the outlines of the man and the occasional movements of his body. And often, such was the communion in which they lived, the strength of Buck's gaze would draw John Thornton's head around, and he would return the gaze, without speech, his heart shining out of his eyes as Buck's heart shone out. . . .

But in spite of this great love he bore John Thornton, which seemed to bespeak the soft civilizing influence, the strain of the primitive, which the Northland had aroused in him, remained alive and active. Faithfulness and devotion, things born of fire and roof, were his; yet

he retained his wildness and wiliness. He was a thing of the wild, come in from the wild to sit by John Thornton's fire, rather than a dog of the soft Southland stamped with the marks of generations of civilization. Because of his very great love, he could not steal from this man, but from any other man, in any other camp, he did not hesitate an instant; while the cunning with which he stole enabled him to escape detection. . . .

That winter, at Dawson, Buck performed another exploit, not so heroic, perhaps, but one that put his name many notches higher on the totem-pole of Alaskan fame. This exploit was particularly gratifying to the three men; for they stood in need of the outfit which it furnished, and were enabled to make a long-desired trip into the virgin East, where miners had not yet appeared. It was brought about by a conversation in the Eldorado Saloon, in which men waxed boastful of their favorite dogs. Buck, because of his record, was the target for these men, and Thornton was driven stoutly to defend him. At the end of half an hour one man stated that his dog could start a sled with five hundred pounds and walk off with it; a second bragged six hundred for his dog; and a third, seven hundred.

"Pooh! pooh!" said John Thornton; "Buck can start a thousand pounds."

"And break it out? and walk off with it for a hundred yards?" demanded Matthewson, a Bonanza King, he of the seven hundred vaunt.

"And break it out, and walk off with it for a hundred yards," John Thornton said coolly.

"Well," Matthewson said, slowly and deliberately, so that all could hear, "I've got a thousand dollars that

says he can't. And there it is." So saying, he slammed a sack of gold-dust of the size of a bologna sausage down upon the bar.

Nobody spoke. Thornton's bluff, if bluff it was, had been called. He could feel a flush of warm blood creeping up his face. His tongue had tricked him. He did not know whether Buck could start a thousand pounds. Half a ton! The enormousness of it appalled him. He had great faith in Buck's strength and had often thought him capable of starting such a load; but never, as now, had he faced the possibility of it, the eyes of a dozen men fixed upon him, silent and waiting. Further, he had no thousand dollars; nor had Hans nor Pete.

"I've got a sled standing outside now, with twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour on it," Matthewson went on with brutal directness; "so don't let that hinder you."

Thornton did not reply. He did not know what to say. He glanced from face to face in the absent way of a man who has lost the power of thought and is seeking somewhere to find the thing that will start it going again. The face of Jim O'Brien, a Mastodon King and old-time comrade, caught his eyes. It was as a cue to him, seeming to rouse him to do what he would never have dreamed of doing.

"Can you lend me a thousand?" he asked almost in a whisper.

"Sure," answered O'Brien, thumping down a plethoric sack by the side of Matthewson's. "Though it's little faith I'm having, John, that the beast can do the trick."

The Eldorado emptied its occupants into the street to see the test. The tables were deserted, and the dealers and gamekeepers came forth to see the outcome

of the wager and to lay odds. Several hundred men, furred and mittened, banked around the sled within easy distance. Matthewson's sled, loaded with a thousand pounds of flour, had been standing for a couple of hours, and in the intense cold (it was sixty below zero) the runners had frozen fast to the hard-packed snow. Men offered odds of two to one that Buck could not budge the sled. A quibble arose concerning the phrase "break out." O'Brien contended it was Thornton's privilege to knock the runners loose, leaving Buck to "break it out" from a dead standstill. Matthewson insisted that the phrase included breaking the runners from the frozen grip of the snow. A majority of the men who had witnessed the making of the bet decided in his favor, whereat the odds went up to three to one against Buck.

There were no takers. Not a man believed him capable of the feat. Thornton had been hurried into the wager, heavy with doubt; and now that he looked at the sled itself, the concrete fact, with the regular team of ten dogs curled up in the snow before it, the more impossible the task appeared. Matthewson waxed jubilant.

"Three to one!" he proclaimed. "I'll lay you another thousand at that figure, Thornton. What d'ye say?"

Thornton's doubt was strong in his face, but his fighting spirit was aroused — the fighting spirit that soars above odds, fails to recognize the impossible, and is deaf to all save the clamor for battle. He called Hans and Pete to him. Their sacks were slim, and with his own the three partners could rake together only two hundred dollars. In the ebb of their fortunes, this sum was their total capital; yet they laid it unhesitatingly against Matthewson's six hundred.

# Inarticulate Friendships

The team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with his own harness, was put into the sled. He had caught the contagion of the excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John Thornton. Murmurs of admiration at his splendid appearance went up. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the one hundred and fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit and virility. His furry coat shone with the sheen of silk. Down the neck and across the shoulders, his mane, in repose as it was, half bristled and seemed to lift with every movement, as though excess of vigor made each particular hair alive and active. The great breast and heavy fore legs were no more than in proportion with the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron, and the odds went down to two to one.

"Gad, sir! Gad, sir!" stuttered a member of the latest dynasty, a king of the Skookum Benches. "I offer you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test, sir; eight hundred just as he stands."

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested. "Free play and plenty of room."

The crowd fell silent; only could be heard the voices of the gamblers vainly offering two to one. Everybody acknowledged Buck a magnificent animal, but twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour bulked too large in their eyes for them to loosen their pouch-strings.

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head in his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as was his wont, or murmur

soft love curses; but he whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck. As you love me," was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

The crowd was watching curiously. The affair was growing mysterious. It seemed like a conjuration. As Thornton got to his feet, Buck seized his mittened hand between his jaws, pressing in with his teeth and releasing slowly, half-reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms, not of speech, but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slacked them for a matter of several inches. It was the way he had learned.

"Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement in a plunge that took up the slack and with a sudden jerk arrested his one hundred and fifty pounds. The load quivered, and from under the runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck duplicated the manœuvre, this time to the left. The crackling turned into a snapping, the sled pivoting and the runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

"Now, MUSH!"

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol-shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered compactly together in the tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live things under the silky fur. His

great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad, the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in parallel grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half-started forward. One of his feet slipped, and one man groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead in what appeared a rapid succession of jerks, though it never really came to a dead stop again . . . half an inch . . . an inch . . . two inches . . . The jerks perceptibly diminished; as the sled gained momentum, he caught them up, till it was moving steadily along.

Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe. Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with whom, and bubbling over in a general incoherent babel.

But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth. Those who hurried up heard him cursing Buck, and he cursed him long and fervently, and softly and lovingly.

"Gad, sir! Gad, sir!" spluttered the Skookum Bench king. "I'll give you a thousand for him, sir, a thousand, sir — twelve hundred, sir."

Thornton rose to his feet. His eyes were wet. The tears were streaming frankly down his cheeks. "Sir,"

he said to the Skookum Bench king, "no, sir. You can go to hell, sir. It's the best I can do for you, sir."

Buck seized Thornton's hand in his teeth. Thornton shook him back and forth. As though animated by a common impulse, the onlookers drew back to a respectful distance; nor were they again indiscreet enough to interrupt.

*Jack London*

## The Blood Horse

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look — how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins;
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire, —
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood himself!

## Inarticulate Friendships

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet, — he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day), —
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

*Barry Cornwall*

## Modestine

THERE dwelt an old man in Monastier, of rather unsound intellect according to some, much followed by street-boys, and known to fame as Father Adam. Father Adam had a cart, and to draw the cart a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the color of a mouse, with a kindly eye and determined under jaw. There was something neat and high-bred, a quakerish elegance, about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. Our first interview was in Monastier market-place. To prove her good temper, one child after another was set upon her back to ride, and one after another went head over heels into the air; until a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms, and the experiment was discontinued from a dearth of subjects. I was already

backed by a deputation of my friends; but as if this were not enough, all the buyers and sellers came round and helped me in the bargain; and the ass and I and Father Adam were the centre of a hubbub for near half an hour. At length she passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy. My sleeping sack had already cost eighty francs and two glasses of beer; so that Modestine, as I instantly baptized her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article. Indeed, that was as it should be; for she was only an appurtenance of my mattress, a self-acting bedstead on four casters.

I had a last interview with Father Adam in a billiard-room at the witching hour of dawn, when I administered the brandy. He professed himself greatly touched by the separation, and declared he had often bought white bread for the donkey when he had been content with black bread for himself; but this, according to the best authorities, must have been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for brutally misusing the ass; yet it is certain that he shed a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek.

The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail; and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty — there was no doubt about the matter, she

was docility itself — and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot; the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was distressed; it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalize this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco; but I had a vision ever present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tail-coat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

"Your donkey," says he, "is very old?"

I told him, I believed not.

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him, we had but newly left Monastier.

"Et vous marchez comme ça!" cried he; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth; and then, "You must have no pity on these animals," said he; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to lace Modestine about the sternworks, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

My *deus ex machinâ*, before he left me, supplied some excellent, if inhumane, advice; presented me with the switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly than my cane; and finally taught me the true cry or masonic word of donkey-drivers, "Proot!" All the time, he regarded me with a comical, incredulous air, which was embarrassing to confront; and smiled over my donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his orthography, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn for the moment.

. . . . . .

# Inarticulate Friendships

On examination, on the morning of October 3, Modestine was pronounced unfit for travel. She would need at least two days' repose according to the ostler; but I was now eager to reach Alais for my letters; and being in a civilized country of stage-coaches, I determined to sell my lady-friend and be off by the diligence that afternoon. Our yesterday's march, with the testimony of the driver who had pursued us up the long hill of St. Pierre, spread a favorable notion of my donkey's capabilities. Intending purchasers were aware of an unrivalled opportunity. Before ten I had an offer of twenty-five francs; and before noon, after a desperate engagement, I sold her, saddled and all, for five-and-thirty. The pecuniary gain is not obvious, but I had bought freedom into the bargain. . . .

It was not until I was fairly seated by the driver, and rattling through a rocky valley with dwarf olives, that I became aware of my bereavement. I had lost Modestine. Up to that moment I had thought I hated her; but now she was gone,

> "And, O,
> The difference to me!"

For twelve days we had been fast companions; we had travelled upwards of a hundred and twenty miles, crossed several respectable ridges, and jogged along with our six legs by many a rock and many a boggy by-road. After the first day, although sometimes I was hurt and distant in manner, I still kept my patience; and as for her, poor soul! she had come to regard me as a god. She loved to eat out of my hand. She was patient, elegant in form, the color of an ideal mouse, and inimitably small. Her

faults were those of her race and sex; her virtues were her own. Farewell, and if forever —

Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I had sold her in my turn, I was tempted to follow his example; and being alone with a stage-driver and four or five agreeable young men, I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## A Night with a Wolf

LITTLE one, come to my knee!
Hark, how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses;
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded, —

## Inarticulate Friendships

Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring;
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring!

*Bayard Taylor*

## Friends in Prison

"BEING almost deprived of human society, I one day made acquaintance with some ants upon my window. I fed them; they went away; and ere long

the place was thronged with these little insects, as if they came by invitation. A spider, too, had weaved a whole edifice upon my walls; and I often gave him a feast of gnats or flies, which were extremely annoying to me, but which he liked much better than I did. I got quite accustomed to the sight of him; he would run over my bed and come and take the precious morsels out of my hand," writes Silvio Pellico. Later in "My Prisons" the poet-patriot writes of a removal to another cell, and of reflecting: "Perhaps he may remember me and come back; but he will find my prison empty, or occupied by some other tenant, — no friend, perhaps to spiders, — and meet with an awkward reception. His beautiful web-house and his gnat-feasts will be put an end to."

## Epitaph on a Hare

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo,

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nurs'd with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confin'd,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

## Inarticulate Friendships

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regal'd,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads fail'd,
Slic'd carrot pleas'd him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he lov'd to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at ev'ning hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching show'rs,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle, idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts, that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade
He finds his long-lost home,
And waits in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He still more aged feels the shocks,
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

*William Cowper*

## The Friendship of Books

HAVE you found that the man who is in the greatest hurry to tell you all that he thinks about all possible things, is the friend that is best worth knowing? Have you found that the one who talked most about himself and his own doings is the most worth knowing? Do you not generally become rather exhausted with men of his kind? Do not you say sometimes, in Shakespeare's own words, or rather in Falstaff's, "I do see to the bottom of this same Justice Shallow; he has told me all he has to tell. There is no reserve in him, nothing that is worth searching after"? On the other hand, have you not met with some men who very rarely spoke about their own impressions and thoughts, who seldom laid down the law, and yet who you were sure had a fund of wisdom within, and who made you partakers of it by the light which they threw on the earth in which they were dwelling, especially by the kindly, humorous, pathetic way in which they interested you about your fellow-men, and made you acquainted with them? I do not say that this is the only class of friends which one would wish for. One likes to have some who in quiet moments are more directly communicative about their own sufferings and struggles. But certainly you would not say that men of the other class are not very pleasant, and very profitable.

Of this class Shakespeare is the most remarkable specimen. Instead of being a Reviewer who sits above the universe, and applies his own narrow rules to the members of it, he throws himself with the heartiest and most genial sympathy into the feelings of all, he understands their position and circumstances, he perceives how each must have been affected by them. Instead of being a big, imaginary *We*, he is so much of a man himself that he can enter into the manhood of people who are the farthest off from him, and with whom he has the least to do. And so, I believe, his books may become most valuable friends to us — to us especially who ought to be acquainted with what is going on with all kinds of people. Every now and then, I think (especially perhaps in the characters of Hamlet and of Prospero), one discovers signs how Shakespeare as an individual man had fought and suffered. I quite admit, however, that his main work is not to do this, but to help us in knowing ourselves — the past history of our land, the people we are continually meeting. And any book that does this is surely a friend. . . . Ben Jonson, though he was the son of a bricklayer, made himself a thoroughly good Latin and Greek scholar. He read the best Latin books, and the commentaries which illustrated them; he wrote two plays on subjects taken from the Roman history. Very striking subjects they were. The hero of one was Catiline, who tried to overthrow the social order of the Republic; the hero of the other was Sejanus, who represents, by his grandeur and his fall, the very character and spirit of the Empire in the days of Tiberius. In dealing with these subjects, Ben Jonson had the help of two of the greatest Roman authors, both of them possessing remark-

able powers of narration; one of them a man of earnest character, subtle insight, deep reflection. Though few men in his day understood these authors, and the government and circumstances of Rome, better than Jonson; though he was a skilful and experienced play-writer, most readers are glad when they have got Catiline and Sejanus fairly done with. They do not find that they have received any distinct impressions from them of Roman life; to learn what it was they must go to the authors whom he has copied. Shakespeare wrote three plays on Roman subjects, — "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra." He knew very little of Latin, and the materials he had to work with were a tolerable translation of Livy's "History," and a capital one of Plutarch's "Lives." With no aid but these, and his knowledge of Warwickshire peasants, and London citizens, he has taught us more of Romans — he has made us more at home in their city, and at their fireside, than the best historians who lived upon the soil are able to do. Jonson studied their books; Shakespeare made *friends* of them. He did just the same with our old Chronicles. He read of King John, of Richard II, of John of Gaunt, of Harry of Lancaster, of Hotspur and Owen Glendower, of the good Humphrey of Gloucester and the dark Cardinal Beaufort, of Wolsey and of Catherine. He read of them, and they stood up before him, real armed men, or graceful, sorrowing women. Instead of being dead letters, they all became living persons; not appearing in solitary grandeur, but forming groups; not each with a fixed immovable nature, but acted upon and educated by all the circumstances of their times; not dwelling in an imaginary world, but warmed by the sun of Italy,

or pinched by the chilly nights of Denmark — essentially men such as are to be found in all countries and in all ages, and therefore exhibiting all the varieties of temperament and constitution which belong to each age, and to each country.

*Frederick Denison Maurice.*

## The Hills of the South Country

WHEN I am living in the Midlands,
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country,
They stand along the sea:
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

. . . . . .

I never get between the pines,
But I smell the Sussex air,
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there;
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend;

And I fear I shall be all alone
  When I get towards the end.
Who will be there to comfort me,
  Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
  Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
  They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
  My poor soul shall be healed.

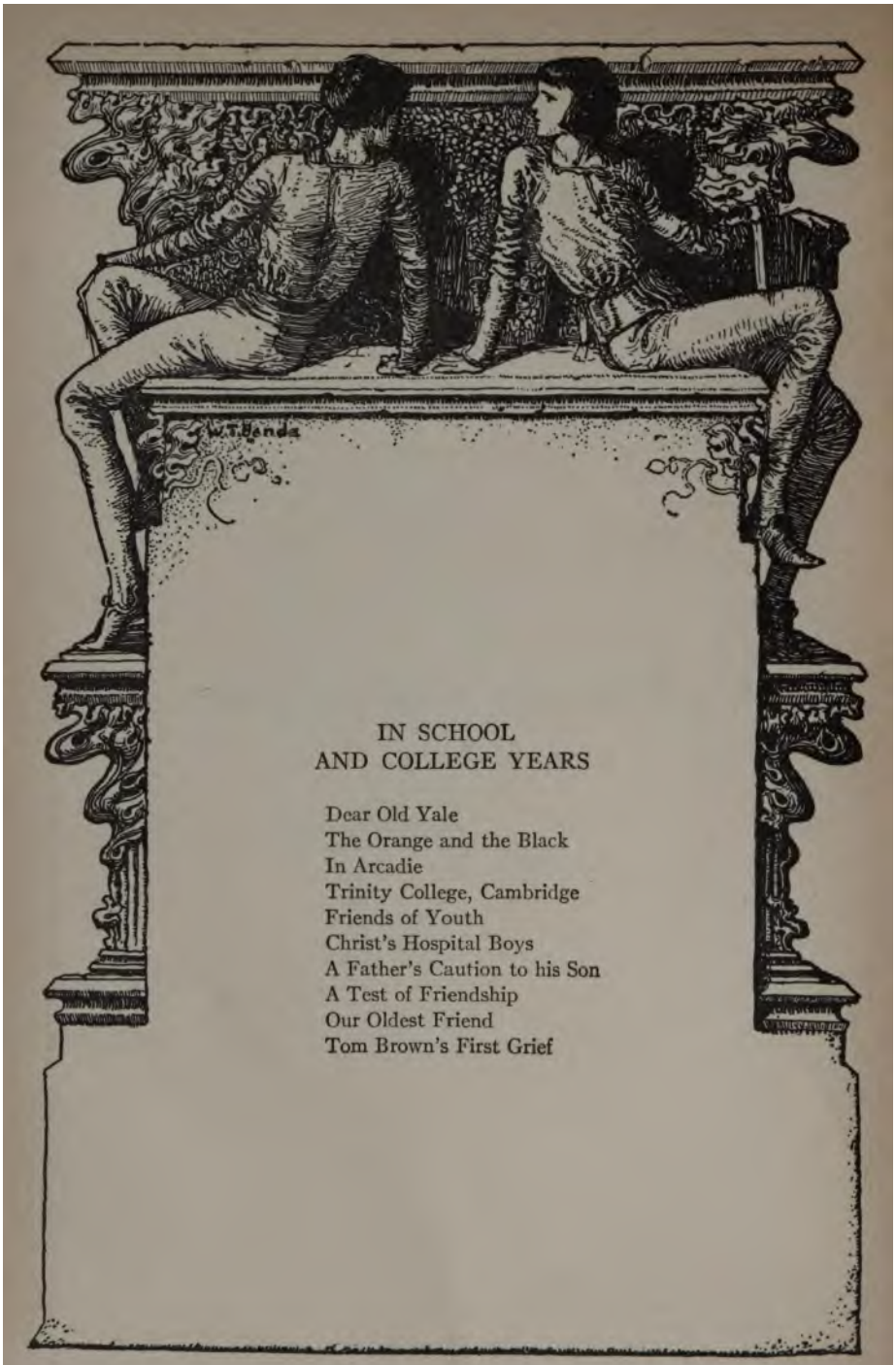
If I ever become a rich man,
  Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
  To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
  And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
  Within a walk of the sea,
And the men who were boys when I was a boy
  Shall sit and drink with me.

*Hilaire Belloc*

# III

# IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE YEARS




## IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE YEARS

Dear Old Yale
The Orange and the Black
In Arcadie
Trinity College, Cambridge
Friends of Youth
Christ's Hospital Boys
A Father's Caution to his Son
A Test of Friendship
Our Oldest Friend
Tom Brown's First Grief


W.T. Benda

OLD books, old wine, old Nankin blue,
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong —
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best!

*Austin Dobson*

## Dear Old Yale

BRIGHT college years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life,
How swiftly are ye gliding by,
Oh, why doth time so quickly fly!
The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green, or white with snow,
But time and change shall naught avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale.

We all must leave this college home,
About the stormy world to roam;
But though the mighty ocean's tide
Should us from dear old Yale divide,
As round the oak the ivy twines
The clinging tendrils of its vines,
So are our hearts close bound to Yale
By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.

In after-life, should troubles rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze,
The happy, golden, bygone days!
Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watch-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."

*By permission of the author, H. S. Durand*

## The Orange and the Black

ALTHOUGH Yale has always favored
The violet's dark blue,
And the gentle sons of Harvard
To the crimson rose are true,
We will own the lilies slender,
Nor honor shall they lack,
While the Tiger stands defender
Of the Orange and the Black.

Thro' the four long years of college,
'Midst the scenes we know so well,
As the mystic charm to knowledge
We vainly seek to spell;
Or, we win athletic vict'ries
On the football field or track,
Still we work for dear old Princeton,
And the Orange and the Black.

When the cares of life o'ertake us,
Mingling fast our locks with gray,
Should our dearest hopes betray us,
False Fortune fall away,
Still we'll banish care and sadness
As we turn our mem'ries back,
And recall those days of gladness
'Neath the Orange and the Black.

*Clarence B. Mitchell.*

# In School and College Years

## In Arcadie

HOW swift the days fled, one by one,
In Arcadie, in Arcadie!
And when we thought them just begun,
(Those happy days!) the last was gone,
And we no more might linger on
In Arcadie.

Fair days, descending from the blue
On Arcadie, on Arcadie!
Some queens, and crowned with diamond dew,
By gleaming robes of sunlight gold
Enwrapt, in many wind-swayed fold,
In Arcadie.

And some were Quakers clad in gray
In Arcadie, in Arcadie;
And passed serenely on their way,
Silent, as pondering some sweet thought,
From Goethe or from Homer brought,
In Arcadie.

Some days were angels, white and tall,
In Arcadie, in Arcadie,
Who led us to confessional,
There bade us of our sins repent,
And softly blessed us ere we went,
In Arcadie.

And oreads some, lithe-limbed and strong,
In Arcadie, in Arcadie —
With laughing eyes, forever young;

Our guides were they to mount and glen,
Green-robed, like Robin's merry men,
  In Arcadie.

And lo! we stood on many a height
  In Arcadie, in Arcadie;
The stream that lay in curves of light
Before our feet, through yon blue rift
Rolled seaward, silently and swift,
  Through Arcadie.

That mountain-barrier, faint and far
  Round Arcadie, round Arcadie,
It shuts us in with moon and star,
With sunset splendors, dawn delights,
And all the train of silver nights,
  In Arcadie!

. . . . . .

And some there met who ne'er will part,
  In Arcadie, in Arcadie;
For lands divide not heart from heart,
And friends are friends on sea or shore,
Although they wander nevermore
  In Arcadie!

*Josephine A. Cass*
of Wellesley College, '80

## Trinity College, Cambridge

I PAST beside the reverend walls
  In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;

## In School and College Years

And heard once more in college fanes
  The storm their high-built organs make,
  And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,
  The measured pulse of racing oars
  Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
  The same, but not the same; and last
  Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
  I linger'd; all within was noise
  Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
  Of youthful friends, on mind and art
  And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
  But send it slackly from the string;
  And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he,
  Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
  We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

## The Book of Friendship

From point to point, with power and grace
  And music in the bounds of law,
  To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
  In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
  And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

*Alfred Tennyson*

## Friends of Youth

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
  When pains and pleasures lightly came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends, — whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause and gaze;
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature, —
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure:
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came and which shall last endure.

*Aubrey Thomas de Vere*

# In School and College Years

## Christ's Hospital Boys

IN affectionate recollections of the place where he was bred up, in hearty recognitions of old school-fellows met with again after the lapse of years, or in foreign countries, the Christ's Hospital boy yields to none; I might almost say he goes beyond most other boys. The very compass and magnitude of the school, its thousand bearings, the space it takes up in the imagination beyond the ordinary schools, impresses a remembrance, accompanied with an elevation of mind, that attends him through life. It is too big, too affecting an object, to pass away quickly from his mind. The Christ's Hospital boy's friends at school are commonly his intimates through life. For me, I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiments of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance, compared to the colors which imagination gave to everything then. I belong to no *body corporate* such as I then made a part of. — And here before I close, taking leave of the general reader, and addressing myself solely to my old school-fellows, that were contemporaries with me from the year 1782 to 1789, let me have leave to remember some of those circumstances of our school, which they will not be unwilling to have brought back to their minds.

And first, let us remember, as first in importance in our childish eyes, the young men (as they almost were) who, under the denomination of *Grecians*, were waiting the expiration of the period when they should be sent,

at the charges of the Hospital, to one or other of our Universities, but more frequently to Cambridge. These youths, from their superior acquirements, their superior age and stature, and the fewness of their numbers (for seldom above two or three at a time were inaugurated into that high order), drew the eyes of all, and especially of the younger boys, into a reverent observance and admiration. How tall they used to seem to us! — how stately would they pace along the cloisters! — while the play of the lesser boys was absolutely suspended, or its boisterousness at least allayed, at their presence! Not that they ever beat or struck the boys — that would have been to have demeaned themselves — the dignity of their persons alone insured them all respect. The task of blows, of corporal chastisement, they left to the common monitors, or heads of wards, who, it must be confessed, in our time had rather too much license allowed them to oppress and misuse their inferiors; and the interference of the Grecian, who may be considered as the spiritual power, was not unfrequently called for, to mitigate by its mediation the heavy, unrelenting arm of this temporal power, or monitor. In fine, the Grecians were the solemn Muftis of the school. Eras were computed from their time; — it used to be said, such or such a thing was done when S—— or T—— was Grecian.

As I ventured to call the Grecians the Muftis of the school, the king's boys, as their character then was, may well pass for the Janisaries. They were the terror of all the other boys; bred up under that hardy sailor, as well as excellent mathematician, and co-navigator with Captain Cook, William Wales. All his systems were adapted to fit them for the rough element which they were des-

tined to encounter. Frequent and severe punishments, which were expected to be borne with more than Spartan fortitude, came to be considered less as afflictions of disgrace than of trials of obstinate endurance. To make his boys hardy, and to give them early sailor-habits, seemed to be his only aim; to this everything was subordinate. Moral obliquities, indeed, were sure of receiving their full recompense, for no occasion of laying on the lash was ever let slip; but the effects expected to be produced from it were something very different from contrition or mortification. There was in William Wales a perpetual fund of humor, a constant glee about him, which, heightened by an inveterate provincialism of North-country dialect, absolutely took away the sting from his severities. . . . Hardy, brutal, and often wicked, they were the most graceless lump in the whole mass; older and bigger than the other boys (for, by the system of their education they were kept longer at school by two or three years than any of the rest except the Grecians), they were a constant terror to the younger part of the school; and some who may read this, I doubt not, will remember the consternation into which the juvenile fry of us were thrown when the cry was raised in the cloisters, that *the First Order was coming* — for so they termed the first form or class of those boys. Still these sea-boys answered some good purposes in the school. They were the military class among the boys, foremost in athletic exercises, who extended the fame of the prowess of the school far and near: and the apprentices in the vicinage, and sometimes the butchers' boys in the neighboring market, had sad occasion to attest their valor.

*Charles Lamb*

## A Father's Caution to his Son

"IF you should ever come across any one who seems to you . . . different from yourself and all the rest of us — one of the rare spirits that go through the world like stars, radiating light — try to remember that it's a great privilege to know such persons, but a dangerous thing to love them too much."

"I don't think I quite understand," said Maurice. He was a good-tempered, healthy boy, likely to make an excellent officer, and not at all likely to wreck his happiness by caring too passionately for anything.

René passed a hand through his grizzled hair, sighing. "No, it's difficult to explain. You see, the little personal joys, and sorrows, and affections, that are everything to us ordinary mortals, are not big enough to fill the lives of such folk; and if we set our hearts on their friendship, and think we possess it, the chances are that we're only boring them all the time. . . ."

He pulled himself up quickly, lest he might be guilty of even one instant's disloyalty to the tragic shadow whose eyes still haunted him.

"Don't think I mean they would wilfully deceive us. It's small people who do that; the really big people always want to be kind. But that's just it; they put up with us, out of compassion, or because they're grateful for any service we may have been lucky enough to do them. Then, when we wear their patience right out, and it breaks down suddenly — that's bound to happen at last, because, after all, they're only human — then it's a bit late for us to start life again."

*E. L. Voynich*

# In School and College Years

## A Test of Friendship

MANY years ago, when I was a lad at a provincial school, there was, two or three miles away in the middle of a plantation which bordered a bit of moorland, a mere or lake of considerable size. It was the haunt of various kinds of water-fowl and the favorite resort of us lads for the purpose of bathing — a recreation permitted on certain conditions, one of which was a knowledge of swimming and the other that no boy should venture who had not been free of the infirmary for an entire week. One fine day in autumn, it being a half-holiday, I, along with a chum of mine named Rowe, some years my senior, proceeded to this particular spot, and there some evil spirit prompted Rowe to bathe, he having been out of the hospital only four days and therefore, though an excellent swimmer, on the blacklist so far as that particular amusement was concerned. I did essay a feeble remonstrance to that effect, uselessly of course, and, having discharged my conscience, I cheerfully undertook to look after his clothes. "You'll stick up to them if anybody comes, old fellow?" and on receiving satisfactory assurance, he plunged in. I stood watching him for some minutes, and I have now the whole scene before me as if it had happened but yesterday. The fragrant smell and faint rustle of the firs, the red, orange-colored line of the light as it fell athwart the trees on the ground, already strewn with dead leaves and dying ferns, the dry, warm air, the hushed stillness of the woods, only broken by the bound of a rabbit, the chatter of a squirrel, or the wail of a plover, the glittering waters of the mere as they lay in the sunshine, the white back and shoulders, and

black curly bullet-shaped head of Rowe, as he disported himself therein. Suddenly I heard the cracking of a twig, and turning my head beheld coming along the planting in a direct line with me, a man, gun in hand, and that man our head-master. He might or might not have seen me, so I stood motionless, waiting until he should pass a certain thick clump, under shelter of which I might dispose of the clothes and signal to Rowe.

When the favorable moment came, I threw the clothes in frantic haste into a dry hole a few yards off, rolled a clod of earth in after them and darted back to my place with such outward composure as I could summon, and as H—— approached, Rowe, who had seen my movements and scented danger, dived like a Mohawk out of sight.

"Are you all alone, Smith?" asked H——. "Didn't I see some one lying on the ground by you just now?"

I replied with some firmness that there had been no one lying on the ground, but I was deficient in acting . . .

"Ah!" said H—— with a scrutinizing glance, "so you are fond of solitude, making verses, perhaps, or that kind of thing, eh? I daresay you wish I had not found you!"

This I denied, but faintly, for I was getting horribly uncomfortable; there was something in his manner I did not like. Just then something black showed above the water on the off side of a little sedgy island about forty yards from land, and by the nstant stir of the wild-fowl thereabouts I knew that what we both saw must be Rowe's head come up for breath.

H—— sighted it very attentively, then looked at me. "It looks like a water-hen," he said. I replied that I thought it was. "Or a sand-snipe," he continued. I admitted that it was possible. "On second thoughts I

believe it's a wild duck." I still maintained that it was only a water-hen, in the hope that he would not consider the creature worth powder and shot.

"Well, I'll have a shot at it at all events," said H——, calmly; "just hold my flask while I load."

I obeyed, the perspiration coming through every pore of my skin the while. He loaded with remarkable deliberation and appeared to me to keep one eye constantly on Rowe's head and the other on my face. When he had completed, he looked hard at me. "You wouldn't let me try the shot, sir, would you?" I said, with an anxiety impossible to disguise.

"No," replied H——, "I'm afraid you are too nervous this time."

He slowly raised his gun to his shoulder, and was taking aim deliberately when I could endure no longer. I laid my little damp, dirty hand on his arm, and with a world of beseeching in my glance, said, "Please, sir,—please, sir, not to shoot that *bird*."

He uncocked his gun instantly. "Very good, I see," he said, without moving a muscle of his face. Then swinging round suddenly so as to face me, he said abruptly, —"Now, Smith junior, where have you put his clothes?" "Here, sir," I said, running to the hole and pointing out my friend's garments with a kind of cheerful desperation. He eyed me grimly,—"Now call that young fool out of the water, for I'm going home. And look here, Smith junior, if I catch you or him at these tricks again, by heaven, I'll pepper both your hides with a charge of small shot." So saying, he threw his gun over his shoulder and turned on his heel.

*Cornhill Magazine*

## Our Oldest Friend

I GIVE you the health of the oldest friend
That, short of eternity, earth can lend, —
A friend so faithful and tried and true
That nothing can wean him from me and you.

When first we screeched in the sudden blaze
Of the daylight's blinding and lasting rays,
And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,
This old, old friend stood waiting there.

And when, with a kind of mortal strife,
We had gasped and choked into breathing life,
He watched by the cradle, day and night,
And held our hands till we stood upright.

From gristle and pulp our frames have grown
To stringy muscle and solid bone;
While we were changing, he altered not;
We might forget, but he never forgot.

He came with us in the college class, —
Little cared he for the steward's pass!
All the rest must pay their fee,
But the grim old deadhead entered free.

He stayed with us while we counted o'er
Four tunes each of the seasons four;
And with every season from year to year,
The dear name Classmate he made more dear.

## In School and College Years

He never leaves us, — he never will,
Till our hands are cold and our hearts are still.
On birthdays, and Christmas, and New Years too,
He always remembers both me and you.

Every year this faithful friend
His little presents is sure to send;
Every year, wheresoe'er we be,
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

How he loves us! he pats our heads,
And, lo! they are gleaming with silver threads;
And he's always begging one lock of hair
Till our shining crowns have nothing to wear.

At length he will tell us, one by one,
"My child, your labor on earth is done;
And now you must journey afar to see
My elder brother, — Eternity!"

And so, when long, long years have passed,
Some dear old fellow will be the last, —
Never a boy alive but he
Of all our goodly company!

When he lies down, but not till then,
Our kind Class-Angel will drop the pen
That writes in the day-book kept above
Our lifelong record of faith and love.

So here's a health in homely rhyme
To our oldest Classmate, Father Time!
May our last survivor live to be
As bald and as wise and as tough as he!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

## Tom Brown's First Grief

IN the summer of 1842, Tom Brown had rushed away from Oxford the moment that term was over, for a fishing ramble in Scotland with two college friends, and had been for three weeks living on oatcake, mutton-hams, and whiskey, in the wildest parts of Skye. They had descended one sultry evening on the little inn at Kyle Rhea ferry; and while Tom and another of the party put their tackle together and began exploring the stream for a sea-trout for supper, the third strolled into the house to arrange for their entertainment. Presently he came out in a loose blouse and slippers, a short pipe in his mouth, and an old newspaper in his hand, and threw himself on the heathery scrub which met the shingle, within easy hail of the fishermen. There he lay, the picture of free-and-easy, loafing, hand-to-mouth young England, "improving his mind," as he shouted to them, by the perusal of the fortnight-old weekly paper.

. . . . . .

"Hullo, Brown! here's something for you," called out the reading man next moment. "Why, your old master, Arnold of Rugby, is dead."

Tom's hand stopped halfway in his cast, and his line and flies went all tangling round and round his rod; you might have knocked him over with a feather. Neither of his companions took any notice of him, luckily; and with a violent effort he set to work mechanically to disentangle his line. He felt completely carried off his moral and intellectual legs, as if he had lost his standing-point in the invisible world. Besides which, the deep,

loving loyalty which he felt for his old leader made the shock intensely painful. It was the first great wrench of his life, the first gap which the angel Death had made in his circle, and he felt numbed, and beaten down, and spiritless. Well, well! I believe it was good for him and for many others in like case; who had to learn by that loss, that the soul of man cannot stand or lean upon any human prop, however strong, and wise, and good; but that He upon whom alone it can stand and lean will knock away all such props in His own wise and merciful way, until there is no ground or stay left but Himself, the Rock of Ages, upon whom alone a sure foundation for every soul of man is laid.

As he wearily labored at his line, the thought struck him, "It may all be false, a mere newspaper lie," and he strode up to the recumbent smoker.

"Let me look at the paper," said he.

"Nothing else in it," answered the other, handing it up to him listlessly. — "Hullo, Brown! what's the matter, old fellow — ain't you well?"

"Where is it?" said Tom, turning over the leaves, his hands trembling, and his eyes swimming, so that he could not read.

"What? What are you looking for?" said his friend, jumping up and looking over his shoulder.

"That — about Arnold," said Tom.

"Oh, here," said the other, putting his finger on the paragraph. Tom read it over and over again; there could be no mistake of identity, though the account was short enough.

"Thank you," said he at last, dropping the paper. "I shall go for a walk; don't you and Herbert wait

supper for me." And away he strode, up over the moor at the back of the house, to be alone, and master his grief if possible.

His friend looked after him, sympathizing and wondering, and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, walked over to Herbert. After a short parley, they walked together up to the house.

"I'm afraid that confounded newspaper has spoiled Brown's fun for this trip."

"How odd that he should be so fond of his old master," said Herbert. Yet they also were both public-school men.

The two, however, notwithstanding Tom's prohibition, waited supper for him, and had everything ready when he came back some half an hour afterwards. But he could not join in their cheerful talk, and the party was soon silent, notwithstanding the efforts of all three. One thing only had Tom resolved, and that was, that he couldn't stay in Scotland any longer; he felt an irresistible longing to get to Rugby, and then home, and soon broke it to the others, who had too much tact to oppose.

So by daylight the next morning he was marching through Ross-shire, and in the evening hit the Caledonian canal, took the next steamer, and travelled as fast as boat and railway could carry him to the Rugby station.

As he walked up to the town, he felt shy and afraid of being seen, and took the back streets; why, he didn't know, but he followed his instinct. At the school gates he made a dead pause; there was not a soul in the quadrangle — all was lonely, and silent, and sad. So with another effort he strode through the quadrangle, and into the schoolhouse offices.

He found the little matron in her room in deep mourning; shook her hand, tried to talk, and moved nervously about: she was evidently thinking of the same subject as he, but he couldn't begin talking.

"Where shall I find Thomas?" said he at last, getting desperate.

"In the servants' hall, I think, sir. But won't you take anything?" said the matron, looking rather disappointed.

"No, thank you," said he, and strode off again to find the old Verger, who was sitting in his little den as of old, puzzling over hieroglyphics.

He looked up through his spectacles, as Tom seized his hand and wrung it.

"Ah! you've heard all about it, sir, I see," said he.

Tom nodded, and then sat down on the shoe-board, while the old man told his tale, and wiped his spectacles, and fairly flowed over with quaint, homely, honest sorrow.

By the time he had done, Tom felt much better.

"Where is he buried, Thomas?" said he at last.

"Under the altar in the chapel, sir," answered Thomas. "You'd like to have the key, I dare say."

"Thank you, Thomas — yes, I should very much." And the old man fumbled among his bunch, and then got up, as though he would go with him; but after a few steps stopped short, and said, "Perhaps you'd like to go by yourself, sir?"

Tom nodded, and the bunch of keys were handed to him, with an injunction to be sure and lock the door after him, and bring them back before eight o'clock.

He walked quickly through the quadrangle and out into the close. The longing which had been upon him and driven him thus far, like the gadfly in the Greek

legends, giving him no rest in mind or body, seemed all of a sudden not to be satisfied, but to shrivel up, and pall. "Why should I go on? It's no use," he thought, and threw himself at full length on the turf, and looked vaguely and listlessly at all the well-known objects. There were a few of the town boys playing cricket, their wicket pitched on the best piece in the middle of the Big-side ground, a sin about equal to sacrilege in the eyes of a captain of the eleven. He was very nearly getting up to go, and send them off. "Pshaw! they won't remember me. They've more right there than I," he muttered. And the thought that his sceptre had departed, and his mark was wearing out, came home to him for the first time, and bitterly enough. He was lying on the very spot where the fights came off; where he himself had fought six years ago his first and last battle. He conjured up the scene till he could almost hear the shouts of the ring, and East's whisper in his ear; and looking across the close to the Doctor's private door, half expected to see it open, and the tall figure in cap and gown come striding under the elm-trees towards him.

No, no! that sight could never be seen again. There was no flag flying on the round tower, the schoolhouse windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honored, was lying cold and still under the chapel floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would, worship the rising star; he at least would be faithful to the sun which had set. And so he got up, and walked

to the chapel-door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his own selfish sorrow.

He passed through the vestibule, and then paused for a moment to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth-form boy, and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain, and carrying him about whither they would; while, beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then, leaning forward with his head on his hands, groaned aloud. "If he could only have seen the Doctor again for one five minutes, — have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and reverenced him, and would by God's help follow his steps in life and death, — he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away forever without knowing it all, was too much to bear." — "But am I sure that he does not know it all?" — the thought made him start — "May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow — as I should wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?"

He raised himself up and looked round; and after a

minute rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how when a little boy he used to try not to look through it at the elm trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came — and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling.

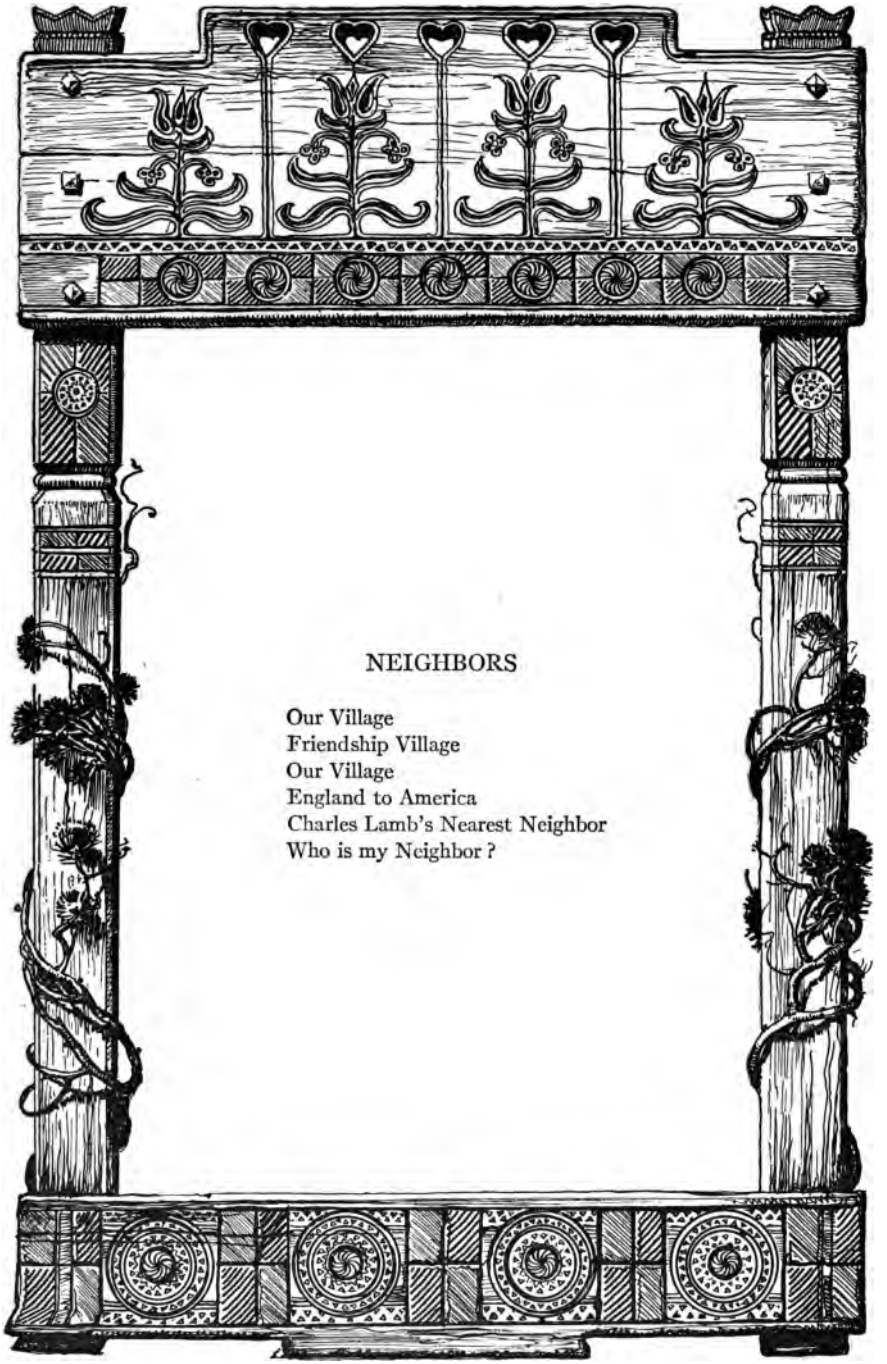
And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows; and form after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. . . . Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up the steps to the altar; and while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

Here let us leave him — where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood — at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond?

*Thomas Hughes*

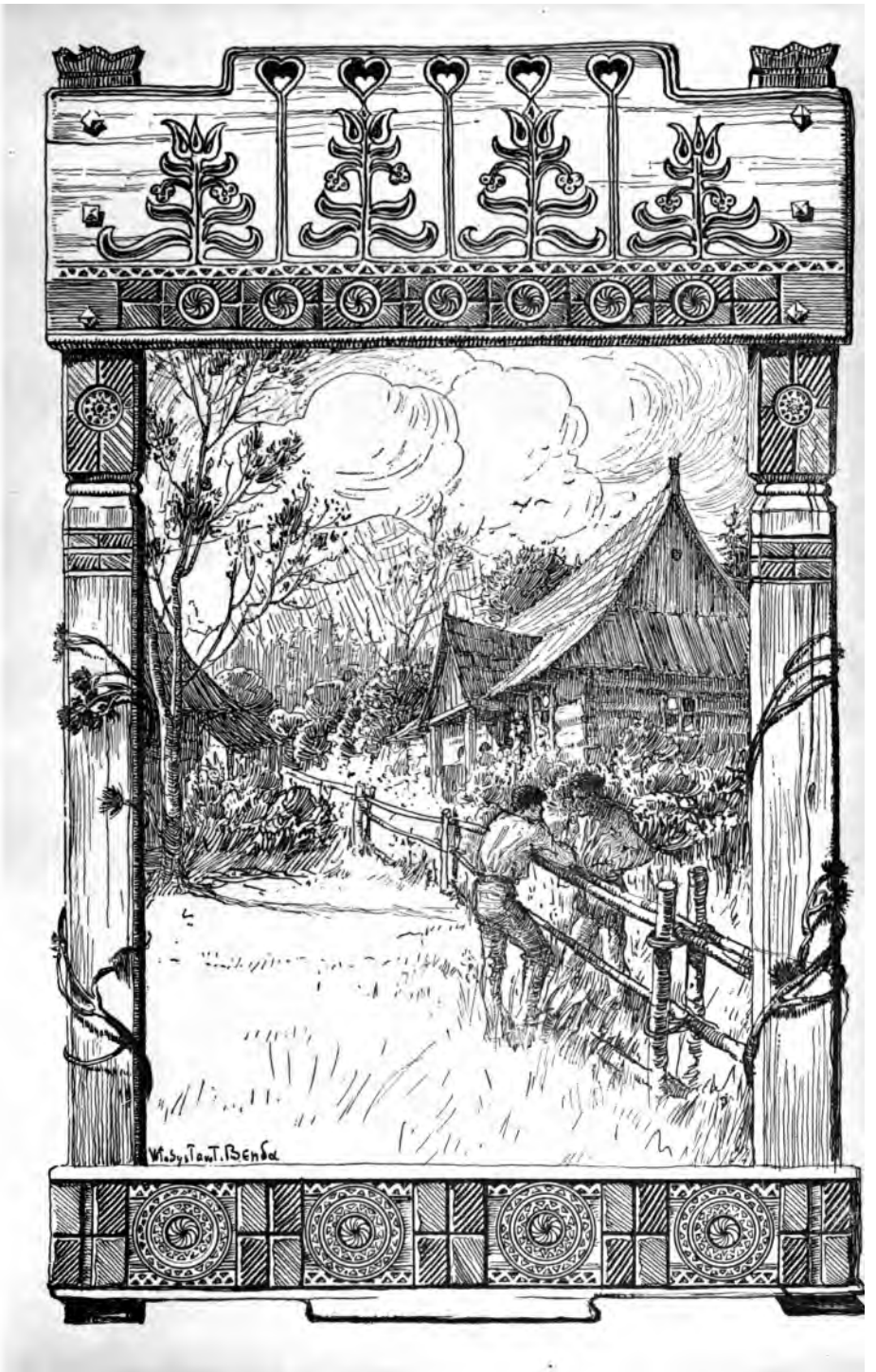
# IV

# NEIGHBORS



## NEIGHBORS

Our Village
Friendship Village
Our Village
England to America
Charles Lamb's Nearest Neighbor
Who is my Neighbor?



THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue instead of being the messenger of pain becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such specialists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too loosely at length break them. It is certain that the best method to cultivate this virtue, is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds and of studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts filled with good nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

*Oliver Goldsmith*

## Our Village

OF all situations for a constant residence, that which appears to me most delightful is a little village far in the country; a small, small neighborhood, not of fine mansions finely peopled, but of cottages and cottage-like houses, "messuages or tenements," as a friend of mine calls such ignoble and nondescript dwellings, with inhabitants whose faces are as familiar to us as the flowers in our garden; a little world of our own, close-packed and insulated like ants in an ant-hill, or bees in a hive, or sheep in a fold, or nuns in a convent, or sailors in a ship; where we know every one, are known to every one, interested in every one, and authorized to hope that every one feels an interest in us. How pleasant it is to slide into these true-hearted feelings from the kindly and unconscious influence of habit, and to learn to know and to love the people about us, with all their peculiarities, just as we learn to know and to love the nooks and turns of the shady lanes and sunny commons that we pass every day. . . .

. . . Will you walk with me through our village, courteous reader? The journey is not long. We will begin at the lower end, and proceed up the hill.

The tidy, square, red cottage on the right hand, with the long, well-stocked garden by the side of the road belongs to a retired publican from a neighboring town; a substantial person with a comely wife; one who piques himself on independence and idleness, talks politics, reads newspapers, hates the minister, and cries out for

reform. He introduced into our peaceful vicinage the rebellious innovation of an illumination on the Queen's acquittal. Remonstrance and persuasion were in vain; he talked of liberty and broken windows — so we all lighted up. Oh! how he shone that night with candles, and laurel, and white bows, and gold paper, and a transparency (originally designed for a pocket-handkerchief) with a flaming portrait of her Majesty, hatted and feathered, in red ochre. He had no rival in the village, that we all acknowledged; the very bonfire was less splendid; the little boys reserved their best crackers to be expended in his honor, and he gave them full sixpence more than any one else. He would like an illumination once a month; for it must not be concealed that, in spite of gardening, of newspaper reading, of jaunting about in his little cart, and frequenting both church and meeting, our worthy neighbor begins to feel the weariness of idleness. He hangs over his gate, and tries to entice passengers to stop and chat; he volunteers little jobs all around, smokes cherry trees to cure the blight, and traces and blows all the wasps'-nests in the parish. I have seen a great many wasps in our garden to-day, and shall enchant him with the intelligence. He even assists his wife in her sweepings and dustings. Poor man! he is a very respectable person, and would be a very happy one, if he would add a little employment to his dignity. It would be the salt of life to him.

Next to his house, though parted from it by another long garden with a yew arbor at the end, is the pretty dwelling of the shoemaker, a pale, sickly-looking, black-haired man, the very model of sober industry. There he sits in his little shop from early morning till late at

night. An earthquake would hardly stir him: the illumination did not. He stuck immovably to his last, from the first lighting up, through the long blaze and the slow decay, till his large solitary candle was the only light in the place. One cannot conceive anything more perfect than the contempt which the man of transparencies and the man of shoes must have felt for each other on that evening. There was at least as much vanity in the sturdy industry as in the strenuous idleness, for our shoemaker is a man of substance; he employs three journeymen, two lame, and one a dwarf, so that his shop looks like an hospital; he has purchased the lease of his commodious dwelling, some even say that he has bought it out and out; and he has only one pretty daughter, a light, delicate, fair-haired girl of fourteen, the champion, protectress, and playfellow of every brat under three years old, whom she jumps, dances, dandles, and feeds all day long. A very attractive person is that child-loving girl. I have never seen any one in her station who possessed so thoroughly that undefinable charm, the lady-look. See her on a Sunday in her simplicity and her white frock, and she might pass for an earl's daughter. She likes flowers too, and has a profusion of white stocks under her window, as pure and delicate as herself.

The first house on the opposite side of the way is the blacksmith's; a gloomy dwelling, where the sun never seems to shine; dark and smoky within and without, like a forge. The blacksmith is a high officer in our little state, nothing less than a constable; but, alas! alas! when tumults arise, and the constable is called for, he will commonly be found in the thickest of the fray. Lucky would it be for his wife and her eight children if

there were no public-house in the land: an inveterate inclination to enter those bewitching doors is Mr. Constable's only fault.

Next to this official dwelling is a spruce brick tenement, red, high, and narrow, boasting, one above another, three sash-windows, the only sash-windows in the village, with a clematis on one side and a rose on the other, tall and narrow like itself. That slender mansion has a fine, genteel look. The little parlor seems made for Hogarth's old maid and her stunted footboy; for tea and card parties, — it would just hold one table; for the rustle of faded silks, and the splendor of old china, for the delight of four by honors, and a little snug, quiet scandal between the deal; for affected gentility and real starvation. This should have been its destiny, but fate has been unpropitious; it belongs to a plump, merry, bustling dame, with four fat, rosy, noisy children, the very essence of vulgarity and plenty.

Then comes the village shop, like other village shops, multifarious as a bazaar; a repository for bread, shoes, tea, cheese, tape, ribands, and bacon; for everything, in short, except the one particular thing which you happen to want at the moment, and will be sure not to find. The people are civil, and thriving, and frugal withal; they have let the upper part of their house to two young women (one of them is a pretty blue-eyed girl) who teach little children their A B C, and make caps and gowns for their mammas, — parcel schoolmistress, parcel mantua maker. I believe they find adorning the body a more profitable vocation than adorning the mind.

Divided from the shop by a narrow yard, and opposite the shoemaker's is a habitation of whose inmates I shall

say nothing. A cottage — no — a miniature house, with many additions, little odds and ends of places, pantries, and what not; all angles, and of a charming in-and-outness; a little bricked court before one half, and a little flower-yard before the other; the walls, old and weather-stained, covered with holly-hocks, roses, honeysuckles, and a great apricot-tree; the casements full of geraniums (ah! there is our superb white cat peeping out from among them); the closets (our landlord has the assurance to call them rooms) full of contrivances and corner-cupboards; and the little garden behind full of common flowers, tulips, pinks, larkspurs, peonies, stocks, and carnations, with an arbor of privet, not unlike a sentry-box, where one lives in a delicious green light and looks out on the gayest of all gay flower-beds. That house was built on purpose to show in what an exceeding small compass comfort may be packed. Well, I will loiter there no longer.

The next tenement is a place of importance, the Rose Inn: a whitewashed building, retired from the road behind its fine swinging sign, with a little bow-window room coming out on one side, and forming, with our stable on the other, a sort of open square, which is the constant resort of carts, wagons, and return chaises. There are two carts there now, and mine host is serving them with beer in his eternal red waistcoat. He is a thriving man and a portly, as his waistcoat attests, which has been twice let out within this twelvemonth. Our landlord has a stirring wife, a hopeful son, and a daughter, the belle of the village; not so pretty as the fair nymph of the shoe-shop, and far less elegant, but ten times as fine; all curl-papers in the morning, like a porcupine, all curls

in the afternoon, like a poodle, with more flounces than curl-papers, and more lovers than curls. Miss Phœbe is better for town than country; and to do her justice, she has a consciousness of that fitness, and turns her steps townward as often as she can. She has gone to B—— to-day with her last and principal lover, a recruiting sergeant — a man as tall as Sergeant Kite, and as impudent. Some day or other he will carry off Miss Phœbe.

In a line with the bow-window room is a low garden-wall, belonging to a house under repair — the white house opposite the collar-maker's shop, with four lime-trees before it, and a wagon-load of bricks at the door. That house is the plaything of a wealthy, well-meaning, whimsical person who lives about a mile off. He has a passion for brick and mortar, and, being too wise to meddle with his own residence, diverts himself with altering and re-altering, improving and re-improving, doing and undoing here. It is a perfect Penelope's web. Carpenters and bricklayers have been at work for these eighteen months, and yet I sometimes stand and wonder whether anything has really been done. One exploit in last June was, however, by no means equivocal. Our good neighbor fancied that the limes shaded the rooms and made them dark (there was not a creature in the house but the workmen), so he had all the leaves stripped from every tree. There they stood, poor miserable skeletons, as bare as Christmas under the glowing midsummer sun. Nature revenged herself in her own sweet and gracious manner; fresh leaves sprang out, and at nearly Christmas the foliage was as brilliant as when the outrage was committed.

# Neighbors

Next door lives a carpenter, "famed ten miles round, and worthy all his fame," — few cabinet-makers surpass him, with his excellent wife, and their little daughter Lizzy, the plaything and queen of the village, a child three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and in self-will. She manages everybody in the place, her schoolmistress included; turns the wheeler's children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her; seduces cakes and lollypops from the very shop window; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her; does anything she pleases; is absolutely irresistible. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others. How impossible it would be to disappoint the dear little girl when she runs to meet you, slides her pretty hand into yours, looks up gladly in your face, and says, "Come!" You must go: you cannot help it. Another part of her charm is her singular beauty. Together with a good deal of the character of Napoleon, she has something of his square, sturdy, upright form, with the finest limbs in the world, a complexion purely English, a round laughing face, sunburnt and rosy, large merry blue eyes, curling brown hair, and a wonderful play of countenance. She has the imperial attitudes too, and loves to stand with her hands behind her, or folded over her bosom; and sometimes, when she has a little touch of shyness, she clasps them together on the top of her head, pressing down her shining curls, and looking so exquisitely pretty! Yes, Lizzy is queen of the village! She has but one rival in her dominions, a certain white greyhound called Mayflower, much her friend, who resembles her in beauty

and strength, in playfulness, and almost in sagacity, and reigns over the animal world as she over the human. They are both coming with me, Lizzy and Lizzy's "pretty May." We are now at the end of the street; a cross-lane, a rope-walk shaded with limes and oaks, and a clear pond overhung with elms, lead us to the bottom of the hill. There is still one house round the corner, ending in a picturesque wheeler's shop. The dwelling-house is more ambitious. Look at the brass knocker, and the somewhat prim but very civil person, who is sending off a laboring man with sirs and curtsies enough for a prince of the blood. Those are the curate's lodgings — apartments his landlady would call them; he lives with his own family four miles off, but once or twice a week he comes to his neat little parlor to write sermons, to marry, or to bury, as the case may require. Never were better or kinder people than his host and hostess; and there is a reflection of clerical importance about them since their connection with the Church, which is quite edifying — a decorum, a gravity, a solemn politeness. Oh, to see the worthy wheeler carry the gown after his lodger on a Sunday, nicely pinned up in his wife's best handkerchief! — or to hear him rebuke a squalling child or a squabbling woman! The curate is nothing to him. He is fit to be perpetual churchwarden. . . .

. . . Turning again up the hill, we find ourselves on that peculiar charm of English scenery, a green common, divided by the road; the right side fringed by hedge-rows and trees, with cottages and farm-houses irregularly placed, and terminated by a double avenue of noble oaks; the left, prettier still, dappled by bright pools of water, and islands of cottage-gardens, and sinking

gradually down to cornfields and meadows, and an old farm-house, with pointed roofs and clustered chimneys looking out from its blooming orchard, and backed by woody hills. The common is itself the prettiest part of the prospect; half covered with low furze, whose golden blossoms reflect so intensely the last beams of the setting sun, and alive with cows and sheep, and two sets of cricketers; one of young men, surrounded by spectators, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the grass, all taking a delighted interest in the game; the other, a merry group of little boys, at a humble distance, for whom even cricket is scarcely lively enough, shouting, leaping, and enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. But cricketers and country boys are too important persons in our village to be talked of merely as figures in the landscape. They deserve an individual introduction — an essay to themselves — and they shall have it. No fear of forgetting the good-humored faces that meet us in our walks every day.

*Mary Mitford*

OINTMENT and perfume rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend that cometh of hearty counsel. Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.

*Solomon*

FRIENDSHIP renders prosperity more brilliant, while it lightens adversity by sharing it and making its burden common.

*Cicero*

## Friendship Village

IT is as if Friendship Village were to say: —

"There is no help for it. A telephone line, antique oak chairs, kitchen cabinets, a new doctor, and the like are upon us. But we shall be mediæval directly — we and our improvements. Really, we are so now, if you know how to look."

And are we not so? We are one long street, rambling from sun to sun, inheriting traits of the parent country roads which we unite. And we are cross streets, members of the same family, properly imitative, proving our ancestorship in a primeval genius for trees, or bursting out in inexplicable weaknesses of Court-house, Engine House, Town Hall, and Telephone Office. Ultimately our stock dwindles out in a slaughter-yard and a few detached houses of milkmen. The cemetery is delicately put behind us, under a hill. There is nothing mediæval in all this, one would say. But then see how we wear our rue: —

When one of us telephones, she will scrupulously ask for the number, not the name, for it says so at the top of every page. "Give me one-one," she will put it, with an impersonality as fine as if she were calling for four figures. And Central will answer: —

"Well, I just saw Mis' Holcomb go 'crost the street. I'll call you, if you want, when she comes back."

Or, "I don't think you better ring the Helmans' just now. They were awake 'most all night with one o' Mis' Helman's attacks."

Or, "Doctor June's invited to Mis' Sykes's for tea. Shall I give him to you there?"

# Neighbors

The telephone is modern enough. But in our use of it is there not a flavor as of an Elder Time, to be caught by Them of Many Years from Now? And already we may catch this flavor, as our Britain great-great-lady grandmothers, and more, may have been conscious of the old fashion of sitting in bowers. If only they were conscious like that! To be sure of it would be to touch their hands in the margins of the ballad books.

Or we telephone to the Livery Barn and Boarding Stable for the little blacks, celebrated for their self-control in encounters with the Proudfits' motor-car. The stable-boy answers that the little blacks are at "the funeral." And after he has gone off to ask his employer what is in then, the employer, who in his unofficial moments is our neighbor, our church choir bass, our landlord even, comes and tells us that, after all, we may have the little blacks, and he himself brings them around at once, — the same little blacks that we meant all along. And when, quite naturally, we wonder at the boy's version, we learn: "Oh, why, the blacks was standin' just acrost the street, waitin' at the church door, hitched to the hearse. I took 'em out an' put in the bays. I says to myself: 'The corp won't care.'" Someway the Proudfits' car and the stable telephone must themselves have slipped from modernity to old fashion before that incident shall quite come into its own.

So it is with certain of our domestic ways. For example, Mis' Postmaster Sykes — in Friendship Village every woman assumes for given name the employment of her husband — has some fine modern china and much solid silver in extremely good taste, so much, indeed, that she is wont to confess to having cleaned forty, or sixty,

or seventy-five pieces — "seventy-five pieces of solid silver have I cleaned this morning. You can say what you want to, nice things are a *rill* care." Yet — surely this is the proper conjunction — Mis' Sykes is currently reported to rise in the night preceding the days of her house cleaning, and to take her carpets out in the back yard, and there softly to sweep and sweep them so that, at their official cleaning next day, the neighbors may witness how little dirt is whipped out on the line. Ought she not to have old-fashioned silver and egg-shell china and drop-leaf mahogany to fit the practice? Instead of daisy and wild-rose patterns in "solid," and art curtains, and mission chairs, and a white-enamelled refrigerator, and a gas range.

We have the latest funeral equipment, — black broadcloth-covered supports, a coffin carriage for up-and-down the aisles, natural palms to order, and the pulleys to "let them down slow"; and yet our individual funeral capacity has been such that we can tell what every woman who has died in Friendship for years has "done without": Mis' Grocer Stew, her of all folks, had done without new-style flat-irons; Mis' Worth had used the bread pan to wash dishes in; Mis' Jeweller Sprague — the *first* Mis' Sprague — had had only six bread and butter knives, her that could get wholesale too. . . . And we have little maid-servants who answer our bells in caps and trays, so to say; but this savor of jestership is authentic, for any one of them is likely to do as of late did Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss's maid, — answer, at dinner-with-guests, that there were no more mashed potatoes, "*or else*, there won't be any left to warm up for your breakfasts." . . . And though we have our

daily newspaper, receiving Associated Press service, yet, as Mis' Amanda Toplady observed, it is "only *very* lately that they have mentioned in the *Daily* the birth of a child, or anything that had anything of a *tang* to it."

We put new wine in old bottles, but also we use new bottles to hold our old wine. For, consider the name of our main street: is this Main or Clark or Cook or Grand Street, according to the register of the main streets of towns? Instead, for its half-mile of village life, the Plank Road, macadamized and arc-lighted, is called Daphne Street. Daphne Street! I love to wonder why. Did our dear Doctor June's father name it when he set the five hundred elms and oaks which glorify us? Or did Daphne herself take this way on the day of her flight, so that when they came to draught the town, they recognized that it *was* Daphne Street, and so were spared the trouble of naming it? Or did the Future anonymously toss us back the suggestion, thrifty of some day of her own when she might remember us and say, "*Daphne Street!*" Already some of us smile with a secret nod at something when we direct a stranger, "You will find the Telegraph and Cable Office two blocks down, on Daphne Street." "The Commercial Travellers' House, the Abigail Arnold Home Bakery, the Post-office, and Armory are in the same block on Daphne Street." Or, "The Electric Light Office is at the corner of Dunn and Daphne." It is not wonderful that Daphne herself, foreseeing these things, did not stay, but lifted her laurels somewhat nearer Tempe, — although there are those of us who like to fancy that she is here all the time in our Daphne-street magic: the fire bell, the tulip beds, and the twi-

light bonfires. For how else, in all reason, has the name persisted?

Of late a new doctor has appeared — one may say, has abounded: a surgeon who, such is his zeal, will almost perform an operation over the telephone and, we have come somewhat cynically to believe, would prefer doing so to not operating at all. As Calliope Marsh puts it:—

"He is great on operations, that little doctor. Let him go into any house, an' some o' the family, seems though, has to be operated on, usually inside o' twelve hours. It'll get so that as soon as he strikes the front porch, they'll commence sterilizin' water. I donno but some'll go an' put on the tea-kettle if they even see him drive past."

*Why* within twelve hours, we wonder when we hear the edict? Why never fourteen hours, or six? How does it happen that no matter at what stage of the malady the new doctor is called, the patient always has to be operated on within twelve hours? Is it that everybody has a bunch and goes about not knowing it until he appears? Or is he a kind of basanite for bunches, and do they come out on us at the sight of him? There are those of us who almost hesitate to take his hand, fearing that he will fix us with his eye, point somewhere about, and tell us, "Within twelve hours, *if* you want your life your own." But in spite of his skill and his modernity, in our midst there persist those who, in a scientific night, would die rather than risk our advantages.

Thus the New shoulders the Old, and our transition is still swift enough to be a spectacle, as was its earlier phase which gave over our Middle West to cabins and plough horses, with a tendency away from wigwams and bob-

whites. And in this local warfare between Old and New a chief figure is Calliope Marsh — who just said that about the new doctor. She is a little rosy wrinkled creature officially — though no other than officially — pertaining to sixty years; mender of lace, seller of extracts and music teacher, but of the three she thinks of the last as her true vocation. ("I come honestly by that," she says. "You know my father before me was rill musical. I was baptized Calliope because a circus with one came through the town the day 't I was born.") And with her, too, the grafting of to-morrow upon yesterday is unconscious; or only momentarily conscious, as when she phrased it: —

"Land, land, I like New as well as anybody. But I want it should be put in the Old kind o' gentle, like an' i-dee in your mind, an' not sudden, like a bullet in your brain."

In her acceptance of innovations Calliope symbolizes the fine Friendship tendency to scientific procedure, to the penetration of the unknown through the known, the explication of mystery by natural law. And when to the bright-figured paper and pictures of her little sitting room she had added a print of the "Mona Lisa," she observed: —

"She sot o' lifts me up, like somethin' I've thought of, myself. But I don't see any sense in raisin' a question about what her smile means. I told the agent so. 'Whenever I set for my photograph,' I says to him, 'I always have that same silly smile on my face.'"

With us all the Friendship idea prevails: we accept what Progress sends, but we regard it in our own fashion. Our improvements, like our entertainments, our funerals,

our holidays, and our very loves, are but Friendship Village exponents of the modern spirit. Perhaps, in a tenderer significance than she meant, Calliope characterized us when she said: —

"This town is more like a back door than a front — or, givin' it full credit, *anyhow*, it's no more'n a side door, with no vines."

For indeed, we are a kind of middle door to experience, minus the fuss of official arriving and, too, without the old odors of the kitchen savory beds; but having, instead, a serene side-door existence, partaking of both electric bells and of neighbors with shawls pinned over their heads.

Only at one point Calliope was wrong. There are vines, with tendrils and flowers and many birds.

*Zona Gale*

## Our Village

OUR village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village, but our village of Bullock's Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two elders and a withy;
And in the middle there's a green, of about not exceeding an acre and a half;
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a sort of common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.

# Neighbors

Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous for bowling when the little village boys play at cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to come and stand right before the wicket.
There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops, and pigsties, and poultry huts, and such-like sheds,
With plenty of public-houses — two Foxes, one Green Man, three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.

The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that for love or money can raise
A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a ramshackle "neat postchaise"!
There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing cold, little Methodist Chapel of Ease;
And close by the churchyard there's a stonemason's yard, that when the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and cherubims, very low and reasonable.
There's a cage comfortable enough; I've been in it with Old Jack Jeffery and Tom Pike;
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or anything else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post;
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse as is always there almost.

There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts that sells everything, kept by the widow of Mr. Task;
But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of everything you ask.
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask:
There are six empty houses and not so well papered inside as out,
For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and election placards all about.
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots in the window are seen:
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves, and one green.
As for hollyhocks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle;
But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle!
There are three small orchards — Mr. Bushby's the schoolmaster's is the chief —
With two pear trees that don't bear; one plum, and an apple that every year is stripped by a thief.
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby,
A select establishment for six little boys, and one big, and four little girls and a baby;

## Neighbors

There's a rectory with pointed gables and strange, odd
chimneys that never smoke,
For the Rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks;
There's a barber's once a week well filled with rough,
black-bearded, shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two
masculine ladies in false curls;
There's a butcher, and a carpenter's, and a plumber,
and a small greengrocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday; and there's a sexton
that's a coal merchant besides, and an undertaker;
And a toyshop, but not a whole one, for a village can't
compare with the London shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's
balls, and the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit
behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher,
a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office
for letters.
Now I've gone through all the village — ay, from end to
end, save and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that — and I hope I never shall —
and that's the village Poor House!

*Thomas Hood*

A FAITHFUL friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such a one hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable.

*Proverbs*

## England to America

WHAT is the voice I hear
On the winds of the western sea?
Sentinel, listen from our Cape Clear
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people
proud and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsmen, hail;
We severed have been too long.
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale —
The tale of ancient wrong —
And our friendship last long as our love doth and
be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan;
Let us speak with each other face to face
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none but
freemen can.

Now fling them out the breeze,
Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these —
A message to friends and foes
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever
the war wind blows —

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,

And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong land and we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice of the bluff March gale;
We severed have been too long,
But now we have done with a worn-out tale —
The tale of an ancient wrong —
And our friendship lasts long as love lasts and stronger than death is strong.

*Alfred Austin*

## Charles Lamb's Nearest Neighbor

MY late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a free-thinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him, and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure — irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred. He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator, and he seemed determined

that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent and be suspected for an odd fellow; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless, perhaps, if rightly taken) which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested. Hence not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the color, or something else, in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him; but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people, [illegible] of these ... dalized (and offences were [illegible]hrall to wake, it. When he has been r[illegible]e, we twain, [illegible]king more concessions to the fe[illegible] shall rock and o[illegible]e, he would

retort by asking what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry — as the friendly vapor ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments which tongue-tied him were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statist!

*"By a friend of the late Elia"*

## Who is my Neighbor?

A CERTAIN man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, which both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out [illegible] pence, and gave them to the host, and said, Take irrelevant [illegible]; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, and much talkers hated him, will repay thee. Which of thes[illegible] joined to an inveterate [illegible]ved neighbor unto him that fell a[illegible] to be an orat[illegible] And he said, He that

shewed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

*From the Gospel of St. Luke.*

A CERTAIN proportion of the people who passed by the crippled seller of shoe-strings on the street corner bought from him, telling him to keep the change. A certain other proportion thought to themselves that such beggars ought to be kept off the streets, and went their way. Another proportion really did not perceive him, merely accepting him as part of the street surroundings. One man brought him to the attention of the Associated Charities, where he found friends and resources to give him the chance he needed. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell by the way?

*Mary Conyngton.*

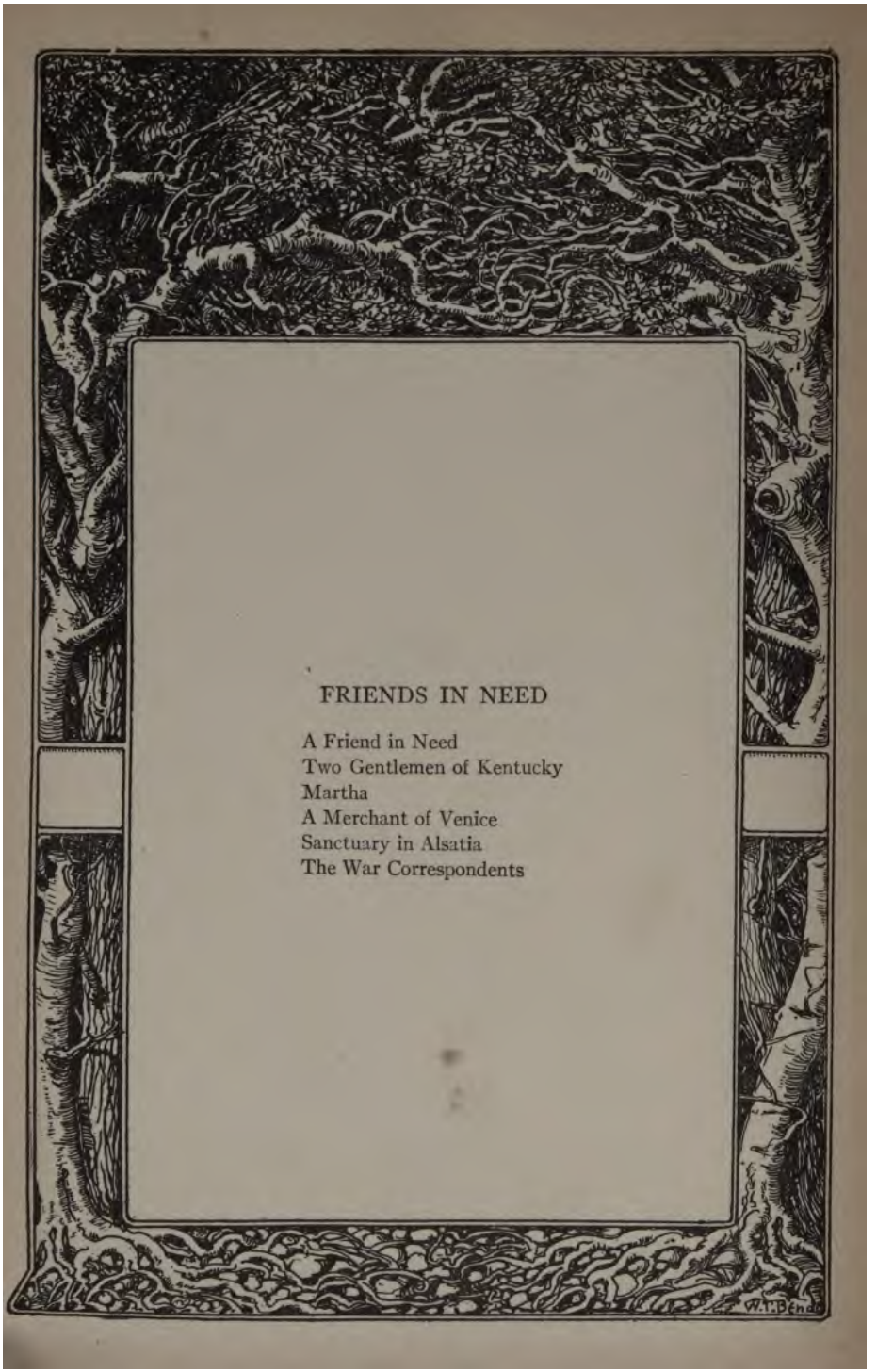




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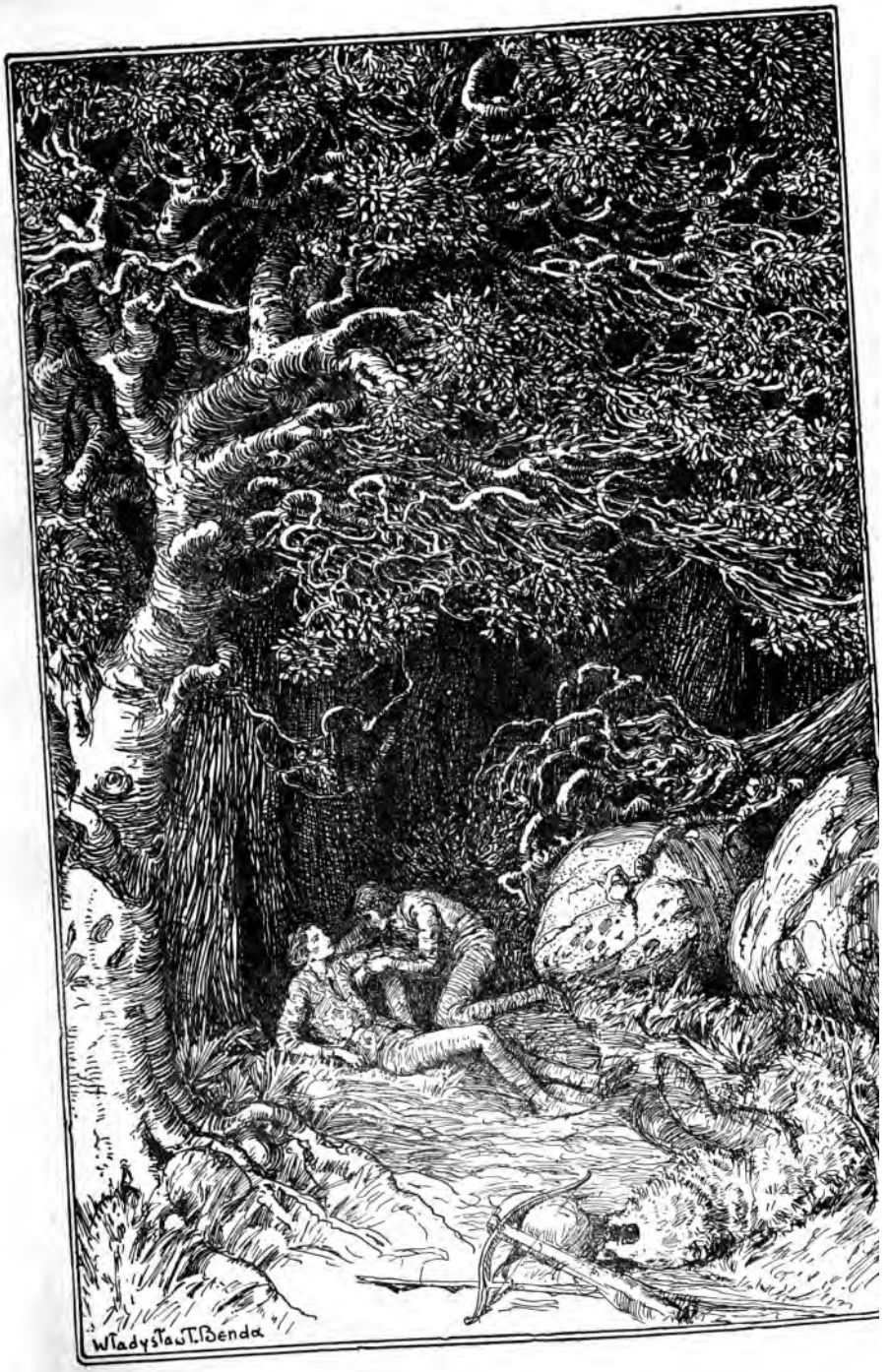
# FRIENDS IN NEED





## FRIENDS IN NEED

A Friend in Need
Two Gentlemen of Kentucky
Martha
A Merchant of Venice
Sanctuary in Alsatia
The War Correspondents


Władysław T. Benda

SO long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## A Friend in Need

FOR many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect, and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers: and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed: and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate: friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time; for she was timid and defected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart; and perhaps she thought

justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done; for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this: One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square: thither we went: and we sate down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse: I had been leaning my head against her bosom; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot, or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all reascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, — who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, — stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and

spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her humble purse at a time — be it remembered! — when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.

*Thomas de Quincey*

## Two Gentlemen of Kentucky

THE colonel gathered the bridle-reins from the neck of his old horse and turned his head homeward. As he rode slowly on, every spot gave up its memories. He dismounted when he came to the cattle and walked among them, stroking their soft flanks and feeling in the palm of his hand the rasp of their salt-loving tongues; on his sideboard at home was many a silver cup which told of premiums on cattle at the great fairs. It was in this very pond that as a boy he had learned to swim on a cherry rail. When he entered the woods, the sight of the walnut-trees and the hickory-nut trees, loaded on the topmost branches, gave him a sudden pang.

Beyond the woods he came upon the garden, which he had kept as his mother had left it — an old-fashioned garden with an arbor in the centre, covered with Isabella grape-vines on one side and Catawba on the other; with walks branching thence in four directions, and along them beds of jump-up-johnnies, sweet-williams, daffodils, sweet peas, larkspur, and thyme, flags and the sensitive-plant celestial and maiden's-blush roses. He stopped and

looked over the fence at the very spot where he had found his mother on the day when the news of the battle came.

. . . . . .

He dismounted at the stiles and handed the reins to a gray-haired negro, who had hobbled up to receive them with a smile and a gesture of the deepest respect.

"Peter," he said very simply, "I am going to sell the Place and move to town. I can't live here any longer."

With these words he passed through the yard-gate, walked slowly up the broad pavement, and entered the house.

On the disappearing form of the colonel was fixed an ancient pair of eyes that looked out at him from behind a still more ancient pair of silver-rimmed spectacles with an expression of indescribable solicitude and love.

These eyes were set in the head of an old gentleman — for such he was — named Peter Cotton, who was the only one of the colonel's former slaves that had remained inseparable from his person and his altered fortunes. In early manhood Peter had been a wood-chopper; but he had one day had his leg broken by the limb of a falling tree, and afterwards, out of consideration for his limp, had been made supervisor of the woodpile, gardener, and a sort of nondescript servitor of his master's luxurious needs.

The colonel had bought a home on the edge of the town, with some ten acres of beautiful ground surrounding. A high osage-orange hedge shut it in, and forest trees, chiefly maples and elms, gave to the lawn and house abundant shade. Wild grape-vines, the Virginia creeper, and the climbing oak swung their long festoons

from summit to summit, while honeysuckles, clematis, and the Mexican vine clambered over arbors and trellises, or along the chipped stone of the low, old-fashioned house. Just outside the door of the colonel's bedroom slept an ancient, broken sun-dial.

The place seemed always in half-shadow, with hedgerows of box, clumps of dark holly, darker firs half a century old, and aged crape-like cedars.

It was in the seclusion of this retreat, which looked almost like a wild bit of country set down on the edge of the town, that the colonel and Peter spent more of their time as they fell farther in the rear of onward events. There were no such flower gardens in the city, and pretty much the whole town went thither for its flowers, preferring them to those that were to be had for a price at the nurseries.

There was, perhaps, a suggestion of pathetic humor in the fact that it should have called on the colonel and Peter, themselves so nearly defunct, to furnish the flowers for so many funerals; but, it is certain, almost weekly the two old gentlemen received this chastening admonition of their all-but-spent mortality. The colonel cultivated the rarest fruits also, and had under glass varieties that were not friendly to the climate; so that by means of the fruits and flowers there was established a pleasant social bond with many who otherwise would never have sought them out.

But others came for better reasons. To a few deep-seeing eyes the colonel and Peter were ruined landmarks on a fading historic landscape, and their devoted friendship was the last steady burning-down of that pure flame of love which can never again shine out in the future of the

two races. Hence a softened charm invested the drowsy quietude of that shadowy paradise in which the old master without a slave and the old slave without a master still kept up a brave pantomime of their obsolete relations. No one ever saw in their intercourse aught but the finest courtesy, the most delicate consideration. The very tones of their voices in addressing each other were as good as sermons on gentleness, their antiquated playfulness as melodious as the babble of distant water. To be near them was to be exorcised of evil passions.

The sun of their day had indeed long since set; but like twin clouds lifted high and motionless into some far quarter of the gray twilight skies, they were still radiant with the glow of the invisible orb.

Henceforth the colonel's appearances in public were few and regular. He went to church on Sundays, where he sat on the edge of the choir in the centre of the building, and sang an ancient bass of his own improvisation to the older hymns, and glanced furtively around to see whether any one noticed that he could not sing the new ones. At the Sunday-school picnics the committee of arrangements allowed him to carve the mutton, and after dinner to swing the smallest children gently beneath the trees. He was seen on Commencement Day at Morrison Chapel, where he always gave his bouquet to the valedictorian. It was the speech of that young gentleman that always touched him, consisting as it did of farewells.

In the autumn he might sometimes be noticed sitting high up in the amphitheatre at the fair, a little blue around the nose, and looking absently over into the ring where the judges were grouped around the music-stand.

## Friends in Need

Once he had strutted around as a judge himself, with a blue ribbon in his button-hole, while the band played "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt" and "Gentle Annie." The ring seemed full of young men now, and no one even thought of offering him the privileges of the grounds. In his day the great feature of the exhibition had been cattle; now everything was turned into a horse-show. He was always glad to get home again to Peter, his true yoke-fellow. For just as two old oxen — one white and one black — that have long toiled under the same yoke will, when turned out to graze at last in the widest pasture, come and put themselves horn to horn and flank to flank, so the colonel and Peter were never so happy as when ruminating side by side.

*James Lane Allen*

## Martha

MISS MATTY was ruined.

She tried to speak quietly to me; but when she came to the actual fact that she would have about five shillings a week to live upon, she could not restrain a few tears.

"I am not crying for myself, dear," said she, wiping them away; "I believe I am crying for the very silly thought of how my mother would grieve if she could know; she always cared for us so much more than for herself. But many a poor person has less, and I am not very extravagant, and, thank God, when the neck of mutton, and Martha's wages, and the rent are paid, I have not a farthing owing. Poor Martha! I think she'll be sorry to leave me."

Miss Matty smiled at me through her tears, and she would fain have had me see only the smile, not the tears. . . . Martha opened the door to me, her face swollen with crying. As soon as she saw me she burst out afresh, and taking hold of my arm she pulled me in, and banged the door to, in order to ask me if indeed it was all true that Miss Matty had been saying.

"I'll never leave her! No; I won't. I telled her so, and said I could not think how she could find in her heart to give me warning. I could not have had the face to do it, if I'd been her. I might ha' been just as good for nothing as Mrs. Fitz-Adam's Rosy, who struck for wages after living seven years and a half in one place. I said I was not one to go and serve Mammon at that rate; that I knew when I'd got a good missus, if she didn't know when she'd got a good servant —"

"But, Martha," said I, cutting in while she wiped her eyes.

"Don't 'but, Martha' me," she replied to my deprecatory tone.

"Listen to reason —"

"I'll not listen to reason," she said, now in full possession of her voice, which had been rather choked with sobbing. "Reason always means what some one else has got to say. Now I think what I've got to say is good enough reason; but reason or not, I'll say it, and I'll stick to it. I've money in the Savings Bank, and I've a good stock of clothes, and I'm not going to leave Miss Matty. No, not if she gives me warning every hour in the day!"

She put her arms akimbo, as much as to say she defied me; and, indeed, I could hardly tell how to begin to remonstrate with her, so much did I feel that Miss Matty,

in her increasing infirmity, needed the attendance of this kind and faithful woman.

"Well —" said I at last.

"I'm thankful you begin with 'well!' If you'd ha' begun with 'but,' as you did afore, I'd not ha' listened to you. Now you may go on."

"I know you would be a great loss to Miss Matty, Martha —"

"I telled her so. A loss she'd never cease to be sorry for," broke in Martha, triumphantly.

"Still, she will have so little — so very little — to live upon, that I don't see just now how she could find you food — she will even be pressed for her own. I tell you this, Martha, because I feel you are like a friend to dear Miss Matty, but you know she might not like to have it spoken about."

Apparently this was even a blacker view of the subject than Miss Matty had presented to her, for Martha just sat down on the first chair that came to hand, and cried out loud (we had been standing in the kitchen).

At last she put her apron down, and looking me earnestly in the face, asked, "Was that the reason Miss Matty wouldn't order a pudding to-day? She said she had no great fancy for sweet things, and you and she would just have a mutton-chop. But I'll be up to her. Never you tell, but I'll make her a pudding, and a pudding she'll like, too, and I'll pay for it myself; so mind you see she eats it. Many a one has been comforted in their sorrow by seeing a good dish come upon the table."

I was rather glad that Martha's energy had taken the immediate and practical direction of pudding-making, for it staved off the quarrelsome discussion as to whether

she should or should not leave Miss Matty's service. She began to tie on a clean apron, and otherwise prepare herself for going to the shop for the butter, eggs, and what else she might require. She would not use a scrap of the articles already in the house for her cookery, but went to an old tea-pot in which her private store of money was deposited, and took out what she wanted.

I found Miss Matty very quiet, and not a little sad; but by and by she tried to smile for my sake. It was settled that I was to write to my father, and ask him to come over and hold a consultation, and as soon as this letter was despatched, we began to talk over future plans. Miss Matty's idea was to take a single room, and retain as much of her furniture as would be necessary to fit up this, and sell the rest, and there to quietly exist upon what would remain after paying the rent. For my part, I was more ambitious and less contented. I thought of all the things by which a woman past middle age, and with the education common to ladies fifty years ago, could earn or add to a living without materially losing caste; but at length I put even this last clause on one side, and wondered what in the world Miss Matty could do.

Teaching was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. If Miss Matty could teach children anything, it would throw her among the little elves in whom her soul delighted. I ran over her accomplishments. Once upon a time I had heard her say she could play "Ah! vous dirai-je, maman?" on the piano, but that was long, long ago; that faint shadow of musical acquirement had died out years before. She had also once been able to trace out patterns very nicely for muslin embroidery, by dint of placing a piece of silver-paper over the design to be

copied, and holding both against the window-pane while she marked the scallop and eyelet-holes. But that was her nearest approach to the accomplishment of drawing, and I did not think it would go very far. Then again, as to the branches of a solid English education — fancy work and the use of the globes — such as the mistress of the Ladies' Seminary, to which all the tradespeople in Cranford sent their daughters, professed to teach. Miss Matty's eyes were failing her, and I doubted if she could discover the number of threads in a worsted-work pattern, or rightly appreciate the different shades required for Queen Adelaide's face in the loyal wool-work now fashionable in Cranford. As for the use of the globes, I had never been able to find it out myself, so perhaps I was not a good judge of Miss Matty's capability of instructing in this branch of education; but it struck me that equators and tropics, and such mystical circles, were very imaginary lines indeed to her, and that she looked upon the signs of the Zodiac as so many remnants of the Black Art. . . .

No! there was nothing she could teach to the rising generation of Cranford, unless they had been quick learners and ready imitators of her patience, her humility, her sweetness, her quiet contentment with all that she could not do. I pondered and pondered until dinner was announced by Martha, with a face all blubbered and swollen with crying.

Miss Matty had a few little peculiarities which Martha was apt to regard as whims below her attention, and appeared to consider as childish fancies of which an old lady of fifty-eight should try and cure herself. But to-day everything was attended to with the most careful regard.

The bread was cut to the imaginary pattern of excellence that existed in Miss Matty's mind, as being the way which her mother had preferred; the curtain was drawn so as to exclude the dead brick-wall of a neighbor's stables, and yet left so as to show every tender leaf of the poplar which was bursting into spring beauty. Martha's tone to Miss Matty was just such as that good, rough-spoken servant usually kept sacred for little children, and which I had never heard her use to any grown-up person.

I had forgotten to tell Miss Matty about the pudding, and I was afraid she might not do justice to it, for she had evidently very little appetite this day; so I seized the opportunity of letting her into the secret while Martha took away the meat. Miss Matty's eyes filled with tears, and she could not speak, either to express surprise or delight, when Martha returned bearing it aloft, made in the most wonderful representation of a lion couchant that ever was moulded. Martha's face gleamed with triumph as she set it down before Miss Matty with an exultant "There!" Miss Matty wanted to speak her thanks, but could not; so she took Martha's hand and shook it warmly, which set Martha off crying, and I myself could hardly keep up the necessary composure. Martha burst out of the room, and Miss Matty had to clear her voice once or twice before she could speak. At last she said, "I should like to keep this pudding under a glass shade, my dear!" and the notion of the lion couchant, with his currant eyes, being hoisted up to the place of honor on a mantelpiece, tickled up my hysterical fancy, and I began to laugh, which rather surprised Miss Matty.

## Friends in Need

"I am sure, dear, I have seen uglier things under a glass shade before now," said she.

So had I, many a time and oft, and I accordingly composed my countenance (and now I could hardly keep from crying), and we both fell to upon the pudding, which was indeed excellent — only every morsel seemed to choke us, our hearts were so full.

*Mrs. Gaskell*

## A Merchant of Venice

Present: Bassanio, Portia, *and* Nerissa.

[*Enter* Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Salerio, *a Messenger from Venice.*]

*Bass.* Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

*Saler.* I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you. (*Gives* Bassanio *a letter.*)

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Saler.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome
Your hand, Salerio; what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
*Saler.* I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
*Bass.* O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,

## Friends in Need

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Saler.* Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit

In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Pass.* For me three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* (*Reads.*) Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

*Por.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone!

*William Shakespeare*

# Friends in Need

## Sanctuary in Alsatia

REGINALD LOWESTOFFE was bustlingly officious and good-natured; but, used to live a scrambling, rakish course of life himself, he had not the least idea of the extent of Lord Glenvarloch's mental sufferings, and thought of his temporary concealment as if it were merely the trick of a wanton boy, who plays at hide-and-seek with his tutor. With the appearance of the place, too, he was familiar; but on his companion it produced a deep sensation.

The ancient sanctuary at Whitefriars lay considerably lower than the elevated terraces and gardens of the Temple, and was therefore generally involved in the damps and fogs arising from the Thames. The brick buildings by which it was occupied crowded closely on each other, for, in a place so rarely privileged, every foot of ground was valuable; but, erected in many cases by persons whose funds were inadequate to their speculations, the houses were generally insufficient, and exhibited the lamentable signs of having become ruinous while they were yet new. The wailing of children, the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linens hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants; while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed in the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter that issued from the alehouses and taverns, which, as the signs indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses; and, that the full character of the place might be evident, several faded, tinselled, and painted females looked boldly at the strangers from their open lattices,

or more modestly seemed busied with the cracked flower-pots, filled with mignonette and rosemary, which were disposed in front of the windows, to the great risk of the passengers. . . . "And now, let me ask your lordship what name you will assume, for we are near the ducal palace of Duke Hildebrod."

"I will be called Grahame," said Nigel; "it was my mother's name."

"Grime," repeated the Templar, "will suit Alsatia well enough — both a grim and grimy place of refuge."

"I said Grahame, sir, not Grime," said Nigel, something shortly, and laying an emphasis on the vowel; for few Scotsmen understand raillery upon the subject of their names.

"I beg pardon, my lord," answered the undisconcerted punster; "but Graam will suit the circumstance, too: it signifies 'tribulation' in the High Dutch, and your lordship must be considered as a man under trouble." . . .

As they spoke, they entered the dilapidated tavern, which was, nevertheless, more ample in dimensions, and less ruinous, than many houses in the same evil neighborhood. Two or three haggard, ragged drawers ran to and fro, whose looks, like those of owls, seemed only adapted for midnight, when other creatures sleep, and who by day seemed bleared, stupid, and only half awake. Guided by one of these blinking Ganymedes, they entered a room, where the feeble rays of the sun were almost wholly eclipsed by volumes of tobacco-smoke, rolled from the tubes of the company, while out of the cloudy sanctuary arose the old chant of —

"Old Sir Simon the King,
And old Sir Simon the King,

# Friends in Need

**With his malmsey nose,**
**And his ale-dropped hose,**
**And sing hey ding-ading-ding."**

Duke Hildebrod, who himself condescended to chant this ditty to his loving subjects, was a monstrously fat old man, with only one eye, and a nose which bore evidence to the frequency, strength, and depth of his potations. He wore a murrey-colored plush jerkin, stained with the overflowings of the tankard, and much the worse for wear, and unbuttoned at bottom for the ease of his enormous paunch. Behind him lay a favorite bulldog whose round head and single black glancing eye, as well as the creature's great corpulence, gave it a burlesque resemblance to its master. . . .

When Duke Hildebrod had ended his song, he informed his peers that a worthy officer of the Temple attended them, and commanded the captain and parson to abandon their easy-chairs in behalf of the two strangers, whom he placed on his right and left hand. The worthy representatives of the army and the church of Alsatia went to place themselves on a crazy form at the bottom of the table, which, ill calculated to sustain men of such weight, gave way under them, and the man of the sword and man of the gown were rolled over each other on the floor, amidst the exulting shouts of the company. They arose in wrath, contending which should vent his displeasure in the loudest and deepest oaths, a strife in which the parson's superior acquaintance with theology enabled him greatly to excel the captain, and were at length with difficulty tranquillized by the arrival of the alarmed waiters with more stable chairs, and by a long draught of the cooling tankard. When this commotion was appeased and the

strangers courteously accommodated with flagons, after the fashion of the others present, the duke drank prosperity to the Temple in the most gracious manner, together with a cup of welcome to Master Reginald Lowestoffe; and, this courtesy having been thankfully accepted, the party honored prayed permission to call for a gallon of Rhenish, over which he proposed to open his business.

The mention of a liquor so superior to their usual potations had an instant and most favorable effect upon the little senate; and its immediate appearance might be said to secure a favorable reception of Master Lowestoffe's proposition, which, after a round or two had circulated, he explained to be the admission of his friend Master Nigel Grahame, to the benefit of the sanctuary and other immunities of Alsatia, in the character of a grand compounder; for so were those termed who paid a double fee at their matriculation, in order to avoid laying before the senate the peculiar circumstances which compelled them to take refuge there.

The worthy duke heard the proposition with glee which glittered in his single eye; and no wonder, as it was a rare occurrence, and of peculiar advantage to his private revenue. Accordingly, he commanded his ducal register to be brought him — a huge book, secured with brass clasps like a merchant's ledger, and whose leaves, stained with wine and slabbered with tobacco juice, bore the names probably of as many rogues as are to be found in the " Calendar of Newgate."

Nigel was then directed to lay down two nobles as his ransom, and to claim privilege by reciting the following doggerel verses, which were dictated to him by the duke: —

# Friends in Need

"Your suppliant, by name
Nigel Grahame,
In fear of mishap
From a shoulder-tap,
And dreading a claw
From the talons of law,
That are sharper than briers,
His freedom to sue,
And rescue by you,
Through weapon and wit,
From warrant and writ,
From bailiff's hand,
From tipstaff's wand,
Is come hither to Whitefriars."

As Duke Hildebrod with a tremulous hand began to make the entry, and had already, with superfluous generosity, spelled Nigel with two *g*'s instead of one, he was interrupted by the parson. This reverend gentleman had been whispering for a minute or two, not with the captain, but with that other individual who dwelt imperfectly, as we have already mentioned, in Nigel's memory, and being, perhaps, still something malcontent on account of the late accident, he now requested to be heard.

"The person," he said, "who hath now had the assurance to propose himself as a candidate for the privileges and immunities of this honorable society is, in plain terms, a beggarly Scot, and we have enough of these locusts in London already; if we admit such palmerworms and caterpillars to the sanctuary, we shall soon have the whole nation."

"We are not entitled to inquire," said Duke Hildebrod, "whether he be Scot, or French, or English: seeing he has honorably laid down his garnish, he is entitled to our protection." *Sir Walter Scott*

## The War Correspondents

THE Nilghai, fat, burly, and aggressive, was in Torpenhow's rooms. Behind him sat the Keneu, the Great War Eagle, and between them lay a large map embellished with black and white-headed pins.

"I was wrong about the Balkans," said the Nilghai. "But I'm not wrong about this business. The whole of our work in the Southern Soudan must be done over again. The public doesn't care, of course, but the government does, and they are making their arrangements quietly. You know that as well as I do."

"I remember how the people cursed us when our troops withdrew from Omdurman. It was bound to crop up sooner or later. But I can't go," said Torpenhow. He pointed through the open door; it was a hot night. "Can you blame me?"

The Keneu purred above his pipe like a large and very happy cat —

"Don't blame you in the least. It's uncommonly good of you, and all the rest of it, but every man — even you, Torp — must consider his work. I know it sounds brutal, but Dick's out of the race, — down, — *gastados*, expended, finished, done for. He has a little money of his own. He won't starve, and you can't pull out of your slide for his sake. Think of your own reputation."

"Dick's was five times bigger than mine and yours put together."

"That was because he signed his name to everything he did. It's all ended now. You must hold yourself in readiness to move out. You can command your own

prices, and you do even better work than any three of us."

"Don't tell me how tempting it is. I'll stay here to look after Dick for a while. He's as cheerful as a bear with a sore head, but I think he likes to have me near him."

The Nilghai said something uncomplimentary about soft-headed fools who throw away their careers for other fools. Torpenhow flushed angrily. The constant strain of attendance on Dick had worn his nerves thin. . . .

Dick had long since ceased to think about the work he had done in the old days, and the desire to do more work had departed from him. He was exceedingly sorry for himself, and the completeness of his tender grief soothed him. But his soul and his body cried for Maisie, — Maisie who would understand. His mind pointed out that Maisie, having her own work to do, would not care. His experience had taught him that when money was exhausted, women went away, and that when a man was knocked out of the race, the others trampled on him. "Then at the least," said Dick, in reply, "she could use me as I used Binat, — for some sort of a study. I wouldn't ask more than to be near her again, even though I knew that another man was making love to her. Ugh! what a dog I am!"

A voice on the staircase began to sing joyfully.

"When we go — go — go away from here,
Our creditors will weep and they will wail,
Our absence much regretting when they find that we've been getting
Out of England by next Tuesday's Indian mail."

Following the trampling of feet, slamming of Torpenhow's door, and the sound of voices in strenuous debate,

some one squeaked, "And see, you good fellows, I have found a new water-bottle, — firs'-class patent — oh, how you say? Open himself inside out."

Dick sprang to his feet. He knew the voice well. "That's Cassavetti, come back from the Continent. Now I know why Torp went away. There's a row somewhere, and — I'm out of it!"

The Nilghai commanded silence in vain. "That's for my sake," Dick said bitterly. "The birds are getting ready to fly, and they wouldn't tell me. I can hear Morten-Sutherland and Mackaye. Half the War Correspondents in London are there; — and I'm out of it."

He stumbled across the landing and plunged into Torpenhow's room. He could feel that it was full of men. "Where's the trouble?" said he. "In the Balkans at last? Why didn't some one tell me?"

"We thought you wouldn't be interested," said the Nilghai, shamefacedly. "It's in the Soudan, as usual."

"You lucky dogs! Let me sit here while you talk. I shan't be a skeleton at the feast. — Cassavetti, where are you? Your English is as bad as ever."

Dick was led into a chair. He heard the rustle of the maps, and the talk swept forward, carrying him with it. Everybody spoke at once, discussing press censorships, railway routes, transport, water-supply, the capacities of generals, — these in language that would have horrified a trusting public, — ranting, asserting, denouncing, and laughing at the top of their voices. There was the glorious certainty of war in the Soudan at any moment. The Nilghai said so, and it was well to be in readiness. The Keneu had telegraphed to Cairo for horses; Cassavetti had stolen a perfectly inaccurate list of troops that

would be ordered forward, and was reading it out amid profane interruptions, and the Keneu introduced to Dick some man unknown who would be employed as war artist by the Central Southern Syndicate. "It's his first outing," said the Keneu. "Give him some tips — about riding camels."

"Oh, those camels!" groaned Cassavetti. "I shall learn to ride him again, and now I am so much all soft! Listen, you good fellows. I know your military arrangement very well. There will go the Royal Argalshire Sutherlanders. So it was read to me upon best authority."

A roar of laughter interrupted him.

"Sit down," said the Nilghai. "The lists aren't even made out in the War Office."

Then the outcries redoubled, and grew mixed, thus: "How many Egyptian troops will they use? — God help the Fellaheen! — There's a railway in Plumstead marshes doing duty as a fives-court. — We shall have the Suakin-Berber line built at last. — Canadian voyageurs are too careful. Give me a half-drunk Krooman in a whale-boat. — Who commands the Desert column? — No, they never blew up the big rock in the Ghineh bend. We shall have to be hauled up, as usual. — Somebody tell me if there's an Indian contingent, or I'll break everybody's head. — Don't tear the map in two. — It's a war of occupation, I tell you, to connect with the African companies in the South. — There's Guinea-worm in most of the wells on that route." The Nilghai, despairing of peace, bellowed like a fog-horn and beat upon the table with both hands.

"But what becomes of Torpenhow?" said Dick, in the silence that followed.

"Torp's in abeyance just now. He's off love-making somewhere, I suppose," said the Nilghai.

"He said he was going to stay at home," said the Keneu.

"Is he?" said Dick with an oath. "He won't. I'm not much good now, but if you and the Nilghai hold him down, I'll engage to trample on him till he sees reason. He stay behind, indeed! He's the best of you all. There'll be some tough work by Omdurman. We shall come there to stay, this time. But I forgot. I wish I were going with you."

"So do we all, Dickie," said the Keneu.

"And I most of all," said the new artist of the Central Southern Syndicate. "Could you tell me —"

"I'll give you one piece of advice," Dick answered, moving towards the door. "If you happen to be cut over the head in a scrimmage, don't guard. Tell the man to go on cutting. You'll find it cheapest in the end. Thanks for letting me look in."

"There's grit in Dick," said the Nilghai, an hour later, when the room was emptied of all save the Keneu.

"It was the sacred call of the war-trumpet. Did you notice how he answered to it? Poor fellow! Let's look at him," said the Keneu.

The excitement of the talk had died away. Dick was sitting by the studio table, with his head on his arms, when the men came in. He did not change his position.

"It hurts," he moaned. "God forgive me, but it hurts cruelly; and yet, y'know the world has a knack of spinning round all by itself. Shall I see Torp before he goes?"

"Oh, yes. You'll see him," said the Nilghai.

*Rudyard Kipling*

# VI

# BROTHERS IN ARMS



## BROTHERS IN ARMS

Castor and Polydeukes
Damon and Pythias
The Covenant of David and Jonathan
Ossian's Song of Sorrow
A Reconciliation
As Toilsome I Wandered
Poets as Friends
Song of a Fellow-Worker
D'Artagnan joins the Musketeers
Amis and Amile


Władysław T. Benda

AH, friend, let us be true
To one another! For the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

*Matthew Arnold*

## Castor and Polydeukes (Pollux)

SINCE Castor and his brother Polydeukes came long ago as guests to the house of Pamphaes, no marvel is it that Pamphaes's sons are mighty athletes born; for these two, guardian-gods of spacious Sparta, preside with Hermes and Hercules over the blooming lot of the contests, making men of upright life their special charge; for faithful in very truth is the race of gods.

In turn they spend their days, one day together they enjoy with Zeus, their father, and one day they spend beneath the dark earth in the dells of Therapne, thus fulfilling an equal fate. For Polydeukes made the choice for them, when Castor died in war, rather than to be himself altogether an immortal and dwell in heaven. For Idas angered about his herd, slew Castor with his brazen spear after Lynceus, whose of all men's was the piercing eye, had beheld the brothers lurking in the shade of an ancient oak. So hastening with nimble feet, Idas and Lynceus came and quickly wrought the bold deed for which they suffered at the hands of Zeus a grievous retribution. Forthwith the other son of Leda came in hot pursuit, and these opposing him took stand hard by their father's tomb, from whence they snatched a polished stone, decoration of death, and hurled it at the breast of Polydeukes; but they crushed him not, nor drove him back; for rushing on with spear swift in motion, he drove the pointed brass into the side of Lynceus, while Zeus upon Idas hurled his smouldering thunderbolt, and both were

burned together, reft of mourners; for men intermeddle not in a contest with the mighty ones.

Speedily to his brother returned the mighty son of Zeus, and found him not yet dead, but with short-drawn breath, gasping forth his life. Then shedding warm tears with sobs, he cried loud and clear: "O Father, son of Cronos, what end shall ever be of these my sorrows? To me also with him ordain strong death, O King. Honor is gone from man bereft of friends; and in distress few mortals be faithful enough to share his labor."

Thus then he prayed, and Zeus before him came and spoke: —

"Thou art my son, but he the later born of mortal seed; yet come, of this in truth I give thee choice; if thou art willing to escape death and hateful age and in Olympus dwell with Athene and Ares of the bloody spear, this is thy rightful lot; but if for thy brother's sake thou pleadest, and art mindful to share with him an equal part of all thou hast, then half thy life thou must spend beneath the earth, half in the golden homes of heaven."

When thus he spake, no wavering resolution did the mind of Polydeukes hold; so Zeus unclosed the eyes, and loosed the voice of Castor the brazen-belted.

*Pindar*

# Brothers in Arms

## Damon and Pythias

TWO friends of the Pythagorean sect lived at Syracuse, in the end of the fourth century before the Christian era. Syracuse was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and learning; but it was a place of danger in their time, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely, Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians, who had many settlements in Sicily, he became general of the army, and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse, like most other cities, ought to have been governed by a council of magistrates; but Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful; he defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island, and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. . . . Among those who came under his anger was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and relations in Greece, and he entreated as a favor to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend,

who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name Damon, came forward, and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging, if Pythias did not return according to promise, to suffer death in his stead.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marvelling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honor, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect, that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias's own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment-seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship. *Charlotte Yonge*

# Brothers in Arms

## The Covenant of David and Jonathan

AND David fled from Naioth in Ramah, and came and said before Jonathan, What have I done? what is mine iniquity? and what is my sin before thy father that he seeketh my life? And he said unto him, God forbid; thou shalt not die: behold, my father doeth nothing either great or small, but that he discloseth it unto me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? it is not so. And David sware moreover, and said, Thy father knoweth well that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved: but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death. Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee. And David said unto Jonathan, Behold, to-morrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to sit with the king at meat: but let me go that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even. If thy father miss me at all, then say, David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Bethlehem his city: for it is the yearly sacrifice there for all the family. If he say thus, It is well; thy servant shall have peace: but if he be wroth, then know that evil is determined by him. Therefore deal kindly with thy servant; for thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the Lord with thee: but if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself; for why shouldest thou bring me to thy father? And Jonathan said, Far be it from thee: for if I should at all know that evil were determined by my father to come upon thee, then would not I tell it thee? Then said David to Jonathan, Who shall tell me

if perchance thy father answer thee roughly? And Jonathan said unto David, Come and let us go out into the field. And they went out both of them into the field.

And Jonathan said unto David, The Lord, the God of Israel, be witness; when I have sounded my father about this time to-morrow, or the third day, behold, if there be good toward David, shall I not then send unto thee, and disclose it unto thee? The Lord do so to Jonathan, and more also, should it please my father to do thee evil, if I disclose it not unto thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father. And thou shalt not only while yet I live show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house forever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth. So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, And the Lord shal. require it at the hand of David's enemies. And Jonathan caused David to swear again, for the love that he had to him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul. Then Jonathan said unto him, To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send the lad, saying, Go, find the arrows. If I say unto the lad, Behold the arrows are on this side of thee: take them, and come: for there is peace to thee and no hurt, as the Lord liveth. But if

I say thus unto the boy, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee: go thy way; for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord is between thee and me forever.

So David hid himself in the field: and when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat. And the king sat upon his seat, as at other times, even upon the seat by the wall; and Jonathan stood up, and Abner sat by Saul's side: but David's place was empty. Nevertheless Saul spake not anything that day: for he thought, Something hath befallen him, he is not clean; surely he is not clean. And it came to pass on the morrow after the new moon, which was the second day, that David's place was empty: and Saul said unto Jonathan his son, Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor to-day? And Jonathan answered Saul, David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem: and he said, Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favor in thine eyes, let me get away, I pray thee, and see my brethren. Therefore he is not come unto the king's table. Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, Thou son of a perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own shame, and unto the shame of thy mother's nakedness? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be stablished, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die. And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, Wherefore should he be put to death? what hath

he done? And Saul cast his spear at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to put David to death. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month: for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him. And he said unto his lad, Run, find now the arrows which I shoot. And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee? And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not anything: only Jonathan and David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his weapons unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city. And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the South, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord shall be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed, forever. And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city.

*From the Book of Judges*

FRIENDSHIP is a word the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm.

*Augustine Birrell*

# Brothers in Arms

## Ossian's "Song of Sorrow"

SIX childless men were we, who ne'er thought harm —
A brave and blameless life we lived alway;
But one of us soon slept beneath the cairn;
Remembering him this night I'm sad and wae —

*Five* were we now, five warriors of renown;
Woe to the foe that dared to beard us there!
Death came again as he had come before —
Another hero vanished from our ken.

We then were *four*, hunting the forest free,
Fair were the arms our good right hands did wield;
But even valor saves not from all scaith —
Another warrior fell in battle-field.

We then were *three*, far famed for valorous deeds:
Bards o'er their harps sang of our feats the while
The sun pursued his course from east to west,
We lost another — chief withouten guile!

We *two* then sat upon the green hillside
(From all we love we're fated still to part);
Insatiate Death, unlooked for, came again,
And took the sole companion of my heart.

Sad and alone the last of that brave band,
Remembering other years I sit and mourn —
'Tis fated we must die, but still 'tis sad
To go the journey whence shall none return.

Of the nut cluster on the hazel bough,
The last nut I — the rest are fallen and gone;

About to fall I tremble in the breeze
  That wandering through the woods makes eerie moan —

The last tree of the clump upon the hill,
  Sapless and withered I stand all alone;
All that I loved are gone and soon must I
  Fall like my leaves that on the earth are strown.

*Sholto* bold, and *Gorrie* brave, and *Gaul*
  And *Oscar* fleet of foot and fair of skin,
*Myself* and *Runo* from the hill of fawns —
  These were the *Six* in love and war akin.

*James Macpherson*

## A Reconciliation

FOR the best part of three nights we travelled on eerie mountains and among the well-heads of wild rivers; often buried in mist, almost continually blown and rained upon, and not once cheered by any glimpse of sunshine. By day, we lay and slept in the drenching heather; by night, incessantly clambered upon breakneck hills and among rude crags. We often wandered; we were often so involved in fog, that we must lie quiet till it lightened. A fire was never to be thought of. Our only food was drammach and a portion of cold meat that we had carried from the Cage; and as for drink, Heaven knows we had no want of water. . . .

During all these horrid wanderings, we had no familiarity, scarcely even that of speech. The truth is that I was sickening for my grave, which is the best excuse. But besides that, I was of an unforgiving disposition from

my birth, slow to take offence, slower to forget it, and now incensed both against my companion and myself. For the best part of two days, he was unweariedly kind; silent, indeed, but always ready to help, and always hoping (as I could very well see) that my displeasure would blow by. For the same length of time, I stayed in myself, nursing my anger, roughly refusing his services, and passing him over with my eyes as if he had been a bush or a stone. . . .

All the while, I was growing worse and worse. Once I had fallen, my legs simply doubling under me, and this had struck Alan for the moment; but I was afoot so briskly, and set off again with such a natural manner, that he soon forgot the incident. Flushes of heat went over me, and then spasms of shuddering. The stitch in my side was hardly bearable. At last, I began to feel that I could trail myself no farther; and with that there came on me all at once the wish to have it out with Alan, let my anger blaze, and be done with my life in a more sudden manner. He had just called me "Whig." I stopped.

"Mr. Stewart," said I, in a voice that quivered like a fiddle-string, "you are older than I am, and should know your manners. Do you think it either very wise or very witty to cast my politics in my teeth? I thought, where folk differed, it was the part of gentlemen to differ civilly; and if I did not, I may tell you I could find a better taunt than some of yours."

Alan had stopped opposite to me, his hat cocked, his hands in his breeches pockets, his head a little to one side. He listened, smiling evilly, as I could see by the starlight; and when I had done he began to whistle a

Jacobite air. It was the air made in mockery of General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans: —

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
And are your drums a-beatin' yet?"

And it came in my mind that Alan, on the day of that battle, had been engaged upon the royal side.

"Why do ye take that air, Mr. Stewart?" said I. "Is that to remind me you have been beaten on both sides?"

The air stopped on Alan's lips. "David!" said he.

"But it's time these manners ceased," I continued; "and I mean you shall henceforth speak civilly of my King and my good friends the Campbells."

"I am a Stewart —" began Alan.

"O!" says I, "I ken ye bear a king's name. But you are to remember, since I have been in the Highlands, I have seen a good many of those that bear it; and the best I can say of them is this, that they would be none the worse of washing."

"Do you know that you insult me?" said Alan, very low.

"I am sorry for that," said I, "for I am not done; and if you distaste the sermon, I doubt the pirliecue will please you as little. You have been chased in the field by the grown men of my party; it seems a poor kind of pleasure to outface a boy. Both the Campbells and the Whigs have beaten you; you have run before them like a hare. It behooves you to speak of them as of your betters."

Alan stood quite still, the tails of his great-coat clapping behind him in the wind.

"This is a pity," he said at last. "There are things said that cannot be passed over."

"I never asked you to," said I. "I am as ready as yourself."

"Ready?" said he.

"Ready," I repeated. "I am no blower and boaster like some that I could name. Come on!" And drawing my sword, I fell on guard as Alan himself had taught me.

"David!" he cried. "Are ye daft? I cannae draw upon ye, David. It's fair murder."

"That was your lookout when you insulted me," said I.

"It's the truth!" cried Alan, and he stood for a moment, wringing his mouth in his hand like a man in sore perplexity. "It's the bare truth," he said, and drew his sword. But before I could touch his blade with mine, he had thrown it from him and fallen to the ground. "Na, na," he kept saying, "na, na — I cannae, I cannae."

At this the last of my anger oozed all out of me; and I found myself only sick, and sorry, and blank, and wondering at myself. I would have given the world to take back what I had said; but a word once spoken, who can recapture it? I minded me of all Alan's kindness and courage in the past, how he had helped and cheered and borne with me in our evil days; and then recalled my own insults, and saw that I had lost forever that doughty friend. At the same time, the sickness that hung upon me seemed to redouble, and the pang in my side was like a sword for sharpness. I thought I must have swooned where I stood.

This it was that gave me a thought. No apology could blot out what I had said; it was needless to think of one,

none could cover the offence; but where an apology was vain, a mere cry for help might bring Alan back to my side. I put my pride away from me. "Alan," I said; "if you cannae help me, I must just die here."

He started up sitting, and looked at me.

"It's true," said I. "I'm by with it. O let me get into the bield of a house — I'll can die there easier." I had no need to pretend; whether I chose or not, I spoke in a weeping voice that would have melted a heart of stone.

"Can ye walk?" asked Alan.

"No," said I, "not without help. This last hour, my legs have been fainting under me; I've a stitch in my side like a red-hot iron; I cannae breathe right. If I die, ye'll can forgive me, Alan? In my heart, I liked ye fine — even when I was the angriest."

"Wheesht, wheesht!" cried Alan. "Dinnae say that! David, man, ye ken —" He shut his mouth upon a sob. "Let me get my arm about ye," he continued; "that's the way! Now lean upon me hard. Gude kens where there's a house! We're in Balwhidder, too; there should be no want of houses, no, nor friends' houses here. Do you gang easier so, Davie?"

"Ay," said I, "I can be doing this way;" and I pressed his arm with my hand.

Again he came near sobbing. "Davie," said he, "I'm no a right man at all; I have neither sense nor kindness; I couldnae remember ye were just a bairn, I couldnae see ye were dying on your feet; Davie, ye'll have to try and forgive me."

"O man, let's say no more about it!" said I. "We're neither one of us to mend the other — that's the truth!

We must just bear and forbear, man Alan! O but my stitch is sore! Is there nae house?"

"I'll find a house to ye, David," he said stoutly. "We'll follow down the burn, where there's bound to be houses. My poor man, will ye no be better on my back?"

"O Alan," says I, "and me a good twelve inches taller?"

"Ye're no such a thing," cried Alan, with a start. "There may be a trifling matter of an inch or two; I'm no saying I'm just exactly what ye would call a tall man, whatever; and I daresay," he added, his voice tailing off in a laughable manner, "now when I come to think of it, I daresay ye'll be just about right. Ay, it'll be a foot, or near hand; or maybe even mair!"

It was sweet and laughable to hear Alan eat his words up in the fear of some fresh quarrel. I could have laughed, had not my stitch caught me so hard; but if I had laughed, I think I must have wept, too.

"Alan," cried I, "what makes ye so good to me? what makes ye care for such a thankless fellow?"

"Deed, and I don't know," said Alan. "For just precisely what I thought I liked about ye, was that ye never quarrelled; — and now I like ye better!"

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

FRIENDSHIP is usually treated by the majority of mankind as a tough and everlasting thing which will survive all manner of bad treatment. But this is an exceedingly great and foolish error; it may die in an hour of a single unwise word.

*Ouida*

## As Toilsome I wander'd Virginia's Woods

AS toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kick'd by my feet (for 'twas autumn),
I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat (easily all could I understand),
The halt of a midday hour, when up! no time to lose — yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by the grave,
*Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.*

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes the inscription rude in Virginia's woods,
*Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.*

*Walt Whitman*

## Poets as Friends

POETS would seem to have been fortunate in the matter of friends. It is true that Dr. Johnson, repeating the assertion that no professor of his art ever loved another, appears to indorse the moral to be drawn from the confession, with the wider application of it to all whom talent or life have made competitors. But history gives the calumny the lie. What tribute, for

instance, could be more generous and whole-hearted than that which, paid by Cowley to his brother poet Crashaw, remains a monument forever of the love of friend for friend? —

> "Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
> The two most sacred names of earth and heav'n,
> The hard and rarest union which can be
> Next that of Godhead with Humanity.
> . . . . . .
> And I myself a Catholick will be,
> So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee."

And, not to dwell on more recent examples, — on Wordsworth and Coleridge — Keats and Shelley, — surely the affection which bound together the two great rivals of their age and country, Schiller and Goethe, would of itself be sufficient to refute the slander. In their case the slow, almost reluctant growth of the connection is of singular interest, culminating as it did in the attachment which must have changed for each the face of the earth. The course of their friendship is well known, the unswerving loyalty of each to each, in spite of all endeavors to sow jealousy and dissension between them, and the generous appreciation by each of the peculiar gifts of the other. "You have created a new youth for me," writes Goethe, the elder by ten years. And death coming found the tie as strong as ever. The history of the closing scene possesses a pathos enhanced by the habitual impassibility of the survivor. When Schiller was struck down, no one, we are told, ventured to communicate to the older man the news of his loss; nor did the latter, surmising from the bearing of those about him that something was wrong, dare to demand corroboration of his fears. "Schil-

ler must be very ill," was all he said. But in the night, alone with his forebodings, the great poet, usually above all manifestations of emotion, was heard weeping. The next day he asked and obtained the truth. Of what that truth signified to him we find the summing up in a subsequent letter. "The half of my existence is gone from me," he writes.

*J. A. Taylor*

## Song of a Fellow-Worker

I FOUND a fellow-worker when I deemed I toiled alone:
My toil was fashioning thought and sound, and his was hewing stone;
I worked in the palace of my brain, he in the common street,
And it seemed his toil was great and hard, while mine was great and sweet.

I said, "O fellow-worker, yea, for I am a worker too,
The heart nigh fails me many a day, but how is it with you?
For while I toil great tears of joy will sometimes fill my eyes,
And when I form my perfect work it lives and never dies.

"I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought takes form,
Until it gleams before my soul and makes the world grow warm;
Until there come the glorious voice and words that seem divine,
And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws them into mine.

## Brothers in Arms

"And yet for days it seems my heart shall blossom never more,
And the burden of my loneliness lies on me very sore:
Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave base human ways,
How canst thou bear the years till death, made of such thankless days?"

Then he replied: "Ere sunrise, when the pale lips of the day
Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at warmth of the first ray,
A great thought rose within me, how, while men asleep had lain,
The thousand labors of the world had grown up once again.

"The sun grew on the world, and on my soul the thought grew too, —
A great appalling sun, to light my soul the long day through.
I felt the world's whole burden for a moment, then began
With man's gigantic strength to do the labor of one man.

"I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hundred men,
The worker with the chisel and the worker with the pen, —
The restless toilers after good, who sow and never reap,
And one who maketh music for their souls that may not sleep.

"Each passed me with a dauntless look, and my undaunted eyes
Were almost softened as they passed with tears that strove to rise

At sight of all those labors, and because that every one,
Ay, the greatest, would be weaker if my little were undone.

"They passed me, having faith in me, and in our several ways,
Together we began to-day as on the other days:
I felt their mighty hands at work, and, as the day wore through,
Perhaps they felt that even I was helping somewhat too:

"Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they lifted mightily
The burden once more laid upon the world so heavily,
That while they nobly held it as each man can do and bear,
It did not wholly fall my side as though no man were there.

"And so we toil together many a day from morn till night,
I in the lower depths of life, they on the lovely height;
For though the common stones are mine, and they have lofty cares,
Their work begins where this leaves off, and mine is part of theirs.

"And 'tis not wholly mine or theirs I think of through the day,
But the great eternal thing we make together, I and they;
Far in the sunset I behold a city that man owns,
Made fair with all their nobler toil, built of my common stones.

## Brothers in Arms

"Then noonward, as the task grows light with all the labor done,
The single thought of all the day becomes a joyous one:
For, rising in my heart at last where it has lain so long,
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows almost a song.

"But when the evening comes, indeed, the words have taken wing,
The thought sings in me still, but I am all too tired to sing;
Therefore, O you my friend, who serve the world with minstrelsy,
Among our fellow-workers' songs make that one song for me."

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy*

## D'Artagnan joins the Musketeers

D'ARTAGNAN was acquainted with nobody in Paris. He went, therefore, to his appointment with Athos, without a second, determined to be satisfied with those his adversary should choose. Besides, his intention was formed to make the brave musketeer all suitable apologies, but without meanness or weakness, fearing that that might result from this duel which generally results from an affair of the kind, when a young and vigorous man fights with an adversary who is wounded and weakened; if conquered, he doubles the triumph of his antagonist; if a conqueror, he is accused of foul play and want of courage.

"Monsieur," said Athos, "I have engaged two of my friends as seconds; but these two friends are not yet

come, at which I am astonished, as it is not at all their custom to be behindhand."

"I have no seconds on my part, monsieur," said D'Artagnan; "for, having only arrived yesterday in Paris, I as yet know no one but M. de Treville, to whom I was recommended by my father, who has the honor to be, in some degree, one of his friends."

Athos reflected for an instant.

"You know no one but M. de Treville?" he asked.

"No, monsieur; I only know him."

"Well, but then," continued Athos, speaking partly to himself, "well, but then, if I kill you, I shall have the air of a boy-slayer."

"Not too much so," replied D'Artagnan, with a bow that was not deficient in dignity, "not too much so, since you do me the honor to draw a sword with me whilst suffering from a wound which is very painful."

"Well, that is again well said," cried Athos, with a gracious nod to D'Artagnan, that did not come from a man without brains, and certainly not from a man without a heart. "Monsieur, I love men of your kidney, and I foresee plainly that, if we don't kill each other, I shall hereafter have much pleasure in your conversation. We will wait for these gentlemen, if you please; I have plenty of time, and it will be more correct. Ah! here is one of them, I think."

In fact, at the end of the Rue Vanguard, the gigantic form of Porthos began to appear.

"What!" cried D'Artagnan, "is your first second M. Porthos?"

"Yes. Is that unpleasant to you?"

"Oh, not at all."

"And here comes the other."

D'Artagnan turned in the direction pointed to by Athos, and perceived Aramis.

"What!" cried he, in an accent of greater astonishment than before, "is your second witness M. Aramis?"

"Doubtless he is. Are you not aware that we are never seen one without the others, and that we are called in the musketeers and the guards, at court and in the city, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, or the three inseparables? And yet, as you come from Dax or Pau — "

"From Tarbes," said D'Artagnan.

"It is probable you are ignorant of this circumstance," said Athos.

"*Ma foi!*" replied D'Artagnan, "you are well named, gentlemen, and my adventure, if it should make any noise, will prove at least that your union is not founded upon contrasts!"

In the meantime Porthos had come up, waved his hand to Athos, and then turning towards D'Artagnan, stood quite astonished.

Permit us to say, in passing, that he had changed his baldrick, and was without his cloak.

"Ah, ah!" said he, "what does this mean?"

"This is the gentleman I am going to fight with," said Athos, pointing to D'Artagnan with his hand, and saluting him with the same gesture.

"Why, it is with him I am also going to fight," said Porthos.

"But not before one o'clock," replied D'Artagnan.

"Well, and I also am going to fight with that gentleman," said Aramis, coming on to the ground as he spoke.

"But not till two o'clock," said D'Artagnan, with the same calmness.

"But what are you going to fight about, Athos?" asked Aramis.

"*Ma foi!* I don't very well know; he hurt my shoulder. And you, Porthos?"

"*Ma foi!* I am going to fight, because I am going to fight," answered Porthos, coloring deeply.

Athos, whose keen eye lost nothing, perceived a faintly sly smile pass over the lips of the young Gascon, as he replied: —

"We had a short discussion upon dress."

"And you, Aramis?" asked Athos.

"Oh, ours is a theological quarrel," replied Aramis, making a sign to D'Artagnan to keep secret the cause of their dispute.

Athos saw a second smile on the lips of D'Artagnan.

"Indeed?" said Athos.

"Yes; a passage of St. Augustin, upon which we would not agree," said the Gascon.

"By Jove! this is a clever fellow," murmured Athos.

"And now you are all assembled, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "to permit me to offer you my excuses."

At this word *excuses*, a cloud passed over the brow of Athos, a haughty smile curled the lip of Porthos, and a negative sign was the reply of Aramis.

"You do not understand me, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, throwing up his head, the sharp and bold lines of which were at the moment gilded by a bright sun ray. "I ask to be excused in case I should not be able to discharge my debt to all three; for M. Athos has the right to kill me first, which must abate your valor in your

own estimation, M. Porthos, and render yours almost null, M. Aramis. And now, gentlemen, I repeat, excuse me, but on that account only, and — guard!"

At these words, with the most gallant air possible, D'Artagnan drew his sword.

The blood had mounted to the head of D'Artagnan, and at that moment he would have drawn his sword against all the musketeers in the kingdom, as willingly as he now did against Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

It was a quarter past mid-day. The sun was in its zenith, and the spot chosen for the theatre of the duel was exposed to its full power.

"It is very hot," said Athos, drawing his sword in his turn, "and yet I cannot take off my doublet; for I just now felt my wound begin to bleed again, and I should not like to annoy monsieur with the sight of blood which he has not drawn from me himself."

"That is true, monsieur," replied D'Artagnan, "and, whether drawn by myself or another, I assure you I shall always view with regret the blood of so brave a gentleman; I will therefore fight in my doublet, as you do."

"Come, come, enough of compliments," cried Porthos; "please to remember we are waiting for our turns."

"Speak for yourself, when you are inclined to utter such incongruities," interrupted Aramis. "For my part, I think what they say is very well said, and quite worthy of two gentlemen."

"When you please, monsieur," said Athos, putting himself on guard.

"I waited your orders," said D'Artagnan, crossing swords.

But scarcely had the two rapiers sounded on meeting, when a company of the guards of his Eminence, commanded by M. de Jussac, turned the angle of the convent.

"The cardinal's guards! the cardinal's guards!" cried Aramis and Porthos at the same time. "Sheathe swords! gentlemen! sheathe swords!"

But it was too late. The two combatants had been seen in a position which left no doubt of their intentions.

"Hola!" cried Jussac, advancing towards them, and making a sign to his men to do so likewise, "hola! musketeers, fighting here, then, are you? And the edicts, what is become of them?"

"You are very generous, gentlemen of the guards," said Athos, with acrimony, for Jussac was one of the aggressors of the preceding day. "If we were to see you fighting, I can assure you that we would make no effort to prevent you. Leave us alone, then, and you will enjoy a little amusement without cost to yourselves."

"Gentlemen," said Jussac, "it is with great regret that I pronounce the thing impossible. Duty before everything. Sheathe, then, if you please, and follow us."

"Monsieur," said Aramis, parodying Jussac, "it would afford us great pleasure to obey your polite invitation, if it depended upon ourselves; but, unfortunately, the thing is impossible; M. de Treville has forbidden it. Pass on your way, then; it is the best thing you can do."

This raillery exasperated Jussac.

"We will charge upon you, then," said he, "if you disobey."

"There are five of them," said Athos, half aloud, "and we are but three; we shall be beaten again, and

must die on the spot, for, on my part, I declare I will never appear before the captain again as conquered man."

Athos, Porthos, and Aramis instantly closed in, and Jussac drew up his soldiers.

This short interval was sufficient to determine D'Artagnan on the part he was to take; it was one of those events which decide the life of a man; it was a choice between the king and the cardinal; the choice made, it must be persisted in. To fight was to disobey the law, to risk his head, to make at once an enemy of a minister more powerful than the king himself; all this the young man perceived, and yet, to his praise we speak it, he did not hesitate a second. Turning towards Athos and his friends, —

"Gentlemen," said he, "allow me to correct your words, if you please. You said you were but three, but it appears to me we are four."

"But you are not one of us," said Porthos.

"That's true," replied D'Artagnan; "I do not wear the uniform, but I am in spirit. My heart is that of a musketeer; I feel it, monsieur, and that impels me on."

"Withdraw, young man," cried Jussac, who, doubtless, by his gestures and the expression of his countenance, had guessed D'Artagnan's design.

"You may retire; we allow you to do so. Save your skin; begone quickly."

D'Artagnan did not move.

"Decidedly you are a pretty fellow," said Athos, pressing the young man's hand.

"Come, come, decide one way or the other," replied Jussac.

"Well," said Porthos to Aramis, "we must do something."

"Monsieur is very generous," said Athos.

But all three reflected upon the youth of D'Artagnan, and dreaded his inexperience.

"We should only be three, one of whom is wounded, with the addition of a boy," resumed Athos, "and yet it will be not the less said we were four men."

"Yes, but to yield!" said Porthos.

"That's rather difficult," replied Athos.

D'Artagnan comprehended whence a part of this irresolution arose.

"Try me, gentlemen," said he, "and I swear to you by my honor that I will not go hence if we are conquered."

"What is your name, my brave fellow?" said Athos.

"D'Artagnan, monsieur."

"Well, then! Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, forward!" cried Athos.

*Alexandre Dumas*

## Amis and Amile

IN the time of Pepin, King of France, was a child born in the Castle of Bericain of a noble father of Alemaine who was of great holiness. . . .

The child was born and dearly fostered, and when he had two years, and the father after his purpose was bearing him to Rome, he came to the city of Lucca. And therein he found a noble man of Almaine who was wending Romeward and bearing his son to baptism. They greeted one the other, and each asked the other who he was and what he sought, and when they found themselves

to be of one purpose, they joined company in all friendliness and entered Rome together. And the two children fell to loving one another so sorely that one would not eat without the other, they lived of one victual, and lay in one bed.

. . . . . .

Thereafter Adrian, Apostle of Rome, sent word to Charles, King of France, that he come help him against Desir, the King of the Lombards, who much tormented the Church; and Charles was as then in the town of Theodicion. Thither came Peter, messenger of the Apostle, who said to him that the Apostle prayed him to come defend Holy Church. Thereupon King Charles sent to the said Desir messengers to pray him that he give back to the Holy Father the cities and other things which he had taken from him, and that he would give him thereto the sum of forty thousand sols of gold in gold and in silver. But he would give way neither for prayers nor gifts. Thereon the good King bade come to him all manner of folk, Bishops, Abbots, Dukes, Princes, Marquises, and other strong knights. And he sent to Cluses certain of these for to guard the passage of the ways. . . .

So the King Desir and the whole host of the Lombards together fled away to the place hight Mortara, which in those days was called Fair-wood, whereas thereabout was the land delectable: there they refreshed them and took heed to their horses.

On the morrow morn King Charles and his host came thither, and found the Lombards all armed, and there they joined battle, and a great multitude of dead there was on one side and the other, and because of this slaughter had the place to name Mortara.

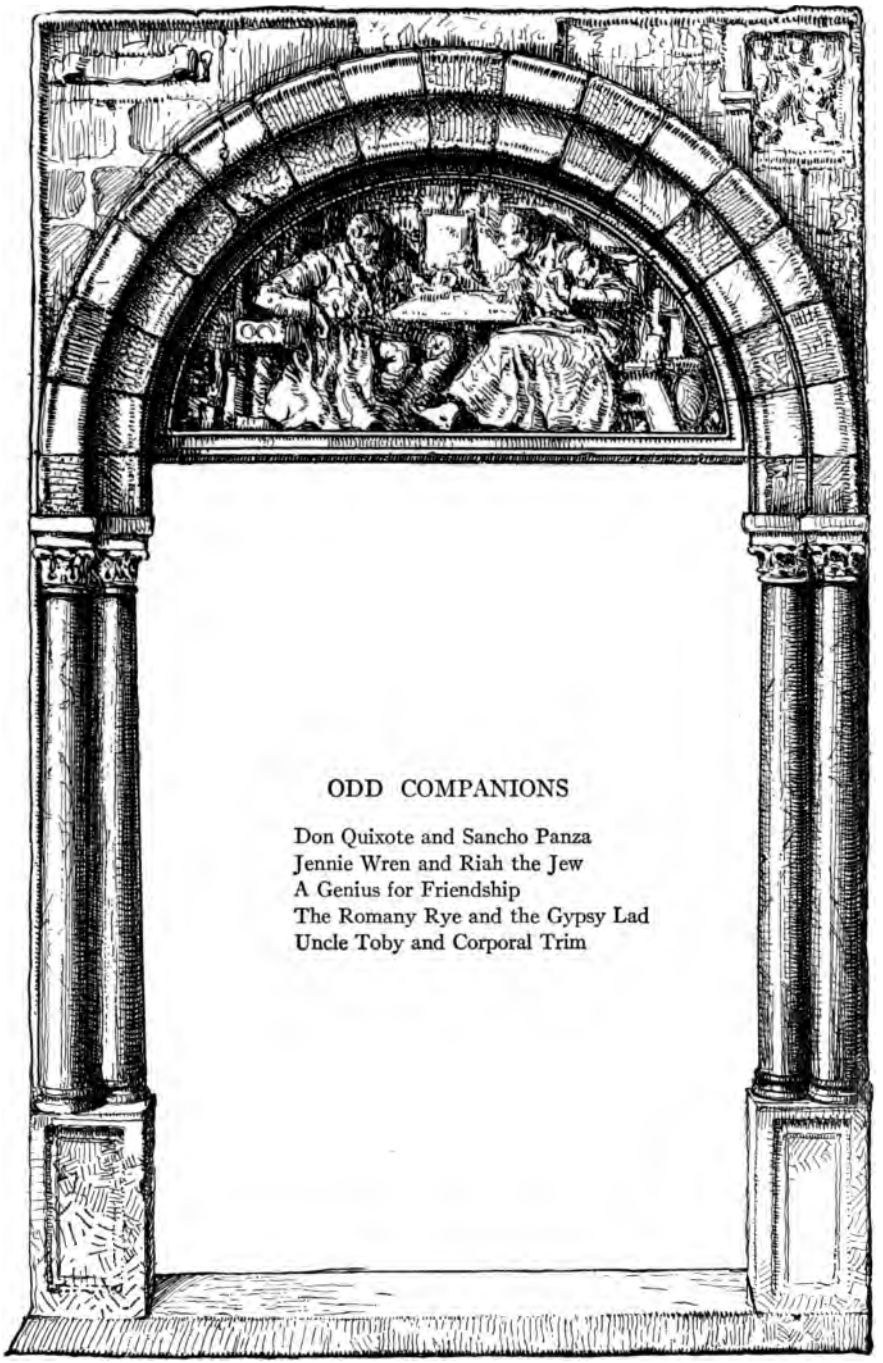
Moreover, there died Amis and Amile, for even as God had joined them together by good accord in their life-days, so in their death they were not sundered. Withal many another doughty baron was slain with them. But Desir, together with his judges, and a great multitude of the Lombards, fled away and entered into Pavia; and King Charles followed after them, and besieged the city on all sides. Withal he sent into France for his wife and his children. But the holy Albins, bishop of Angier, and many other bishops and abbots gave counsel to the King and the Queen, that they should bury the dead and make there a church: and the said counsel pleased much the King, and there were made two churches, one by the commandment of Charles in honor of St. Eusebius of Verceil, and the other by the commandment of the Queen in honor of St. Peter.

And the King did do bear thither two arks of stone, wherein were buried Amis and Amile; and Amile was borne into the Church of St. Peter, and Amis into the Church of St. Eusebius; and the other corpses were buried here and there. But on the morrow's morn the body of Amile, and his coffin therewith, was found in the Church of St. Eusebius hard by the coffin of Amis his fellow.

"Old French Romance,"
translated by *William Morris*

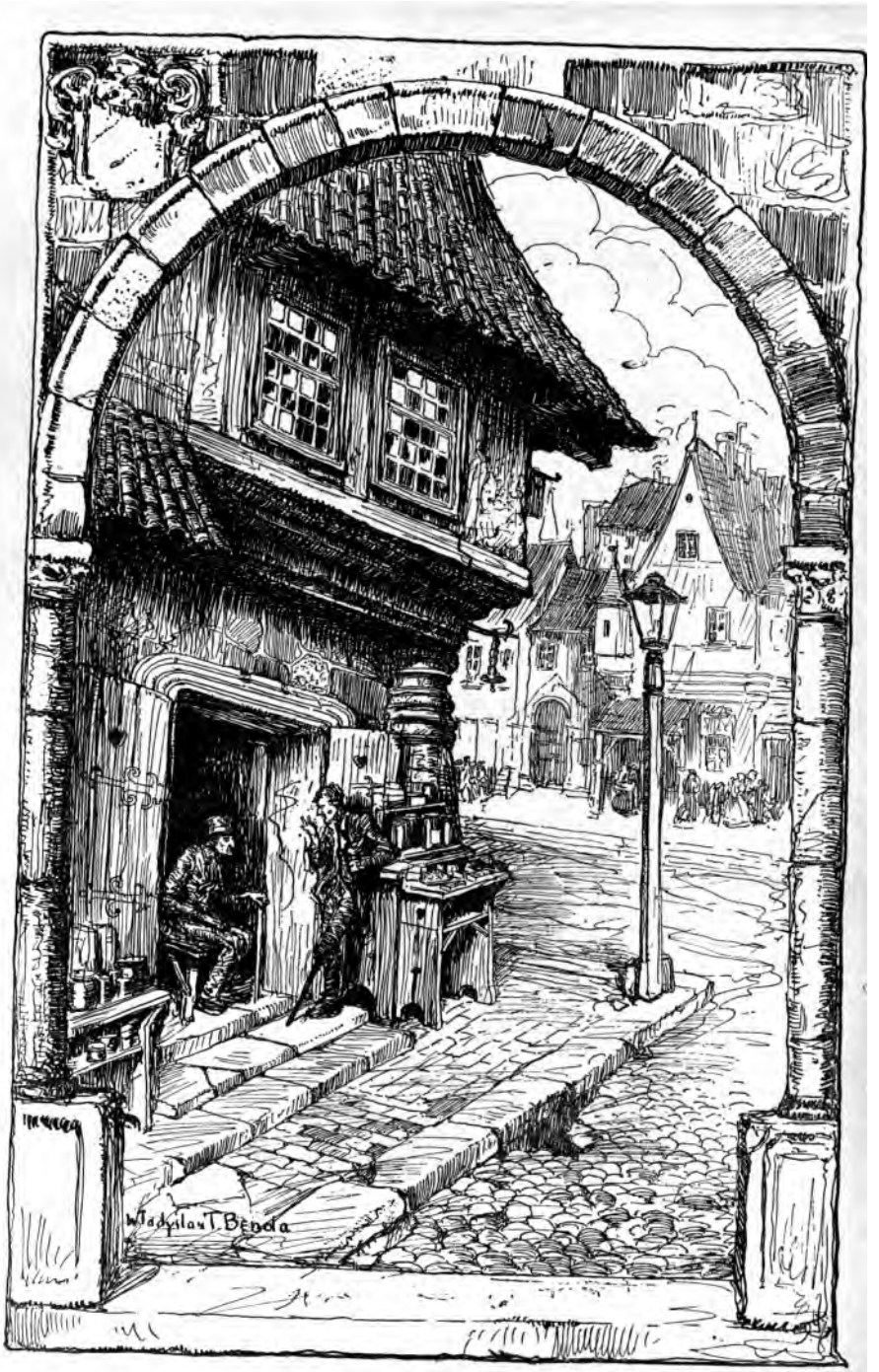
# VII

# ODD COMPANIONS



## ODD COMPANIONS

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza
Jennie Wren and Riah the Jew
A Genius for Friendship
The Romany Rye and the Gypsy Lad
Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim


Władysław T. Benda

THE wise man seeks a friend in whom are those qualities which he himself may lack; for thus being united is their friendship the more completely defended against adversity.

*Jeremy Taylor*

## Don Quixote and Sancho Panza

"SANCHO," said Don Quixote, "let us lay aside all manner of animosity; let us forget and forgive injuries; and answer me as speedily as thou canst, without any remains of thy last displeasure, how, when, and where didst thou find my lady Dulcinea? What was she doing when thou first paid'st thy respects to her? How didst thou express thyself to her? What answer was she pleased to make thee? What countenance did she put on at the perusal of my letter? Who transcribed it fairly for thee? And everything else which has any relation to this affair, without addition, lies, or flattery. On the other side, take care thou losest not a tittle of the whole matter, by abbreviating it, lest thou rob me of part of that delight, which I propose to myself from it." — "Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, nobody copied out the letter for me; for I carried none at all." — "That's right," cried Don Quixote, "for I found the pocket-book, in which it was written, two days after thy departure, which occasioned exceeding grief in me, because I knew not what thou could'st do, when thou found'st thyself without the letter; and I could not but be induced to believe that thou would'st have returned, in order to take it with thee." — "I had certainly done so," replied Sancho, "were it not for this head of mine, which kept it in remembrance ever since your worship read it to me, and helped me to say it over to a parish-clerk, who writ it out for me word for word so purely,

that he swore, though he had written out many a letter of excommunication in his time, he never in all the days of his life had read or seen anything so well spoken as it was." — "And dost thou still retain the memory of it, my dear Sancho?" cried Don Quixote. — "Not I," quoth Sancho; "for as soon as I had given it her, and your turn was served, I was very willing to forget it. But if I remember anything, it is what was on the top; and it was thus: High and superficial, I would say, sovereign lady: and at the bottom, Yours until death, the Knight of the Doleful Countenance; and I put between these two things three hundred souls and lives and pigsnyes."

"All this is mighty well," said Don Quixote; "proceed, therefore: you arrived, and how was that queen of beauty then employed? On my conscience, thou found'st her stringing of orient pearls, or embroidering some curious device in gold for me her captive knight; was it not so, my Sancho?" — "No, faith," answered the squire, "I found her winnowing a parcel of wheat very seriously in the back yard." — "Then," said the Don, "you may rest assured that every corn of that wheat was a grain of pearl, since she did it the honor of touching it with her divine hand. Didst thou observe the quality of the wheat, was it not of the finest sort?" — "Very indifferent, I thought," said the squire. — "Well, this, at least, you must allow; it must make the finest whitest bread, if sifted by her white hands. But go on; when you delivered my letter, did she kiss it? Did she treasure it in her bosom, or what ceremony did she use worthy such a letter? How did she behave herself?" — "Why, truly, sir," answered Sancho, "when I offered her the

letter, she was very busy handling her sieve; 'and, pr'ythee, honest friend,' said she, 'do so much as lay that letter down upon that sack there; I cannot read it till I have winnowed out what is in my hands.'" — "O unparalleled discretion!" cried Don Quixote; "she knew that a perusal required leisure, and therefore deferred it, for her more pleasing and private hours. But oh! my squire, while she was thus employed, what conference passed? What did she ask about her knight, and what did you reply? Say all, say all, my dearest Sancho, let not the smallest circumstance scape the tongue; speak all that thought can frame, or pen describe." — "Her questions were easily answered, sir," said Sancho, "for she asked me none at all: I told her, indeed, in what a sad pickle I had left you for her sake, naked to the waist; that you ate and slept like the brute beasts; that you would let a razor as soon touch your throat as your beard; that you were still blubbering and crying, or swearing and cursing your fortune." — "There you mistook," replied Don Quixote. "I rather bless my fortune, and always shall, while life affords me breath, since I am thought to merit the esteem of so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso." — "There you hit it," said Sancho; "she is a high lady, indeed, sir, for she is taller than I am by half a foot." — "Why, how now, Sancho," said the knight, "hast thou measured with her?" — "Ah, marry did I, sir," said the squire; "for you must know that she desired me to lend her a hand in lifting a sack of wheat on an ass; so we buckled about it, and I came so close to her, that I found she was taller than I by a full span at least." — "Right," answered Don Quixote: "but thou art also conscious that the uncom-

mon stature of her person is adorned with innumerable graces and endowments of soul. But, Sancho, when you approached near to her did not an aromatic smell strike thy sense, a scent so odoriferous, pleasing, and sweet, that I want a name for it; sweet as — you understand me, as the richest fragrancy diffused around a perfumer's magazine of odors? This, at least, you must grant me." — "I did indeed feel a sort of scent a little unsavory," said Sancho, "somewhat vigorous or so; for I suppose she had wrought hard, and sweated somewhat." — "It is false," answered the knight, "thy smelling has been debauched by thy own scent, or some canker in thy nose: if thou could'st tell the scent of opening roses, fragrant lilies, or the choicest amber, then thou might'st guess at hers." — "Cry mercy, sir," said Sancho; "it may be so indeed, for I remember that I myself have smelt very oft just as Madam Dulcinea did then; and it is no such wondrous thing neither that one devil should be like another."

"But now," said the knight, "supposing the corn winnowed and despatched to the mill, what did she after she had read my letter?" — "Your letter, sir," answered Sancho, "your letter was not read at all, sir; as for her part, she said, she could neither read nor write, and she would trust nobody else, lest they should tell tales, and so she cunningly tore your letter. She said, that what I told her by word of mouth of your love and penance was enough: to make short now, she gave her service to you, and said she had rather see you than hear from you; and she prayed you, if ever you loved her, upon sight of me, forthwith to leave your madness among the bushes here, and come straight to Toboso (if you be at leisure),

for she has something to say to you, and has a huge mind to see you: she had like to burst with laughing, when I called you the Knight of the Doleful Countenance. She told me the Biscayan whom you mauled so was there, and that he was a very honest fellow; but that she heard no news at all of the galley-slaves."

"Thus far all goes well," said Don Quixote; "but tell me, pray, what jewel did she present you at your departure, as a reward for the news you brought? for it is a custom of ancient standing among knights and ladies errant, to bestow on squires, dwarfs, or damsels, who bring them good news of their ladies or servants, some precious jewel as a grateful reward of their welcome tidings." —"Ah! sir," said Sancho, "that was the fashion in the days of yore, and a very good fashion, I take it: but all the jewels Sancho got was a luncheon of bread and a piece of cheese, which she handed to me over the wall, when I was taking my leave, by the same token (I hope there's no ill luck in it), the cheese was made of sheep's milk." — "It is strange," said Don Quixote, "for she is liberal, even to profuseness; and if she presented thee not a jewel, she had certainly none about her at that time; but what is deferred is not lost, sleeves are good after Easter. I shall see her, and matters shall be accommodated." *Cervantes.*

## Jennie Wren and Riah the Jew

A PARLOR door within a small entry stood open, and disclosed a child — dwarf — a girl — a something — sitting on a little low old-fashioned arm-chair, which had a kind of little working bench before it. . . . "I can't get up," said the child, "because my back's bad,

and my legs are queer. But I'm the person of the house." . . . It was difficult to guess the age of this strange creature, for her poor figure furnished no clue to it, and her face was at once so young and so old. Twelve, or at the most thirteen, might be near the mark. . . .

In the evening of this same foggy day when the yellow window-blind of Pubsey and Co. was drawn down upon the day's work, Riah the Jew once more came forth into St. Mary Axe. But this time he carried no bag, and was not bound on his master's affairs. He passed over London Bridge, and returned to the Middlesex shore by that of Westminster, and so, ever wading through the fog, waded to the doorstep of the doll's dressmaker.

Miss Wren expected him. He could see her through the window by the light of her low fire — carefully banked up with damp cinders that it might last the longer and waste the less when she went out — sitting waiting for him in her bonnet. His tap at the glass roused her from the musing solitude in which she sat, and she came to the door to open it; aiding her steps with a little crutch-stick.

"Good evening, godmother!" said Miss Jenny Wren.

The old man laughed, and gave her his arm to lean on.

"Won't you come in and warm yourself, godmother?" asked Miss Jenny Wren.

"Not if you are ready, Cinderella, my dear."

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Wren, delighted. "Now you *are* a clever old boy! If we gave prizes at this establishment (but we only keep blanks) you should have the first silver medal, for taking me up so quick." As she spake thus, Miss Wren removed the key of the house-door from the keyhole and put it in her pocket, and

then bustlingly closed the door, and tried it as they both stood on the step. Satisfied that her dwelling was safe, she drew one hand through the old man's arm and prepared to ply her crutch-stick with the other. But the key was an instrument of such gigantic proportions, that before they started Riah proposed to carry it.

"No, no, no! I'll carry it myself," returned Miss Wren. "I'm awfully lopsided, you know, and stowed down in my pocket it'll trim the ship. To let you into a secret, godmother, I wear my pocket on my high side, o' purpose."

With that they began their plodding through the fog.

"Yes, it was truly sharp of you, godmother," resumed Miss Wren with great approbation, "to understand me. But, you see, you *are* so like the fairy godmother in the bright little books! You look so unlike the rest of people, and so much as if you had changed yourself into that shape, just this moment, with some benevolent object. Boh!" cried Miss Jenny, putting her face close to the old man's. "I can see your features, godmother, behind the beard."

"Does the fancy go to my changing other objects too, Jenny?"

"Ah! That it does! If you'd only borrow my stick and tap this piece of pavement — this dirty stone that my foot taps — it would start up a coach and six. I say! Let's believe so!"

"With all my heart," replied the good old man.

"And I'll tell you what I must ask you to do, godmother. I must ask you to be so kind as give my child a tap and change him altogether. Oh, my child has been such a bad, bad child of late! It worries me nearly out of

my wits. Not done a stroke of work these ten days. Has had the horrors, too, and fancied that four copper-colored men in red wanted to throw him into a fiery furnace."

"But that's dangerous, Jenny?"

"Dangerous, godmother? My bad child is always dangerous, more or less. He might" — here the little creature glanced back over her shoulder at the sky — "be setting the house on fire at this present moment. I don't know who would have a child, for my part! It's no use shaking him. I have shaken him till I have made myself giddy. 'Why don't you mind your commandments and honor your parent, you naughty old boy?' I said to him all the time. But he only whimpered and stared at me."

"What shall be changed, after him?" asked Riah in a compassionately playful voice.

"Upon my word, godmother, I am afraid I must be selfish next, and get you to set me right in the back and the legs. It's a little thing to you with your power, godmother, but it's a great deal to poor weak aching me."

There was no querulous complaining in the words, but they were not the less touching for that.

"And then?"

"Yes, and then — you know, godmother. We'll both jump into the coach and six and go to Lizzie. This reminds me, godmother, to ask you a serious question. You are as wise as wise can be (having been brought up by the fairies), and you can tell me this: Is it better to have had a good thing and lost it, or never to have had it?"

"Explain, goddaughter."

"I feel so much more solitary and helpless without Lizzie now, than I used to feel before I knew her." (Tears were in her eyes as she said so.)

"Some beloved companionship fades out of most lives, my dear," said the Jew, — "that of a wife, and a fair daughter, and a son of promise, has faded out of my own life — but the happiness was."

"Ah!" said Miss Wren, thoughtfully, by no means convinced, and chopping the exclamation with that sharp little hatchet of hers; "then I tell you what change I think you had better begin with, godmother. You had better change Is into Was and Was into Is, and keep them so."

"Would that suit your case? Would you not be always in pain then?" asked the old man, tenderly.

"Right!" exclaimed Miss Wren with another chop. "You have changed me wiser, godmother. — Not," she added with the quaint hitch of her chin and eyes, "that you need be a very wonderful godmother to do that deed."

*Charles Dickens*

## A Genius for Friendship

GEORGE DYER, Martin Burney, Jem White, Thomas Manning, William Ayrton — what an interesting company of eccentrics they form; and we should hardly have known them at all had we not met them at Lamb's hospitable bachelor table. And besides them there is a goodly company of friends not unknown to fame, Hazlitt, Procter, Crabb Robinson, Tom Hood, Cowden Clark, Leigh Hunt, and the rest. To say truth, Lamb

had a genius for friendship. He could discover something amiable in everybody. He drew about him men who were polar opposites in temperament and bitterly antagonistic in opinion; men like Godwin and Wordsworth, Hunt and Southey, who would never have given a hand to each other save on the common ground of their friendship for Lamb. He stoutly defended them to each other, and appreciated whatever was genuine and human in them all. He made free with their follies, quizzed them on their fads or peculiarities with an impudence that might have been intolerable in any one else. "M-martin," he stammered out over the whist table to Burney, "if d-dirt were trumps, what a hand you'd hold!" When Coleridge talked a stricken hour, wrapped in a cloud of lofty metaphysic, Lamb only remarked dryly, "Coleridge is so full of his fun!" But no one took offence. Indeed, no one could be more quick than Lamb himself to perceive, or more careful to avoid, anything that might wound the feelings of others. Men who, like Hazlitt, quarrelled with everybody else, never could quarrel with him. It was Charles and Mary Lamb, and one may say only they, that could keep the friendship of William Hazlitt and Sarah Stoddard, not only before their ill-assorted marriage, — at which ceremony Lamb confessed he was convulsed with mistimed laughter, — but when, in the later days, they were separated from each other and from everybody else. Charles and Mary Lamb would cherish no resentment for any slight, or misunderstanding, or desertion. When Hazlitt lay in his last illness alone and unbefriended, it was Lamb who hastened to visit him, stood by his bedside, and held the hand of the dying man to the end.

But it should be remembered that Lamb's best and closest friends were precisely the best and greatest men of his time. He was surrounded by an oddly assorted company on the Wednesday evenings; but he kept his closest intimacy for two or three — for Coleridge and the Wordsworths. There are few letters in the language like those of Lamb to the Wordsworths, so full of mingled humor and pathos, of the most delicate sympathies. These people really knew each other — which is too uncommon a thing in this world. And this is Lamb's last letter to Coleridge, written probably, as Mr. Dykes Campbell suggests, to remove some mistaken, sick man's fancy: —

"My dear Coleridge, — Not one unkind thought has passed in my brain about you. . . . If *you* ever thought an offence, much more wrote it against me, it must have been in the times of Noah, and the great waters swept it away. Mary's most kind love, and maybe a wrong prophet of your bodings! — here she is crying for mere love over your letter. I wring out less, but not sincerer, showers."

Two years later, Coleridge, at the end of his weary illness, turning over the pages of his early poems, comes upon that one, "The Lime-Tree Bower My Prison," written during the visit of Charles and Mary Lamb to Nether Stowey, so long ago, when they were all young and happy; and he writes under it: "Ch. and Mary Lamb — dear to my heart, yea, as it were my heart. S. T. C. Æt. 63, 1834. 1797–1834, 37 years!" When he died, Lamb went broken-hearted, murmuring to himself, "Coleridge is dead, Coleridge is dead!" In almost his last recorded lines he writes: "His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot make a criticism on men and books without an

ineffectual turning and reference to him." And a few days later he followed his old familiar friend. I say it warms the heart to think of such a friendship as this, and makes us deem more nobly of human nature. Thomas Carlyle, seeing Lamb in those last years, notes in him "insuperable proclivity to gin"; judges there is "a most slender fibre of actual worth in that poor Charles." William Wordsworth, writing a few months after Lamb had gone, cries out —

"O he was good, if e'er a good man lived!"

So blindly may the jaundiced cynic misinterpret the man whom the wise poet understands.

*C. T. Winchester*

## The Rommany Rye and the Gypsy Lad

I WANDERED along the heath, till I came to a place where, beside a thick furze, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

"That's not you, Jasper?"

"Indeed, brother!"

"I've not seen you for years."

"How should you, brother?"

"What brings you here?"

"The fight, brother."

"Where are the tents?"

"On the old spot, brother."

"Any news since we parted?"

"Two deaths, brother."

"Who are dead, Jasper?"

"Father and mother, brother."

"Where did they die?"

"Where they were sent, brother."

"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?" said I, as I sat down beside him.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing: —

"'Cana marel o manus chivios andé pew,
Ta rovel pa leste o chavor ta romi.'

When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of a man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die —"

"You talk like a gorgio — which is the same as talking like a fool — were you a Rommany Chal, you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Rommany Chal would wish to live forever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could

only feel that, I would gladly live forever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

. . . . . .

And, as I wandered along the green, I drew near to a place where several men, with a cask beside them, sat carousing in the neighborhood of a small tent. "Here he comes," said one of them, as I advanced, and standing up he raised his voice and sang: —

"Here the gypsy gemman see,
With his Roman jib and his rome and dree —
Rome and dree, rum and dry
Rally round the Rommany Rye."

It was Mr. Petulengro, who was here diverting himself with several of his comrades; they all received me with considerable frankness. "Sit down, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "and take a cup of good ale."

I sat down. "Your health, gentlemen," said I, as I took the cup which Mr. Petulengro handed to me.

"Aukko tu pios adrey Rommanis. Here is your health in Rommany, brother," and Mr. Petulengro, having refilled the cup, now emptied it at a draught.

"Your health in Rommany, brother," said Tawno Chikno, to whom the cup came next.

"The Rommany Rye," said a third.

"The Gypsy gentleman," exclaimed a fourth, drinking.

And then they all sang in chorus: —

"Here the Gypsy gemman see,
With his Roman jib and his rome and dree —
Rome and dree, rum and dry
Rally round the Rommany Rye."

"And now, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "seeing that you have drunk and been drunken, you will perhaps tell us where you have been, and what about?"

"I have been in the Big City," said I, "writing lils."

"How much money have you got in your pocket, brother?" said Mr. Petulengro.

"Eighteen pence," said I; "all I have in the world."

"I have been in the Big City, too," said Mr. Petulengro; "but I have not written lils — I have fought in the ring — I have fifty pounds in my pocket — I have much more in the world. Brother, there is considerable difference between us."

"I would rather be the lil-writer, after all," said the tall, handsome, black man; "indeed, I would wish for nothing better."

"Why so?" said Mr. Petulengro.

"Because they have so much to say for themselves," said the black man, "even when dead and gone. When they are laid in the churchyard, it is their own fault if people a'n't talking of them. Who will know, after I am dead, or bitchadey pawdel, that I was once the beauty of the world, or that you, Jasper, were —"

"The best man in England of my inches. That's true, Tawno — however, here's our brother will perhaps let the world know something about us."

"Not he," said the other, with a sigh; "he'll have quite enough to do in writing his own lils, and telling the world how handsome and clever he was; and who can blame him? Not I. If I could write lils, every word should be about myself and my own tacho Rommanis — my own lawful wedded wife, which is the same thing. I tell you what, brother, I once heard a wise man say in Brum-

magem, that 'there is nothing like blowing one's own horn,' which I conceive to be much the same thing as writing one's own lil."

After a little more conversation, Mr. Petulengro arose, and motioned me to follow him. "Only eighteen pence in the world, brother!" said he, as we walked together.

"Nothing more, I assure you. How came you to ask me how much money I had?"

"Because there was something in your look, brother, something very much resembling that which a person showeth who does not carry much money in his pocket. I was looking at my own face this morning in my wife's looking-glass — I did not look as you do, brother."

"I believe your sole motive for inquiring," said I, "was to have an opportunity of venting a foolish boast, and to let me know that you were in possession of fifty pounds."

"What is the use of having money unless you let people know you have it?" said Mr. Petulengro. "It is not every one can read faces, brother; and unless you knew I had money, how could you ask me to lend you any?"

"I am not going to ask you to lend me any."

"Then you may have it without asking; as I said before, I have fifty pounds, all lawfully earnt money, got by fighting in the ring — I will lend you that, brother."

"You are very kind," said I; "but I will not take it."

"Then the half of it?"

"Nor the half of it; but it is getting towards evening; I must go back to the Great City."

"And what will you do in the Boro Foros?"

"I know not," said I.

"Earn money?"

"If I can."

"And if you can't?"

"Starve!"

"You look ill, brother," said Mr. Petulengro.

"I do not feel well; the Great City does not agree with me. Should I be so fortunate as to earn some money, I would leave the Big City, and take to the woods and fields."

"You may do that, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "whether you have money or not. Our tents and horses are on the other side of yonder wooded hill; come and stay with us; we shall all be glad of your company, but more especially myself and my wife Pakomovna."

"What hill is that?" I demanded.

And then Mr. Petulengro told me the name of the hill. "We shall stay on t'other side of the hill a fortnight," he continued; "and as you are fond of lil writing, you may employ yourself profitably whilst there. You can write the lil of him whose dook gallops down that hill every night, even as the living man was wont to do long ago."

"Who was he?" I demanded.

"Jemmy Abershaw," said Mr. Petulengro; "one of those whom we call Borodrom-engroes, and the gorgios highwaymen. I once heard a rye say that the life of that man would fetch much money; so come to the other side of the hill, and write the lil in the tent of Jasper and his wife Pakomovna."

*George Borrow.*

## Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim

IF I was not morally sure that the reader must be out of all patience for my uncle Toby's character, — I would here previously have convinced him that there is no instrument so fit to draw such a thing with, as that which I have pitched upon.

A man and his Hobby-Horse, tho' I cannot say that they act and react exactly after the same manner in which the soul and body do upon each other: Yet doubtless there is a communication between them of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is something in it more of the manner of electrified bodies, — and that, by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the Hobby-Horse, — by long journeys and much friction, it so happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as full of Hobby-Horsical matter as it can hold; — so that if you are able to give but a clear description of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the Hobby-Horse which my uncle Toby always rode upon was in my opinion an Hobby-Horse well worth giving a description of, if it was only upon the score of his great singularity; — for you might have travelled from York to Dover, — from Dover to Penzance in Cornwall, and Penzance to York back again, and not have seen such another upon the road; or if you had seen such a one, whatever haste you had been in, you must infallibly have stopped to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was so strange, and so utterly unlike was he, from head to his tail, to any one

of the whole species, that it was now and then made a matter of dispute, — whether he was really a Hobby-Horse or no; but as the Philosopher would use no other argument to the Sceptic, who disputed with him against the reality of motion, save that of rising up upon his legs, and walking across the room; — so would my uncle Toby use no other argument to prove his Hobby-Horse was a Hobby-Horse indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about; — leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my uncle Toby mounted him with so much pleasure, and he carried my uncle Toby so well, — that he troubled his head very little with what the world either said or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a description of him: — But to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you first, how my uncle Toby came by him. . . .

The history of a soldier's wound beguiles the pain of it; — my uncle's visitors at least thought so, and in their daily calls upon him, from the courtesy arising out of that belief, they would frequently turn the discourse to that subject, — and from that subject the discourse would generally roll on to the siege itself.

These conversations were infinitely kind; and my uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into some unforeseen perplexities, which, for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himself out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his grave. . . .

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history

of King William's wars, — but if he has not, — I then inform him, that one of the most memorable attacks in that siege was that which was made by the English and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterscarp, between the gate of St. Nicolas, which enclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the English were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demi-bastion of St. Roch: The issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this; That the Dutch lodged themselves upon the counter-guard, — and that the English made themselves masters of the covered-way before St. Nicolas-gate, notwithstanding the gallantry of the French officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle Toby was an eye-witness at Namur, — the army of the besiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the Maes and Sambre, from seeing much of each other's operations, — my uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, arose out of the most insurmountable difficulties he found in telling his story intelligibly, and giving clear ideas of the differences and distinctions between the scarp and counterscarp, — the glacis and covered-way, — the half-moon and ravelin, — as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these terms; so that you will the less wonder, if in his endeavors to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, that my uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his visitors, and sometimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my father led

upstairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle Toby was in one of his explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle Toby, was this, — that in the attack of the counterscarp, before the gate of St. Nicolas, extending itself from the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great water-stop, — the ground was cut and cross cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides, — and he would get so sadly bewildered, and set fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to save his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

These perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine: and as my father's kindness to him was continually dragging up fresh friends and fresh inquirers, — he had but a very uneasy task of it.

No doubt my uncle Toby had great command of himself, — and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men; — yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or get out of the covered-way without falling down the counterscarp, nor across the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly: — He did so; — and the little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates, yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has considered well the effects which the

passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion — (Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?) — may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle Toby must have undergone upon that score only.

— My uncle Toby could not philosophize upon it; — 'twas enough he felt it was so, — and having sustained the sorrows of it for three months together, he was resolved some way or other to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and nature of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lie in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it pasted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of Namur, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him ease. — I take notice of his desire to have the environs along with the town and citadel for this reason, — because my uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roch: — so that he was pretty confident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing on when the stone struck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes, and not only freed him from a world of sad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle Toby his Hobby-Horse. . . .

The table in my uncle Toby's room, — being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it — he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box,

to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers; — and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavoring to catch the snuffers in falling, — he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o' top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing these evils by himself, — he rung his bell for his man Trim; — Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, prithee see what confusion I have here been making — I must have some better contrivance, Trim, — Can'st not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again? — Yes, an' please your Honor, replied Trim, making a bow; but I hope your Honor will be soon well enough to get down to your country seat, where, — as your Honor takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company, — his real name was James Butler, — but having got the nickname of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur; — and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his

quarters as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

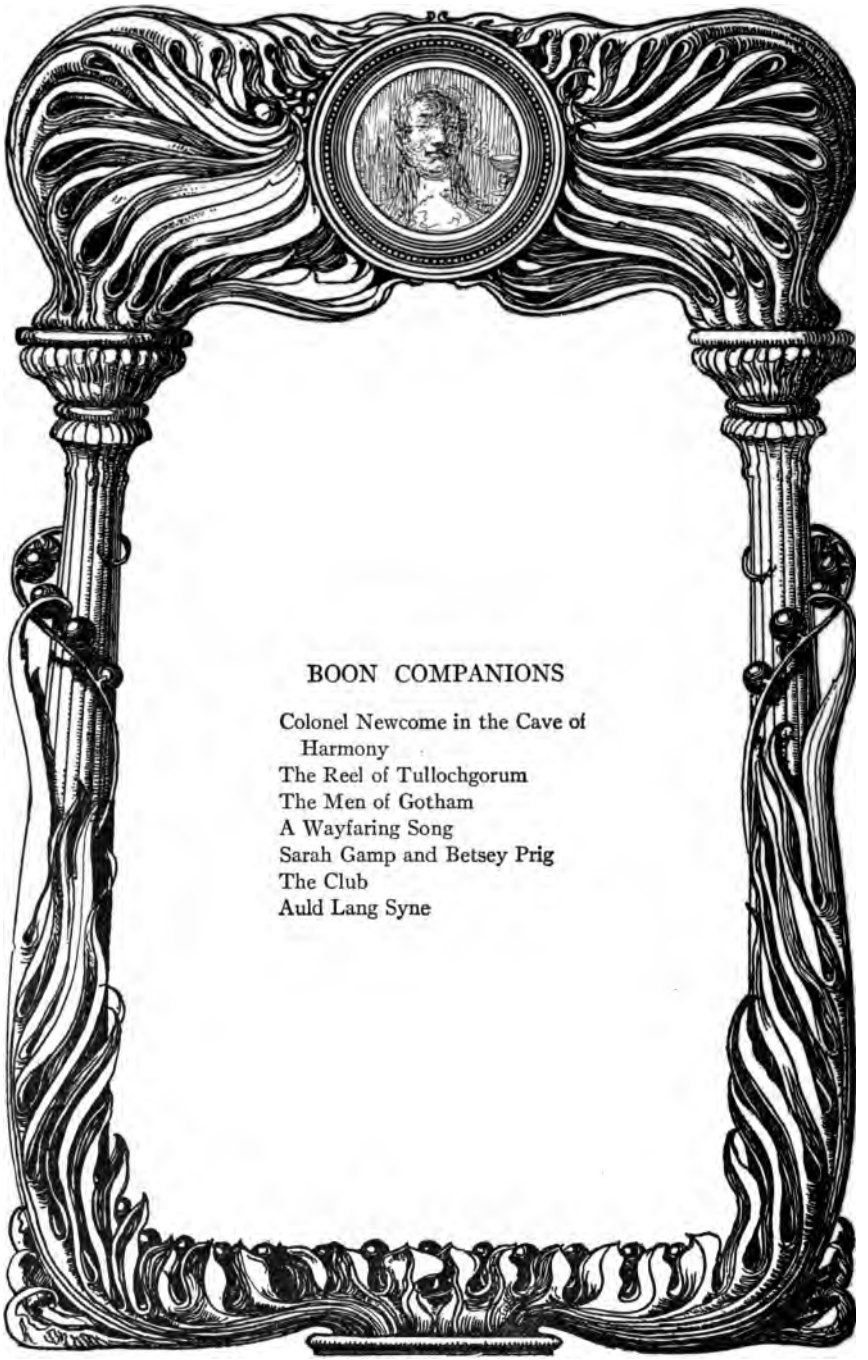
My uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge. — For Corporal Trim (for so, for the future I shall call him) by four years' occasional attention to his Master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his Master's plans, etc., exclusive and besides what he gained Hobby-Horsically, as a body-servant, *Non Hobby Horsical per se;* — had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strongholds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character, — and it is the only dark line in it. — The fellow loved to advise, — or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going, — you had no hold of him — he was voluble; — the eternal interlardings of "your Honor," with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution, — that though you might have been incommoded, — you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him, — or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man; — and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant, — but as an humble friend, — he could not bear to stop his mouth. — Such was Corporal Trim.

*Laurence Sterne*

# VIII

# BOON COMPANIONS



## BOON COMPANIONS

Colonel Newcome in the Cave of Harmony
The Reel of Tullochgorum
The Men of Gotham
A Wayfaring Song
Sarah Gamp and Betsey Prig
The Club
Auld Lang Syne


Władysław Benda

THE holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.

*Samuel L. Clemens*

## Colonel Newcome in the Cave of Harmony

THERE was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century; when the zest of life was certainly keener; when the tavern wines seemed to be delicious, and tavern dinners the perfection of cookery; when the perusal of novels was productive of immense delight, and the monthly advent of magazine-day was hailed as an exciting holiday; when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article, was an honor and a privilege; and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the Park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable, and to the end of life to be perfectly well remembered; when the women of this world were a thousand times more beautiful than those of the present time; and the houris of the theatres especially so ravishing and angelic, that to see them was to set the heart in motion, and to see them again was to struggle for half an hour previously at the door of the pit; when tailors called at a man's lodgings to dazzle him with cards of fancy-waistcoats; when it seemed necessary to purchase a grand silver dressing-case, so as to be ready for the beard which was not yet born (as yearling brides provide lace caps, and work rich clothes for the expected darling); when to ride in the Park on a ten-shilling hack seemed to be the height of fashionable enjoyment, and to splash your college tutor as you were driving down Regent Street in a hired cab the triumph of satire; when the acme of pleasure seemed to be to meet Jones of Trinity

at the Bedford, and to make an arrangement with him, and with King of Corpus (who was staying at the Colonnade), and Martin of Trinity Hall (who was with his family in Bloomsbury Square), to dine at the Piazza, go to the play and see Braham in 'Fra Diavolo," and end the frolic evening by partaking of supper and a song at the "Cave of Harmony." — It was in the days of my own youth, then, that I met one or two of the characters who are to figure in this history, and whom I must ask leave to accompany for a short while, and until, familiarized with the public, they can make their own way. As I recall them the roses bloom again, and the nightingales sing by the calm Bendemeer.

Going to the play, then, and to the pit, as was the fashion in those merry days, with some young fellows of my own age, having listened delighted to the most cheerful and brilliant of operas, and laughed enthusiastically at the farce, we became naturally hungry at twelve o'clock at night, and a desire for welsh-rabbits and good old glee-singing led us to the "Cave of Harmony," then kept by the celebrated Hoskins, among whose friends we were proud to count.

We enjoyed such intimacy with Mr. Hoskins that he never failed to greet us with a kind nod; and John the waiter made room for us near the President of the convivial meeting. We knew the three admirable glee-singers, and many a time they partook of brandy-and-water at our expense. One of us gave his call dinner at Hoskins's, and a merry time we had of it. Where are you, O Hoskins, bird of the night? Do you warble your songs by Acheron, or troll your choruses by the banks of black Avernus?

The goes of stout, "The Chough and Crow," the welsh-rabbit, "The Red-Cross Knight," the hot brandy-and-water (the brown, the strong!) "The Bloom is on the Rye" (the bloom isn't on the rye any more!) — the song and the cup, in a word, passed round merrily; and, I daresay, the songs and bumpers were encored. It happened that there was a very small attendance at the "Cave" that night, and we were all more sociable and friendly because the company was select. The songs were chiefly of the sentimental class; such ditties were much in vogue at the time of which I speak.

There came into the "Cave" a gentleman with a lean brown face and long black mustachios, dressed in very loose clothes, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his company; and, calling for sherry-and-water, he listened to the music, and twirled his mustachios with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me the boy jumped up from the table, bounded across the room, ran to me with his hands out, and, blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my school-fellow, whom I had not seen for six years, grown a fine tall young stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?" said I.

He laughed and looked roguish. "My father — that's my father — would come. He's just come back from India. He says all the wits used to come here, — Mr. Sheridan, Captain Morris, Colonel Hanger, Professor Porson. I told him your name, and that you used to be very kind to me when I first went to Smithfield. I've

left now: I'm to have a private tutor. I say, I've got such a jolly pony. It's better fun than old Smiffle."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, pointing to a waiter to follow him with his glass of sherry-and-water, strode across the room twirling his mustachios, and came up to the table where we sate, making a salutation with his hat in a very stately and polite manner, so that Hoskins himself was, as it were, obliged to bow; the glee-singers murmured among themselves (their eyes rolling over their glasses toward one another as they sucked brandy-and-water), and that mischievous little wag, little Nadab the Improvisatore (who had just come in), began to mimic him, feeling his imaginary whiskers, after the manner of the stranger, and flapping about his pocket-handkerchief in the most ludicrous manner. Hoskins checked this ribaldry by sternly looking towards Nadab and at the same time calling upon the gents to give their orders, the waiter being in the room, and Mr. Bellew about to sing a song.

Newcome's father came up and held out his hand to me. I daresay I blushed, for I had been comparing him to the admirable Harley in the *Critic*, and had christened him Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

He spoke in a voice exceedingly soft and pleasant, and with a cordiality so simple and sincere, that my laughter shrank away ashamed; and gave place to a feeling much more respectful and friendly. In youth, you see, one is touched by kindness. A man of the world may, of course, be grateful or not as he chooses.

"I have heard of your kindness, sir," says he, "to my boy. And whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you? and may I beg you to

try my cheroots?" We were friends in a minute — young Newcome snuggling by my side, his father opposite, to whom, after a minute or two of conversation, I presented my three college friends.

"You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits," says the Colonel. "Are there any celebrated persons in the room? I have been five-and-thirty years from home, and want to see all that is to be seen."

King of Corpus (who was an incorrigible wag) was on the point of pulling some dreadful long bow, and pointing out a half-dozen of people in the room, as Rogers, and Hook, and Luttrel, etc., the most celebrated wits of that day; but I cut King's shins under the table, and got the fellow to hold his tongue.

"*Maxima debetur pueris*," says Jones (a fellow of very kind feeling, who has gone into the Church since), and, writing on his card to Hoskins, hinted to him that a boy was in the room, and a gentleman who was quite a greenhorn: hence that the songs had better be carefully selected.

And so they were. A ladies' school might have come in, and, but for the smell of the cigars and brandy-and-water, have taken no harm by what happened. Why should it not always be so? If there are any "Caves of Harmony" now, I warrant Messieurs the landlords, their interests would be better consulted by keeping their singers within bounds. The very greatest scamps like pretty songs, and are melted by them; so are honest people. It was worth a guinea to see the simple Colonel, and his delight at the music. . . .

"I say, Clive, this is delightful. This is better than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey? I shall

come here often. Landlord, may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshment? What are their names?" (to one of his neighbors). "I was scarcely allowed to hear any singing before I went out, except an oratorio, where I fell asleep; but this, by George, is as fine as Incledon!" He became quite excited over his sherry-and-water — ("I'm sorry to see you, gentlemen, drinking brandy-pawnee," says he; "it plays the deuce with our young men in India.") He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice. He laughed at "The Derby Ram" so that it did you good to hear him; and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) "The Old English Gentleman," and described, in measured cadence, the death of that venerable aristocrat, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek, while he held out his hand to Hoskins and said, "Thank you, sir, for that song; it is an honor to human nature." On which Hoskins began to cry too.

And now young Nadab, having been cautioned, commenced one of those surprising feats of improvisation with which he used to charm audiences. He took us all off, and had rhymes pat about all the principal persons in the room: King's pins (which he wore very splendid), Martin's red waistcoat, etc. The Colonel was charmed with each feat, and joined delighted with the chorus — "Ritolderol-ritolderol-ritolderolderay" (*bis*). And, when coming to the Colonel himself, he burst out —

"A military gent I see — and while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me — he came from Hindostan.
And by his side sits laughing free — a youth with curly head.
I think you'll all agree with me — that he was best in bed. Ritolderol, etc."

The Colonel laughed immensely at this sally, and clapped his son, young Clive, on the shoulder. "Hear what he says of you, sir? Clive, best be off to bed, my boy — ho, ho! No, no. We know a trick worth two of that. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear.' Why should we? Why shouldn't my boy have innocent pleasure? I was allowed none when I was a young chap, and the severity was nearly the ruin of me. I must go and speak with that young man — the most astonishing thing I ever heard in my life. What's his name? Mr. Nadab? Mr. Nadab, sir, you have delighted me. May I make so free as to ask you to come and dine with me to-morrow at six. Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street. I am always proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius, and you are one, or my name is not Newcome!"

"Sir, you do me honor," says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt-collar, "and per'aps the day will come when the world will do me justice. May I put down your honored name for my book of poems?"

"Of course, my dear sir," says the enthusiastic Colonel; "I'll send them all over India. Put me down for six copies, and do me the favor to bring them to-morrow when you come to dinner."

And now Mr. Hoskins, asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple Colonel offered to sing himself, at which the room applauded vociferously; whilst methought poor Clive Newcome hung down his head, and blushed as red as a peony. I felt for the young lad, and thought what my own sensations would have been if, in the place, my own uncle,

Major Pendennis, had suddenly proposed to exert his lyrical powers.

The Colonel selected the ditty of "Wapping Old Stairs" (a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it), and he sang this quaint and charming old song in an exceedingly pleasant voice, with flourishes and roulades in the old Incledon manner, which has pretty nearly passed away. The singer gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad, and delivered Molly's gentle appeal so pathetically that even the professional gentlemen hummed and buzzed a sincere applause; and some wags, who were inclined to jeer at the beginning of the performance, clinked their glasses and rapped their sticks with quite a respectful enthusiasm. When the song was over, Clive held up his head too; after the shock of the first verse, looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes; and we, I need not say, backed our friend, delighted to see him come out of his queer scrape so triumphantly. The Colonel bowed and smiled with very pleasant good nature at our plaudits. It was like Dr. Primrose preaching his sermon in the prison. There was something touching in the naïveté and kindness of the placid and simple gentleman.

Great Hoskins, placed on high, amidst the tuneful choir, was pleased to signify his approbation, and gave his guest's health in his usual dignified manner. "I am much obliged to you, sir," says Mr. Hoskins; "the room ought to be much obliged to you: I drink your 'ealth and song, sir"; and he bowed to the Colonel politely over his glass of brandy-and-water, of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honor. "I have not heard that

song," he was kind enough to say, "better performed since Mr. Incledon sung it. He was a great singer, sir, and I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakespeare, that, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The Colonel blushed in his turn, and turning round to his boy with an arch smile, said, "I learnt it from Incledon. I used to slip out out from Grey Friars to hear him, Heaven bless me, forty years ago, and I used to be flogged afterwards, and served me right too. Lord! Lord! how the time passes!" He drank off his sherry-and-water, and fell back in his chair: we could see he was thinking about his youth — the golden time — the happy, the bright, the unforgotten. I was myself nearly two-and-twenty years of age at that period, and felt as old as, ay, older than the Colonel.

Whilst he was singing his ballad, there had walked, or rather reeled, into the room, a gentleman in a military frock-coat and duck trousers of dubious hue, with whose name and person some of my readers are perhaps already acquainted. In fact, it was my friend Captain Costigan, in his usual condition at this hour of the night.

Holding on by various tables, the Captain had sidled up, without accident to himself or any of the jugs and glasses round about him, to the table where we sat, and had taken his place near the writer, his old acquaintance. He warbled the refrain of the Colonel's song, not inharmoniously; and saluted its pathetic conclusion with a subdued hiccup and a plentiful effusion of tears. "Bedad, it is a beautiful song," says he, "and many a time I heard poor Harry Incledon sing it."

"He's a great character," whispered that unlucky

King of Corpus to his neighbor the Colonel; "was a Captain in the army. We call him the General. Captain Costigan, will you take something to drink?"

"Bedad, I will," says the Captain, "and I'll sing ye a song tu."

And, having procured a glass of whiskey-and-water from the passing waiter, the poor old man, settling his face into a horrid grin, and leering, as he was wont, when he gave what he called one of his prime songs, began his music.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his repertoire, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the Colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree. "Silence!" he roared out.

"Hear, hear!" cried certain wags at a farther table. "Go on, Costigan!" said others.

"Go on!" cries the Colonel, in his high voice, trembling with anger. "Does any gentleman say 'Go on'? Does any man who has a wife and sisters, or children at home, say 'Go on' to such disgusting ribaldry as this? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the King's commission, and to sit down amongst Christians and men of honor, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash?"

"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy?" cries a voice of the malcontents.

"Why? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen?" cried out the indignant Colonel. "Be-

cause I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow a man, and an old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, you hoary old sinner! And for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonor, drunkenness and whiskey may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir! — Curse the change!" says the Colonel, facing the amazed waiter. "Keep it till you see me in this place again; which will be never — by George, never!" And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.

Clive seemed rather shamefaced; but I fear the rest of the company looked still more foolish.

"Aussi que diable venait-il faire dans cette galère?" says King of Corpus to Jones of Trinity; and Jones gave a shrug of his shoulders, which were smarting, perhaps; for that uplifted cane of the Colonel's had somehow fallen on the back of every man in the room.

*William Makepeace Thackeray*

IT is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be loved of many friends.

*Euripides*

FOR there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.

*Bacon*

## The Reel of Tullochgorum

O TULLOCHGORUM'S my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
In conscience I abhor him;
For blythe and cheery we'll be a',
Blythe and cheery, blythe and cheery,
Blythe and cheery we'll be a',
And make a happy quorum;
For blythe and cheery we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them —
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

*John Skinner*

FRIENDSHIP is the wine of existence; love the dram-drinking.

*Bulwer*

## The Men of Gotham

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea —
The bowl goes trim,
The moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine —
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care,
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so?
'Tis Jove's decree
In a bowl Care may not be —
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmèd bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim —
The bowl goes trim,
The moon doth shine,
And our ballast is old wine —
And your ballast is old wine.

*W. E. Henley*

## A Wayfaring Song

O WHO will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day, —
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then? — Farewell, we shall meet again!

*Henry van Dyke*

UNDER the magnetism of friendship the modest man becomes bold; the shy, confident; the lazy, active; or the impetuous, prudent and peaceful.

*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

## Sarah Gamp and Betsey Prig

BETSEY PRIG expected pickled salmon. It was obvious that she did; for her first words, after glancing at the table, were:—

"I know'd she wouldn't have a coucumber!"

Mrs. Gamp changed color, and sat down upon the bedstead.

"Lord bless you, Betsey Prig, your words is true. I quite forgot it!"

Mrs. Prig, looking steadfastly at her friend, put her hand in her pocket, and, with an air of surly triumph, drew forth either the oldest of lettuces or youngest of cabbages, but at any rate, a green vegetable of an expansive nature, and of such magnificent proportions that she was obliged to shut it up like an umbrella before she could pull it out. She also produced a handful of mustard and cress, a trifle of the herb called dandelion, three bunches of radishes, an onion rather larger than an average turnip, three substantial slices of beetroot, and a short prong or antler of celery; the whole of this garden-stuff having been publicly exhibited but a short time before as a two-penny salad, and purchased by Mrs. Prig, on condition that the vendor could get it all into her pocket. Which had been happily accomplished, in High Holborn: to the breathless interest of a hackney-coach stand. And she laid so little stress on this surprising forethought, that she did not even smile, but returning her pocket into its accustomed sphere, merely recommended that these productions of nature should be sliced up, for immediate consumption, in plenty of vinegar.

"And don't go a dropping none of your snuff in it,"

said Mrs. Prig. "In gruel, barley-water, apple-tea, mutton-broth, and that, it don't signify. It stimulates a patient. But I don't relish it myself."

"Why, Betsey Prig!" cried Mrs. Gamp, "how *can* you talk so!"

"Wot, an't your patients, wotever their diseases is, always a sneezin' their wery heads off, along of your snuff!" said Mrs. Prig.

"And wot if they are!" said Mrs. Gamp.

"Nothing if they are," said Mrs. Prig. "But don't deny it, Sairah."

"WHO deniges of it?" Mrs. Gamp inquired.

Mrs. Prig returned no answer.

"WHO deniges of it, Betsey?" Mrs. Gamp inquired again. Then Mrs. Gamp, by reversing the question, imparted a deeper and more awful character of solemnity to the same. "Betsey, who deniges of it?"

It was the nearest possible approach to a very decided difference of opinion between these ladies; but Mrs. Prig's impatience for the meal being greater at the moment than her impatience of contradiction, she replied, for the present, "Nobody, if you don't, Sairah," and prepared herself for tea. For a quarrel can be taken up at any time, but a limited quantity of salmon cannot.

Her toilet was simple. She had merely to "chuck" her bonnet and shawl upon the bed; give her hair two pulls, one upon the right side and one upon the left, as if she were ringing a couple of bells; and all was done. The tea was already made, Mrs. Gamp was not long over the salad, and they were soon at the height of their repast.

The temper of both parties was improved, for the time being, by the enjoyments of the table. When the meal

came to a termination (which it was pretty long in doing), and Mrs. Gamp having cleared away, produced the tea-pot from the top-shelf, simultaneously with a couple of wine-glasses, they were quite amiable.

"Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, filling her own glass, and passing the tea-pot, "I will now propoge a toast. My frequent pardner, Betsey Prig!"

"Which, altering the name to Sairah Gamp, I drink," said Mrs. Prig, "with love and tenderness."

From this moment, symptoms of inflammation began to lurk in the nose of each lady; and perhaps, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, in the temper also.

"Now, Sairah," said Mrs. Prig, "joining business with pleasure, wot is this case in which you wants me?"

Mrs. Gamp betraying in her face some intention of returning an evasive answer, Betsey added:—

"*Is* it Mrs. Harris?"

"No, Betsey Prig, it ain't," was Mrs. Gamp's reply.

"Well!" said Mrs. Prig, with a short laugh. "I'm glad of that, at any rate."

"Why should you be glad of that, Betsey?" Mrs. Gamp retorted warmly. "She is unbeknown to you except by hearsay, why should you be glad? If you have anythink to say contrairy to the character of Mrs. Harris, which well I knows behind her back, afore her face, or anywheres, is not to be impeaged, out with it, Betsey. I have know'd that sweetest and best of women," said Mrs. Gamp, shaking her head, and shedding tears, "ever since afore her First, which Mr. Harris who was dreadful timid went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was

showed the baby, wen bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his owls was organs. And I have know'd her, Betsey Prig, when he has hurt her feelin' art by sayin' of his Ninth that it was one too many, if not two, while that dear innocent was cooin' in his face, which thrive it did though bandy, but I have never know'd as you had occagion to be glad, Betsey, on accounts of Mrs. Harris not requiring you. Require she never will, depend upon it, for her constant words in sickness is, and will be, 'Send for Sairey!'"

During this touching address, Mrs. Prig, adroitly feigning to be the victim of that absence of mind which has its origin in excessive attention to one topic, helped herself from the tea-pot without appearing to observe it. Mrs. Gamp observed it, however, and came to a premature close in consequence.

"Well, it ain't her, it seems," said Mrs. Prig, coldly: "who is it, then?"

"You have heerd me mention, Betsey," Mrs. Gamp replied, after glancing in an expressive and marked manner at the tea-pot, "a person as I took care on at the time as you and me was pardners off and on, in that there fever at the Bull?"

"Old Snuffey," Mrs. Prig observed.

Sarah Gamp looked at her with an eye of fire, for she saw in this mistake of Mrs. Prig, another wilful and malignant stab at that same weakness of custom of hers, an ungenerous allusion to which, on the part of Betsey, had first disturbed their harmony that evening. And she saw it still more clearly, when, politely but firmly correcting that lady by the distinct enunciation of the

word "Chuffey," Mrs. Prig received the correction with a diabolical laugh. . . .

"Mr. Chuffey, Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, "is weak in his mind. Excuge me if I makes remark, that he may neither be so weak as people thinks, nor people may not think he is so weak as they pretends, and what I knows, I knows; and what you don't, you don't; so do not ask me, Betsey. But Mr. Chuffey's friends has made propojals for his bein' took care on, and has said to me, 'Mrs. Gamp, *will* you undertake it? We couldn't think,' they says, 'of trustin' him to nobody but you, for, Sairey, you are gold as has passed through the furnage. Will you undertake it, at your own price, day and night, and by your own self?' 'No,' I says, 'I will not. Do not reckon on it. There is,' I says, 'but one creetur in the world as I would undertake on sech terms, and her name is Harris. But,' I says, 'I am acquainted with a friend, whose name is Betsey Prig, that I can recommend, and will assist me. Betsey,' I says, ' is always to be trusted, under me, and will be guided as I could desire.'"

Here Mrs. Prig, without any abatement of her offensive manner, again counterfeited abstraction of mind, and stretched out her hand to the tea-pot. It was more than Mrs. Gamp could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. Prig with her own, and said, with great feeling:—

"No, Betsey! Drink fair, wotever you do!"

Mrs. Prig, thus baffled, threw herself back in her chair, and closing the same eye more emphatically, and folding her arms tighter, suffered her head to roll slowly from side to side, while she surveyed her friend with a contemptuous smile.

Mrs. Gamp resumed:—

"Mrs. Harris, Betsey —"

"Bother Mrs. Harris!" said Betsey Prig.

Mrs. Gamp looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation; when Mrs. Prig, shutting her eye still closer, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words:—

"I don't believe there's no sich a person!"

After the utterance of which expressions, she leaned forward, and snapped her fingers once, twice, thrice; each time nearer to the face of Mrs. Gamp; and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt that there was now a gulf between them, which nothing could ever bridge across.

*Charles Dickens*

## The Club

THE number of members was limited to nine. They were to meet and sup together once a week, on Monday night, at the Turk's Head on Gerard Street, Soho, and two members were to constitute a meeting. It took a regular form in the year 1764, but did not receive its literary appellation until several years afterwards.

The original members were Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Bennet Langton, Topham Beauclerc, Chamier, Hawkins, and Goldsmith; and here a few words concerning some of the members may be acceptable. Burke was at that time about thirty-three years of age; he had mingled a little in politics and been Under-Secretary to Hamilton at Dublin, but was again a writer for the booksellers, and as yet but in the dawning of his fame. Dr. Nugent was his father-in-law, a Roman Catholic, and a physician of talent and instruction. Mr. (after-

wards Sir John) Hawkins was admitted into this association from having been a member of Johnson's Ivy-Lane club. Originally an attorney, he had retired from the practice of the law, in consequence of a large fortune which fell to him in right of his wife, and was now a Middlesex magistrate. He was, moreover, a dabbler in literature and music, and was actually engaged on a history of music, which he subsequently published in five ponderous volumes. To him we are also indebted for a biography of Johnson, which appeared after the death of that eminent man. Hawkins was as mean and parsimonious as he was pompous and conceited. He forbore to partake of the suppers at the club, and begged therefore to be excused from paying his share of the reckoning. "And was he excused?" asked Dr. Burney of Johnson. "Oh, yes, for no man is angry with another for being inferior to himself. We all scorned him and admitted his plea. Yet I really believe him to be an honest man at bottom, though to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a tendency to savageness." He did not remain above two or three years in the club; being in a manner elbowed out in consequence of his rudeness to Burke.

Mr. Anthony Chamier was Secretary in the war-office, and a friend of Beauclerc, by whom he was proposed. We have left out mention of Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerc until the last, because we have most to say about them. They were doubtless induced to join the club through their devotion to Johnson, and the intimacy of these two very young and aristocratic men with the stern and somewhat melancholy moralist is among the curiosities of literature.

Bennet Langton was of an ancient family, who held their ancestral estate of Langton in Lincolnshire, — a great title to respect with Johnson. "Langton, sir," he would say, "has a grant of free-warren from Henry the Second; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of his family."

Langton was of a mild, contemplative, enthusiastic nature. When but eighteen years of age he was so delighted with reading Johnson's *Rambler*, that he came to London chiefly with a view to obtain an introduction to the author. Boswell gives us an account of his first interview, which took place in the morning. It is not often that the personal appearance of an author agrees with the preconceived ideas of his admirer. Langton, from pursuing the writings of Johnson, expected to find him a decent, well-dressed, in short, a remarkably decorous, philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bedchamber about noon, came, as newly risen, a large uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loosely about him. But his conversation was so rich, so animated, and so forcible, and his religious and political notions so congenial with those in which Langton had been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration and attachment which he ever preserved.

Langton went to pursue his studies at Trinity College, Oxford, where Johnson saw much of him during a visit which he paid to the University. He found him in close intimacy with Topham Beauclerc, a youth two years older than himself, very gay and dissipated, and wondered what sympathies could draw two young men together of such opposite characters. On becoming acquainted with

Beauclerc he found that, rake though he was, he possessed an ardent love of literature, an acute understanding, polished wit, innate gentility, and high aristocratic breeding. He was, moreover, the only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerc and grandson of the Duke of St. Albans, and was thought in some particulars to have a resemblance to Charles the Second. These were high recommendations with Johnson; and when the youth testified a profound respect for him and an ardent admiration of his talents, the conquest was complete, so that "in a short time," says Boswell, "the moral, pious Johnson and the gay, dissipated Beauclerc were companions."

The intimacy begun in college chambers was continued when the youths came to town during the vacations. The uncouth, unwieldy moralist was flattered at finding himself an object of idolatry to two high-born, high-bred, aristocratic young men, and throwing gravity aside, was ready to join in their vagaries and play the part of a "young man upon town." Such at least is the picture given of him by Boswell on one occasion when Beauclerc and Langton, having supped together at a tavern, determined to give Johnson a rouse at three o'clock in the morning. They accordingly rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple. The indignant sage sallied forth in his shirt, poker in hand, and a little black wig on top of his head instead of helmet; prepared to wreak vengeance on the assailants of his castle; but when his two young friends Lanky and Beau, as he used to call them, presented themselves, summoning him forth to a morning ramble, his whole manner changed. "What, is it you, ye dogs?" cried he. "Faith, I'll have a frisk with you!"

So said so done. They sallied forth together into Covent Garden; figured among the greengrocers and fruit-women, just come in from the country with their hampers; repaired to a neighboring tavern, where Johnson brewed a bowl of bishop, a favorite beverage with him, grew merry over his cups, and anathematized sleep in two lines, from Lord Lansdowne's drinking-song: —

> "Short, very short, be then thy reign,
> For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again."

They then took boat again, rowed to Billingsgate, and Johnson and Beauclerc determined, like "mad wags," to "keep it up" for the rest of the day. Langton, however, the most sober-minded of the three, pleaded an engagement to breakfast with some young ladies; whereupon the great moralist reproached him with "leaving his social friends to go and sit with a set of wretched un-idead girls."

This madcap freak of the great lexicographer made a sensation, as may well be supposed, among his intimates. "I heard of your frolic t'other night," said Garrick to him; "you'll be in the *Chronicle*." He uttered worse forebodings to others. "I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house," said he. Johnson, however, valued himself upon having thus enacted a chapter in the "Rake's Progress," and crowed over Garrick on the occasion. "He durst not do such a thing," chuckled he; "his wife would not let him!"

. . . . . .

The gay yet lettered rake maintained his sway over Johnson, who was fascinated by that air of the world, that ineffable tone of good society in which he felt him-

self deficient, especially as the possessor of it always paid homage to his superior talent. "Beauclerc," he would say, using a quotation from Pope, "has a love of folly, but a scorn of fools; everything he does shows the one, and everything he says, the other." Beauclerc delighted in rallying the stern moralist of whom others stood in awe, and no one, according to Boswell, could take equal liberty with him with impunity. . . .

When it was at first proposed to enroll Goldsmith among the members of this association, there seems to have been some demur; at least so says the pompous Hawkins. "As he wrote for the booksellers, we of the club looked on him as a mere literary drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating, but little capable of original and still less of poetical composition."

Even for some time after his admission he continued to be regarded in a dubious light by some of the members. Johnson and Reynolds, of course, were well aware of his merits, nor was Burke a stranger to them; but to the others he was as yet a sealed book, and the outside was not prepossessing. His ungainly person and awkward manners were against him with men accustomed to the graces of society, and he was not sufficiently at home to give play to his humor and to that bonhomie which won the hearts of all who knew him. He felt strange and out of place in his new sphere; he felt at times the cool, satirical eye of the courtly Beauclerc scanning him, and the more he attempted to appear at his ease, the more awkward he became.

*Washington Irving* in "Oliver Goldsmith"

## Auld Lang Syne

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

*Chorus,*

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

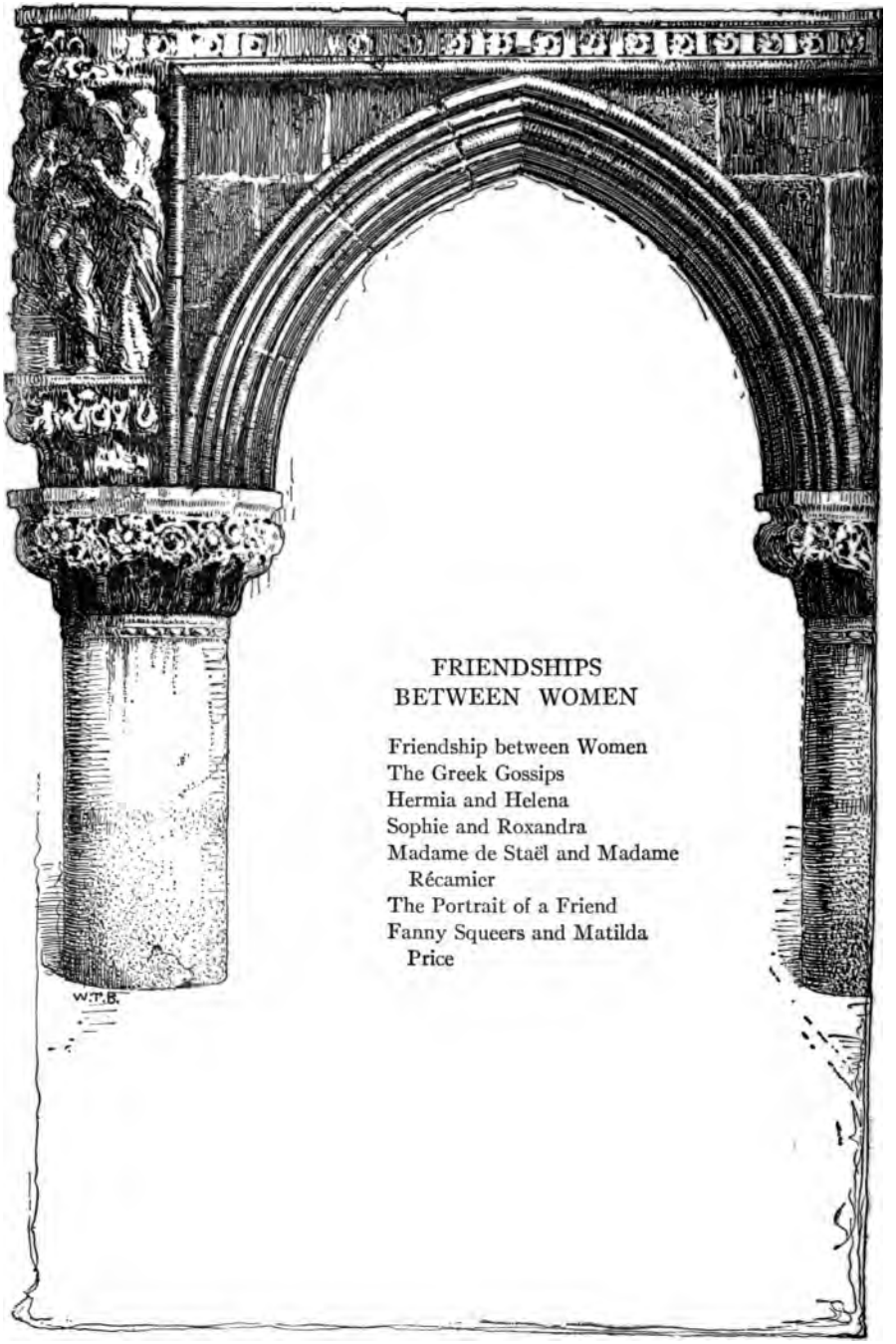
And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right guidwillie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

*Robert Burns*

# IX

# FRIENDSHIPS BETWEEN WOMEN



# FRIENDSHIPS BETWEEN WOMEN


Friendship between Women
The Greek Gossips
Hermia and Helena
Sophie and Roxandra
Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier
The Portrait of a Friend
Fanny Squeers and Matilda Price


Władysław Benda

IN love women exceed the generality of men, but in freindship we have infinitely the advantage.

*La Bruyère*

No friendship is so cordial or so delicious as that of girl for girl; no hatred so intense and immovable as that of woman for woman.

*Walter Savage Landor*

## Friendship between Women

IN searching for the friendships of women, it is difficult at first to find striking examples. Their lives are so private, their dispositions are so modest, their experiences have been so little noticed by history, that the annals of the feminine heart are for the most part a secret chapter. But a sufficiently patient search will cause a beautiful multitude of such instances to reveal themselves. Nothing, perhaps, will strike the literary investigator of the subject more forcibly than the frequency with which he meets the expressed opinion, that women really have few or no friendships; that with them it must be either love, hate, or nothing. A writer in one of our popular periodicals has recently ventured this dogmatic assertion: "If the female mind were not happily impervious to logic, we might demonstrate, even to its satisfaction, that the history of the sex presents no single instance of a famous friendship." . . .

Swift says, "To speak the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex." The statement, if taken with too wide a meaning, might have been refuted by the sight, under his eyes, of the cordial and life-long affection of Miss Johnson and Lady Gifford, the sister of Sir William Temple. He could not expect a Stella and a Vanessa to be friends: an exclusive love for a common object inevitably made them deadly rivals. But the author of "Gulliver's Travels" was a keen observer; his maxims have always a basis in fact; and it is undoubtedly true that women of exceptional cleverness

prefer the wit, wisdom, and earnestness of the more cultivated members of the other sex to the too frequent ignorance and triviality of their own. Undoubtedly, in most societies, women of unusual genius and accomplishments can more easily find congenial companionship with men than with women. But to infer from this any natural incompatibility for friendships between women is to draw a monstrous inference, wholly unwarranted by the premises. . . .

It is true, that women are more imperiously called to love than men are; are more likely to be absorbed by this master passion, and thus are more exposed to jealousy of each other. It is true, that, owing to their greater sensitiveness, keener subjection to the fastidious sway of taste, women are more apt than men to fall out, being more easily disturbed and estranged by trifles; but this relative subjection to trifles is chiefly a consequence of the exclusion of women hitherto from the grandest fields of education, the noblest subjects of interest and action. It is true, that the attachments of women, on account of the greater privacy of their lives, are less conspicuous than those of men, less frequently obtain historic or literary mention, and therefore seem to be rarer. But it is not true, either that women are incapable of enthusiastic and steadfast friendships for each other, or that such friendships are uncommon. If women are more critical and severe towards their own sex than men are, it is chiefly because they cannot, like men, be indifferent to each other; they must positively feel either sympathy or aversion.

It is very frequently the case, that a single woman, blessed with wealth, invites some friend, to whom she is

strongly attached, to accept a home with her; and they live henceforth in indissoluble union. Such an instance among men is almost as rare as a white blackbird. Unmarried sisters so often pass all their years together, inseparably united, both inwardly and outwardly, that almost every one of us is acquainted with many examples. But it is extremely rare for bachelor brothers to club together, and pass a wholly shared existence. . . .

There is no fretfulness, spitefulness, revengefulness, equal to those of a woman. There is no grace, sweetness, dignity, disinterestedness, equal to those of a woman. And, when all is said, the conclusion of one who understands the subject will be, that, for quick depth of sympathy, intuitive divination, joyous sacrifice, perfect reproduction of all the modulations of feeling, there is no friendship equal to that of a woman.

*William Rounseville Alger*

## The Greek Gossips

*Gorgo.* Is Praxinoe at home?

*Praxinoe.* Dear Gorgo, how long it is since you have been here! She is at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last! Eunoe, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it, too.

*Gorgo.* It does most charmingly as it is.

*Praxinoe.* Do sit down.

*Gorgo.* Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoe! What a huge crowd! what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live too far away!

*Praxinoe.* It is all the fault of that madman of mine.

Here he came to the ends of the earth, and took a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbors. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

*Gorgo.* Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear girl, before the little boy, — look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zoprion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

*Praxinoe.* Our Lady! the child takes notice.

*Gorgo.* Nice papa!

*Praxinoe.* That papa of his the other day — we call every day "the other day" — went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt — the great big endless fellow!

*Gorgo.* Mine has the same trick, too, a perfect spendthrift — Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings apiece for — what do you suppose? — dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash — trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy, the King, to see the Adonis; I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

*Praxinoe.* Fine folks do everything finely.

*Gorgo.* What a tale will you have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

*Praxinoe.* Idlers have always holiday. Eunoe, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first, and how she carries it! give it to me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! Why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I

have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

*Gorgo.* Praxinoe, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

*Praxinoe.* Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money, — and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

*Gorgo.* Well, it is most successful; all you could wish.

*Praxinoe.* Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl and set my hat on my head, the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused; call in the dog, and shut the street door. [*Exit.*]

*Theocritus* (Translated by Andrew Lang)

## Hermia and Helena

IS all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, — O, is it all forgot?
All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.

*William Shakespeare*

## Sophie and Roxandra

THE letters of Roxandra have not been published; but, in those of Sophie, both souls are clearly reflected. For, as M. de Falloux says, Madame Swetchine never used hackneyed language, never repeated for one what she had first thought for another. She placed herself, with a skill, or rather a condescension, truly marvellous, at the point of view of those with whom she conversed; and she would never have so easily ended by bringing them to herself, had she not always begun by going to them. This habit was so familiar, this movement so natural to her, that, at the close of every correspondence, we have before our eyes the physiognomy of the correspondent as distinctly outlined as the physiognomy of the writer: —

"Did you believe me, my dear Roxandra, when I mechanically said, on leaving you, that I should write to you only after five or six days? I knew not what I said at the time. If you begin to know me a little, you have seen that I could never bear so long a silence. La Bruyère has said, 'How difficult it is to be satisfied with any one!' Ah! well, my friend, I am satisfied with you; and, were it not for my extreme self-distrust, which nourishes so many inquietudes, I should be almost tran-

quil, almost happy, almost reasonable. My friend, this moment I receive your letter: how can I thank you? Ah! read my grateful heart; and sometimes tell me, that you wish to keep it, in order that it may become worthy of you." — "I feel so deeply the happiness of being loved by you, that you can never cease to love me." — "I need to know all your thoughts, to follow all your motions, and can find no other occupation so sweet and so dear." — "My heart is so full of you, that, since we parted, I have thought of nothing but writing to you." — "I see in your soul as if it were my own." — "When near you, I breathe the atmosphere of calmness and depth, which agrees with me; although I have not the rages of King Saul, there is in the sound of your voice something, I know not what, that reminds me of the effect of the harp of David." — "Never was there a goodness more compassionate and penetrating than yours. Yours are the words that seek pain at the bottom of the soul in order to soothe it. How well you possess that divine dexterity which applies balm to wounds almost without touching them!" — "My friend, I have met nothing sweeter, more consoling to love, than you. The admirable simplicity of your character, its steadiness, its frankness, have a charm which more than attracts: it fixes." — "We must carry, untouched, to the gates of eternity the deposit each has confided to the other."

The above extracts give some idea of the warmth and preciousness of the surpassing friendship, but no idea of the high and varied range of intellectual and religious interests that entered into it. "I always," Madame Swetchine writes, "have your little ring on my finger. This symbol, fragile as all symbols, will outlive me; but

I grieve not for that, since I am sure that the sentiment which makes me prize it so highly will survive it in turn." Dora Greenwell says, "The letters of Madame Swetchine are full of an intimate sweetness that has something in it, piercing even to pain, like the scent of the sweet-brier." We are reminded of this when she writes, "If life were perfectly beautiful, yet death would be perfectly desirable." Also again, when she writes to her Roxandra, "What is the pen, sad signal of our long separation, after the pleasure of flinging myself on your neck, and pouring my soul into yours through a deluge of words?" The two friends often indulged the sweet dream of passing their last years together, preparing each other for the passage equally dreaded and desired, advancing arm in arm, and heart in heart, towards the unknown. The dream was not destined for fulfilment. But Madame Swetchine had the great joy of seeing her favorite nephew — one of the Gargarian boys whom she loved so fondly in their childhood — married to Marie Stourdza, the niece and sole heiress of her friend. The only words we have seen from Roxandra herself are worthy of the eulogies paid her, and would seem to justify the highest estimate of her character. She says, "May we all contribute, by our life and our death, to the great thought of God, — the reëstablishment of order and of truth among men!" And again, amid the alarming revolutions that were shaking all Europe, she says, "We are witnessing the grand judgment of human pride."

*William Rounseville Alger*

HOW many lack friendship rather than friends!

*Sencca*

## Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier

THE first meeting of these celebrated women took place when Madame de Staël was thirty-two years old; Madame Récamier, twenty-one. Among the few existing papers from the pen of the latter is a description of this interview: —

"She came to speak with me for her father, about the purchase of a house. Her toilet was odd. She wore a morning gown, and a little dress bonnet, adorned with flowers. I took her for a stranger in Paris. I was struck with the beauty of her eyes and her look. She said, with a vivid impressive grace, that she was delighted to know me; that her father, M. Necker — at these words, I recognized Madame de Staël! I heard not the rest of her sentence. I blushed; my embarrassment was extreme. I had just come from reading her 'Letters on Rousseau,' and was full of the excitement. I expressed what I felt more by my looks than by my words. She at the same time awed and drew me. She fixed her wonderful eyes on me, with a curiosity full of kindness, and complimented me on my figure, in terms which would have seemed exaggerated and too direct if they had not been marked by an obvious sincerity, which made the praise very seductive. She perceived my embarrassment, and expressed a desire to see me often, on her return to Paris; for she was going to Coppet. It was then a mere apparition in my life; but the impression was intense. I thought only of Madame de Staël, so strongly did I return the action of this ardent and forceful nature."

Madame de Staël was a plain, energetic embodiment of the most impassioned genius. Madame Récamier was

a dazzling personification of physical loveliness, united with the perfection of mental harmony. She had an enthusiastic admiration for her friend, who, in return, found an unspeakable luxury in her society. Her angelic candor of soul, and the frosty purity which enveloped her as a shield, inspired the tenderest respect; while her happy equipoise calmed and refreshed the restless and expansive imagination of the renowned author. There could be no rivalry between them. Both had lofty and thoroughly sincere characters. . . . "Are you not happy," writes Madame de Staël, "in your magical power of inspiring affection? To be sure of always being loved by those you love, seems to me the highest terrestrial happiness, the greatest conceivable privilege." . . . And when, years afterward, on the loss of her property, Madame Récamier betook herself to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, in her humble chamber, where she was more sought and admired than ever in her proudest prosperity, the chief articles to be seen, in addition to the indispensable furniture, were, as Chateaubriand has described the scene, a library, a harp, a piano, a magnificent portrait of Madame de Staël by Gerard, and a moonlight view of Coppet. Madame de Staël had once written to her, "Your friendship is like the spring in the desert, that never fails; and it is this which makes it impossible not to love you." Death caused no decay of that sentiment, but raised and sanctified it. Her translated friend now became an object of worship; and she devoted her whole energies to extend and preserve the memory of the illustrious writer.

*William Rounseville Alger*

## The Portrait of a Friend

[The reference is to Miss Mary Mitford.]

MY dear Mr. Ruskin, — I thank you from my heart for your more than interesting letter. You have helped me to see that dear friend of ours, as without you I could not have seen her, in those last affecting days of illness, by the window not only of the house in Berkshire, but of the house of the body and of the material world — an open window through which the light shone, thank God. It would be a comfort to me now if I had had the privilege of giving her a very, very little of the great pleasure you certainly gave her (for I know how she enjoyed your visit — she wrote and told me), but I must be satisfied with the thought left to me, that now she regrets nothing, not even great pleasures.

I agree with you in much if not in everything you have written of her. It was a great, warm, outflowing heart, and the head was worthy of the heart. People have observed that she resembled Coleridge in her granite forehead — something, too, in the lower part of the face, — however, unlike Coleridge in mental characteristics, in his tendency to abstract speculation, or indeed his ideality. There might have been, as you suggest, a somewhat different development elsewhere than in Berkshire — not very different, though — souls don't grow out of the ground.

I agree quite with you that she was stronger and wider in her conversation and letters than in her books. Oh, I have said so a hundred times. The heat of human sympathy seemed to bring out her powerful vitality,

rustling all over with laces and flowers. She seemed to think and speak stronger, holding a hand — not that she required help or borrowed a word, but that the human magnetism acted on her nature, as it does upon men born to speak. Perhaps if she had been a man with a man's opportunities, she would have spoken rather than written a reputation. Who can say? She hated the act of composition. Did you hear that from her ever?

Her letters were always admirable, but I do most deeply regret that what made one of their greatest charms unfits them for the public — I mean their personal details. Mr. Harness sends to me for letters, and when I bring them up, and with the greatest pain force myself to examine them (all those letters she wrote to me in her warm goodness and affectionateness), I find with wonder and sorrow how only a half-page here and there *could* be submitted to general readers, — *could*, with any decency, much less delicacy.

But no, her "judgment" was not "unerring." She was too intensely sympathetical not to err often, and in fact it was singular (or seemed so) what faces struck her as most beautiful, and what books as most excellent. If she loved a person, it was enough. She made mistakes one couldn't help smiling at, till one grew serious to adore her for it. And yet when she read a book, provided it wasn't written by a friend, edited by a friend, lent by a friend, or associated with a friend, her judgment could be fine and discriminating on most subjects, especially upon subjects connected with life and society and manners.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

## Fanny Squeers and Matilda Price

SPITE is a little word; but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords, as any polysyllable in the language. . . . We have such extraordinary powers of persuasion when they are exerted over ourselves, that Miss Squeers felt quite highminded and great, after her noble renunciation of John Browdie's hand, and looked down upon her rival with a kind of holy calmness and tranquillity, that had a mighty effect in soothing her ruffled feelings.

This happy state of mind had some influence in bringing about a reconciliation; for when a knock came at the front door next day, and the miller's daughter was announced, Miss Squeers betook herself to the parlor in a Christian frame of spirit perfectly beautiful to behold.

"Well, Fanny," said the miller's daughter, "you see I have come to see you, although we *had* some words last night."

"I pity your bad passions, 'Tilda," replied Miss Squeers; "but I bear no malice. I am above it."

"Don't be cross, Fanny," said Miss Price. "I have come to tell you something that I know will please you."

"What may that be, 'Tilda?" demanded Miss Squeers, screwing up her lips, and looking as if nothing in earth, air, fire, or water could afford her the slightest gleam of satisfaction.

"This," rejoined Miss Price. "After we left here last night, John and I had a dreadful quarrel."

"That doesn't please me," said Miss Squeers — relaxing into a smile, though.

"Lor! I wouldn't think so bad of you as to suppose it did," rejoined her companion. "That's not it."

"Oh!" said Miss Squeers, relapsing into melancholy. "Go on."

"After a great deal of wrangling and saying we would never see each other any more," continued Miss Price, "we made it up, and this morning John went and wrote our names down to be put up for the first time, next Sunday, so we shall be married in three weeks, and I give you notice to get your frock made."

There was mingled gall and honey in this intelligence. The prospect of the friend's being married so soon was the gall, and the certainty of her not entertaining serious designs upon Nicholas was the honey. Upon the whole, the sweet greatly preponderated over the bitter, so Miss Squeers said she would get the frock made, and that she hoped 'Tilda might be happy, though at the same time she didn't know, and would not have her build too much upon it, for men were strange creatures, and a great many married women were very miserable, and wished themselves single again with all their hearts; to which condolences Miss Squeers added others equally calculated to raise her friend's spirits and promote her cheerfulness of mind.

"But come now, Fanny," said Miss Price, "I want to have a word or two with you about young Mr. Nickleby."

"He is nothing to me," interrupted Miss Squeers, with hysterical symptoms. "I despise him too much!"

"Oh, you don't mean that, I am sure," replied her friend. "Confess, Fanny; don't you like him, now?"

Without returning any direct reply, Miss Squeers all at once fell into a paroxysm of spiteful tears, and exclaimed

that she was a wretched, neglected, miserable cast-away.

"I hate everybody," said Miss Squeers, "and I wish that everybody was dead — that I do."

"Dear, dear!" said Miss Price, quite moved by this avowal of misanthropical sentiments. "You are not serious, I am sure."

"Yes, I am," rejoined Miss Squeers, tying tight knots in her pocket-handkerchief and clenching her teeth. "And I wish I was dead too. There."

"Oh! you'll think very differently in another five minutes," said Matilda. "How much better to take him into favor again, than to hurt yourself by going on in that way; wouldn't it be much nicer now to have him all to yourself on good terms, in a company-keeping, love-making, pleasant sort of manner?"

"I don't know but what it would," sobbed Miss Squeers. "Oh! 'Tilda, how could you have acted so mean and dishonorable! I wouldn't have believed it of you if anybody had told me."

"Heyday!" exclaimed Miss Price, giggling. "One would suppose I had been murdering somebody at least."

"Very nigh as bad," said Miss Squeers, passionately.

"And all this because I happen to have enough of good looks to make people civil to me," cried Miss Price. "Persons don't make their own faces, and it's no more my fault if mine is a good one, than it is other people's fault if theirs is a bad one."

"Hold your tongue," shrieked Miss Squeers, in her shrillest tone; "or you'll make me slap you, 'Tilda, and afterwards I should be sorry for it."

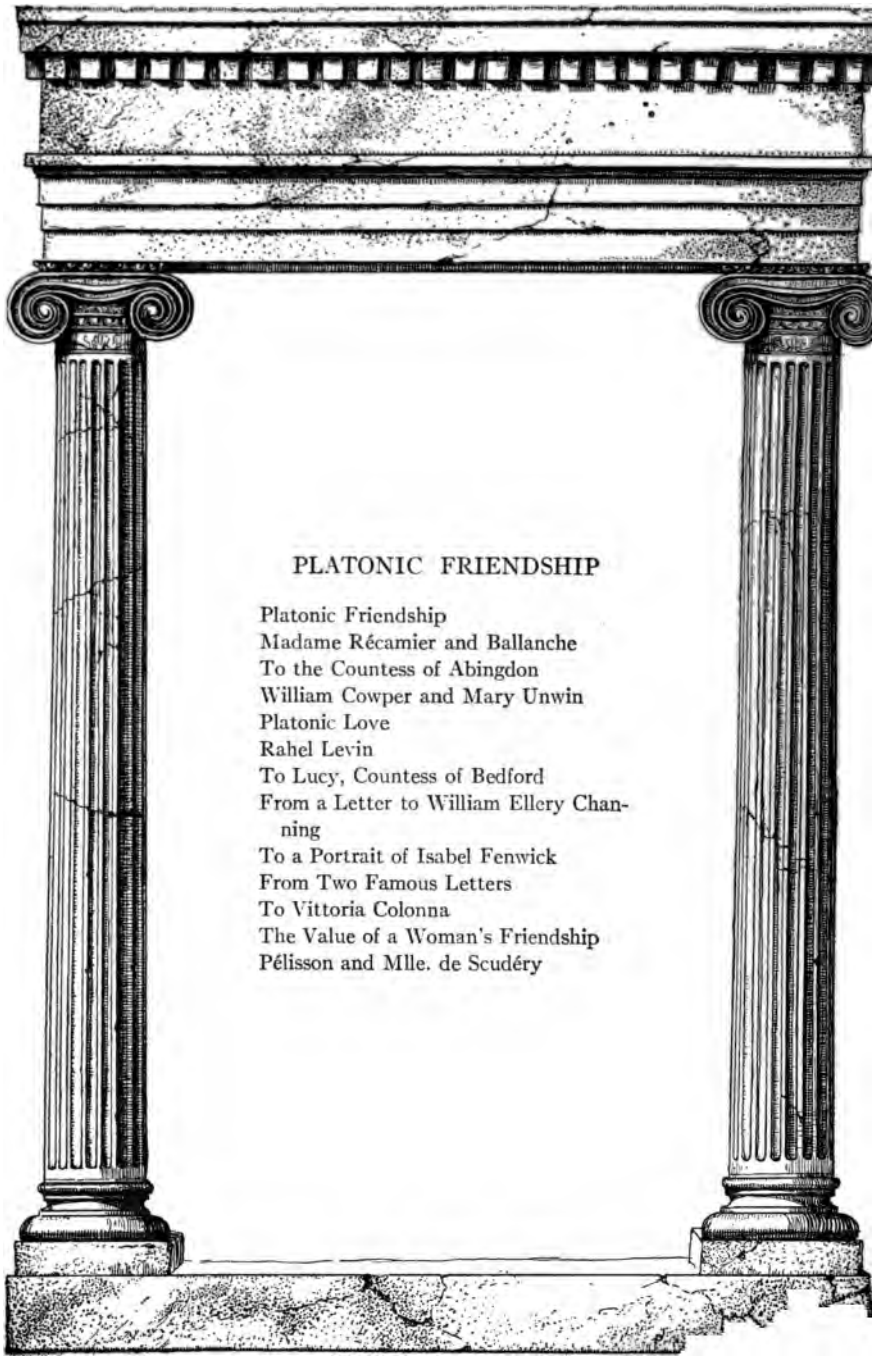
# The Book of Friendship

It is needless to say that, by this time, the temper of each young lady was in some slight degree affected by the tone of the conversation, and that a dash of personality was infused into the altercation in consequence. Indeed, the quarrel, from slight beginnings, rose to a considerable height, and was assuming a very violent complexion, when both parties, falling into a great passion of tears, exclaimed simultaneously, that they had never thought of being spoken to in that way, which exclamation, leading to a remonstrance, gradually brought on an explanation, and the upshot was that they fell into each other's arms and vowed eternal friendship; the occasion in question making the fifty-second time of repeating the same impressive ceremony within a twelvemonth.

*Charles Dickens*

# X

# PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP



## PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP


Platonic Friendship
Madame Récamier and Ballanche
To the Countess of Abingdon
William Cowper and Mary Unwin
Platonic Love
Rahel Levin
To Lucy, Countess of Bedford
From a Letter to William Ellery Channing
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W.T.B.

SHOULD it appear that the better part of their nature has succeeded in bringing both the lover and loved into a life of order and philosophy, and established its own ascendancy, — then in bliss and harmony they live out their existence here, being masters of themselves and decorous before the world, having enslaved that portion of the soul wherein vice is contained, and liberated that where virtue dwells; and at last when they come to die, having grown their wings.

*Plato*

## Platonic Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is usually said to be impossible across the curious barrier which is alleged to divide man from woman. Plato regarded such friendship as perfect, being ideal sympathy. . . . It is a curious development that we should so sneer at friendship that the most perfect friendship is tacitly regarded as impossible.

Unless love be regarded as an instantaneous vision, knowing no premonitions and having no preludes, there is nothing from which love can grow but true Platonic or perfect friendship. . . .

And it must of necessity be disastrous that women can influence women, and no woman influence men save through the channel of matrimony. There is a deep truth in the Russian proverb that he who loves one woman has some love for all women. Ruskin advised every girl to have six sweethearts coincidently. It was excellent advice. That misjudged person, the flirt, is most frequently a woman whose heart aches for friendship, but who keeps the richest store hidden for her king when he shall come. In fact, the flirt is the only remaining artist in friendship, and a world which knows not what friendship is makes good the deficiency by maligning her. We ask in love's forest that there be only the giant oak of love; as a matter of fact there are the many dwarfed evergreens of friendship and the undergrowth of mere mutual esteem, and these shrubs can never grow to be other than they are. It is folly, because we have not the oak, to burn to the roots the other trees and leave the brown place bare.

*J. G. L.*

# The Book of Friendship

## Madame Récamier and Ballanche

PIERRE SIMON BALLANCHE, one of the most delicate and philosophical of French authors, most disinterested and affectionate of men, the perfect model of a friend, was born at Lyons in 1776. He was first introduced to Madame Récamier, in 1812, by their common friend, the generous and eloquent Camille Jordan. Ballanche, in an enthusiastic attachment to a noble, portionless young girl, had suffered a disappointment so deep, that it caused him to dismiss all thoughts of marriage forever. He sought to ease the burden of rejected love by letting the sadness it had engendered exhale in a literary work. This exquisite work, called "Fragments," Jordan induced Madame Récamier to read; he also described to her the refined and magnanimous character of the author. Thus prepared, and aided by her own keen discernment, she immediately detected his choice talents, his rare vein of sentiment, his abiding hunger for affection. Ballanche was a philosopher of solitude, a poet and priest of humanity, — spending his days far from the crowd and uproar of the world, — his proper haunt the summits of the lofties minds, the mysterious cradle of the destinies of society. His soul was an Æolian harp, through which the music of the prehistoric ages played. Chastity and sorrow were two geniuses, who unveiled to him the destiny of man. His philosophy, so redolent of the heart and the imagination, amidst the material struggles and selfishness of the time, has been compared to a chant of Orpheus in the school of Hobbes. The friendship which Madame Récamier gave this lonesome, sad, expansive,

and lofty spirit, was as if a goddess had come down from heaven on purpose to minister to him. She brought him the attention he needed, the sympathy he pined for, the position and praise which were so grateful to his sensitive nature. She strove to win for him from others the recognition he deserved, to call out his powers, and to show off his gifts to the best advantage. Ballanche was timid, awkward, ugly, with no wealth, with no rank; but, in the sight of Madame Récamier, the treasures and graces of his soul were an intrinsic recommendation far superior to these outward advantages, and she was ready to honor it to the full.

Never was kindness more worthily bestowed; never was it more gratefully received. "I often," he says, "find myself astonished at your goodness to me. The silent, weary, sad man, whom others neglect, you notice, — and seek with infinite tact to draw him out. You are indulgence and pity personified, and you compassionately see in me a kind of exile. Together with the feeling of a brother for a sister, I offer you the homage of my soul." From that time, he belonged to her, and could not bear to live separate from her. Under her appreciation and encouragement, he expanded, like a plant moved from a chill shade into the sunshine. His devotion was entire, and sought no equal return. It was simply the natural expression of his gratitude to her, his admiration of her, his delight in seeing her and in being with her. His love for her, like that of Dante for Beatrice, was a religious worship, a celestial exhalation of his soul, utterly free from every alloy of earth and sense. For thirty-four years, he was almost inseparable from her. He removed to Paris, that he might look on

her every day. Wherever she travelled, abroad or at home, he was one of her companions. At her receptions of company, the fame of which has gone through the world, he was invariably an honored and active assistant. And, despite his deformed face, and uncouth appearance and bearing, he was a great favorite with all the chosen guests at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. To those who really knew him, his large, beaming eyes and noble forehead, his disinterested goodness, his literary and philosophical accomplishments, his modest unworldliness and attentive sympathy, redeemed his physical blemishes, and covered them with a radiance superior to that of mere beauty. The letters of Ballanche to Madame Récamier are charming in their originality. His praise to her is marked by an inimitable grace of sincerity and refinement: —

"Your presence, so full of magic, the sweet reflection of your soul, will be to me a powerful inspiration. You are a perfect poem; you are poesy itself. It is your destiny to inspire, mine to be inspired. An occupation would do you good; your disturbed and dreamy imagination has need of aliment. Take care of your health, spare your nerves: you are an angel who has gone a little astray in coming into a world of agitation and falsehood."

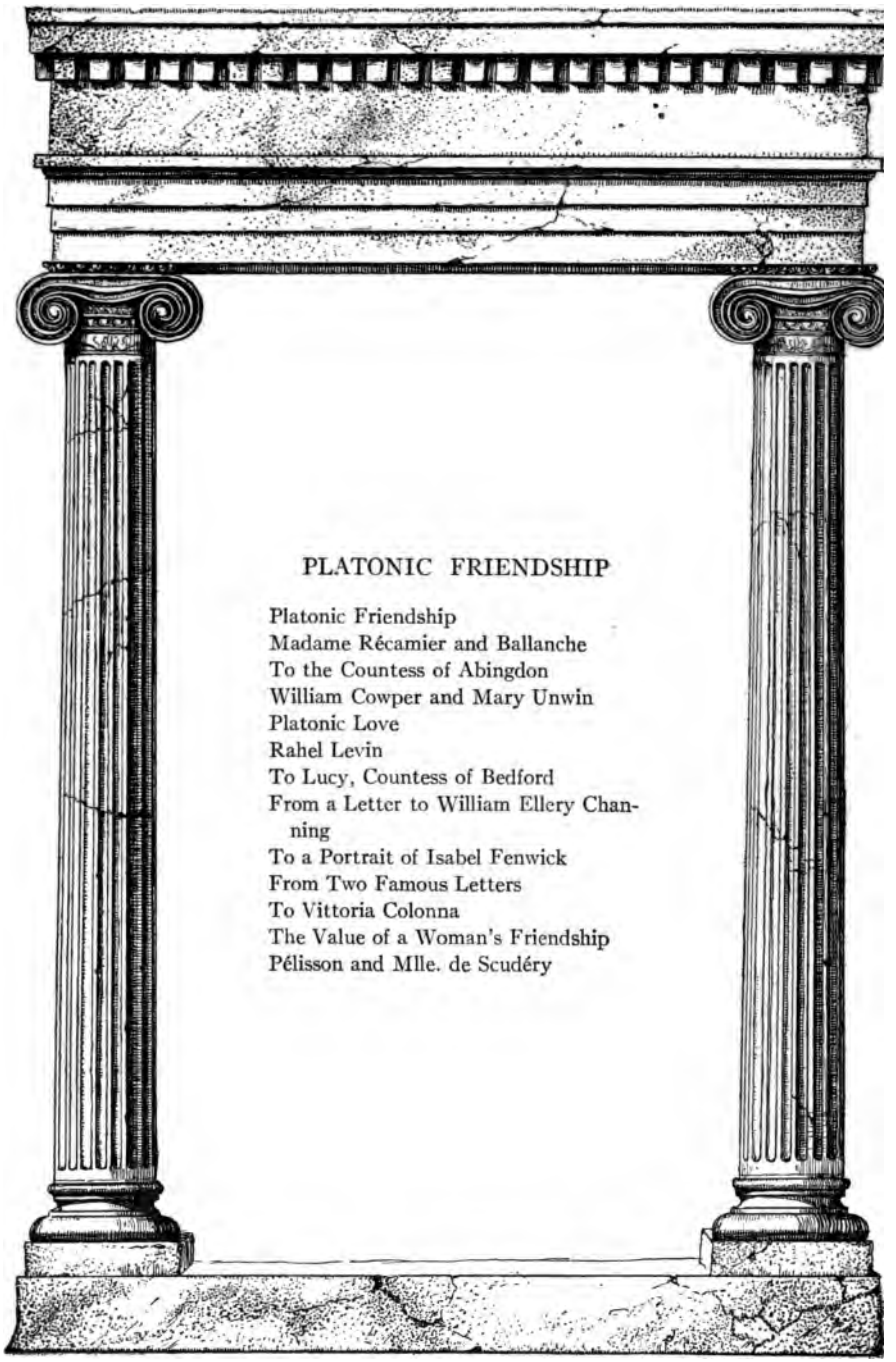
"Your province, like my own," he writes, "is the interior of the sentiments; but, believe me, you have at command the genius of music, of flowers, of brooding meditation, and of elegance. Privileged creature, assume a little confidence, lift your charming head, and fear not to try your hand on the golden lyre of the poets. It is my mission to see that some trace of your noble existence remains on this earth. Help me to fulfil my mission. I regard it as a blessing that you will be loved and appre-

ciated when you are no more. It would be a real misfortune if so excellent a being should pass merely as a charming shadow. Of what use is memory, if it does not perpetuate the beautiful and good?"

This league of lofty friendship, of endearing intercourse and service, held good while a whole generation of mortals came upon the stage and disappeared; and it throve with growing validity in the latest old age of the fortunate parties.

When the good Ballanche was taken dangerously ill, Madame Récamier had just undergone an operation for cataract, and was under strict orders from the physician not to leave her couch. But, on the announcement of the condition of Ballanche, she immediately rose, and went to his bedside, and watched by him until his last breath. In the anxiety and tears of this experience, she lost all hope of recovering her sight. Her incomparable friend received the supreme hospitality at her hands, and was buried in her family tomb, — leaving, in his works, a delightful picture of his mind; in his life, a perfect model of devotion. The removal of this soul, echo of her own; this heart, wholly filled by her; this mind, so gladly submissive to her influence, — could not but leave a mighty void behind. For, notwithstanding the wondrous array of gifts, attractions, and attentions lavished on her, her deep sensibility and interior loneliness made her often unhappy. She would sit by herself, in the twilight, playing from memory choice pieces of the great masters of music, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Friendship was more than a delight: it was a necessity to her.

*William Rounseville Alger*



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Hesketh said of her, "She seems in truth to have no will left on earth but for his good. How she has supported the constant attendance she has gone through with the last thirteen years is to me, I confess, wonderful." Cowper himself said, "It is to her, under Providence, I owe it that I am alive at all." With a devotion in which self appeared to be lost, "there she sat, on the hardest and smallest chair, leaving the best to him, knitting, with the finest possible needles, stockings of the nicest texture. He wore no others than of her knitting." After nearly a generation of her fond and sedulous ministering, repeatedly stricken with paralysis, her mind decayed, mute, almost blind, as she sat by his side, a pathetic memento of what she had been, Cowper composed for her that unsurpassed tribute, his exquisite and imperishable lines, "To Mary": —

The twentieth year has well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast:
Ah! would that this might be our last,
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow:
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Tis my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust, disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

## Platonic Friendship

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

Partakers of my sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Yet ah! by constant heed, I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

Lady Hesketh, ever a true angel, came and dwelt with the afflicted pair. And when Cowper, after four wretched years of separation, plunged, as he expressed it, in deeps unvisited by any human soul save his, followed his faithful sister-spirit to a better world, Lady Hesketh, that model of a third friend, built in St. Edmund's Chapel, where he was buried, a monument displaying two tablets, both bearing poetical inscriptions; one dedicated to William Cowper, the other to Mary Unwin.

*Collated*

THERE are no rules for friendship. It must be left to itself. We cannot force it any more than love.

*Hazlitt*

## Platonic Love

RIGHT art thou who wouldst rather be
A doorkeeper in Love's fair house,
Than lead the wretched revelry
Where fools at swinish troughs carouse.
But do not boast of being least;
And if to kiss thy Mistress' skirt
Amaze thy brain, scorn not the Priest
Whom greater honors do not hurt.
Stand off and gaze, if more than this
Be more than thou canst understand,
Revering him whose power of bliss,
Angelic, dares to seize her hand;
Or whose seraphic love makes flight,
To the apprehension of her lips;
And think the sun of such delight
From thine own darkness takes eclipse.
And wouldst thou to the same aspire,
This is the art thou must employ,
Live greatly; so shalt thou acquire
Unknown capacities of joy.

*Coventry Patmore*

THE ancients held, it is said, that each human being is but half of a perfect unit; and that the divine healing of life's wounds comes only when one has the rare good fortune to meet the half of himself. Then are both, as Plato writes, "smitten with a friendship in a wondrous way": and these continue to be friends through life.

*J. C. Dier*

# Platonic Friendship

## Rahel Levin, Friend of Jean Paul Richter and of Many of the Choicest Spirits of Germany

THERE appeared a light, graceful figure, of small stature, but strong make, with delicate and full limbs, feet and hands remarkably small; the countenance, encircled with rich, dark locks, spoke intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm, deep glances left the observer in doubt whether they gave or received more; an expression of suffering lent a soft grace to the clear features. She moved in a dark dress, light almost as a shadow, but also with freedom and sureness; her greeting was as easy as it was kindly. But what struck me most was the sonorous and mellow voice which seemed to swell from the inmost depths of the soul, and a conversation the most extraordinary that I had ever met with. She threw out, in the most facile and unpretending fashion, thoughts full of originality and humor, where wit was united with simplicity, and acuteness with amiability; and into the whole a deep truth was cast, as it were out of iron, giving to every sentence a completeness of impression which rendered it hard for the strongest, in any way, to break or rend it. In her presence, I had the conviction that a genuine human being stood before me in its most pure and perfect type; through her whole frame and in all her motions, nature and intellect in fresh, breezy reciprocity; organic shape, elastic fibre, living connection with everything around; the greatest originality and simplicity in perception and utterance; the combined imposingness of innocence and wisdom; in word and deed alertness, dexterity, precision; and all imbosomed in an atmosphere of the purest goodness and benevolence;

all guided by an energetic sense of duty, and heightened by a noble self-forgetfulness in the presence of the joys and griefs of others.

*Varnhagen von Ense*

## To Lucy, Countess of Bedford

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honor, serve, and love; as poets use,
I meant to make her fair and free and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, — pride;
I meant that each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears, control,
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My Muse bade, BEDFORD, write, and that was She.

*Ben Jonson*

## From a Letter to William Ellery Channing

"TO converse with my guide, philosopher, and friend, has now become with me not a mere indulgence, but want. I daily discover more and more how much I have come under the influence of your mind, and what great things it has done, and I trust is still doing, for mine.

## Platonic Friendship

I was never duly sensible, till your writings made me so, of the transcendent beauty and sublimity of Christian morals; nor did I submit my heart and temper to their chastening and meliorating influences. In particular, the spirit of unbounded benevolence, which they breathe, was a stranger to my bosom: far indeed was I from looking upon all men as my brethren. I shudder now to think how good a hater I was in the days of my youth. Time and reflection, a wider range of acquaintance, and a calmer state of the public mind, mitigated by degrees my bigotry; but I really knew not what it was to open my heart to the human race, until I had drunk deeply into the spirit of your writings. You have given me a new being. May God reward you!"

*Lucy Aikin*

## To a Portrait of Isabel Fenwick

WE gaze, nor grieve to think that we must die.
But that the precious love this friend hath sown
Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown
Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
Will pass so soon from human memory;
And not by strangers to our blood alone,
But by our best descendants be unknown,
Unthought of, — this may surely claim a sigh.
Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection,
Thou against time so feelingly dost strive:
Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,
An image of her soul is kept alive,
Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,
Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive.

*William Wordsworth*

# The Book of Friendship

## From Two Famous Letters

Bettine to Goethe's Mother

"WOULD that I sat, a beggar-child, before his door, and took a piece of bread from his hand, and that he knew, by my glance, of what spirit I am the child. Then would he draw me nigh him, and cover me with his cloak, that I might be warm. I know he would never bid me go again. I should wander in the house, and no one would know who I was nor whence I came; and years would pass, and life would pass, and in his features the whole world would be reflected to me, and I should not need to learn anything more."

Goethe to Bettine

"YOUR dear letters bestow on me so much that is delightful, that they may justly precede all else: they give me a succession of holidays, whose return always blesses me anew. Write me all that passes in your mind. Farewell. Be ever near me, and continue to refresh me."

## To Vittoria Colonna

Better plea
Love cannot have, than that, in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour.
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

*Michael Angelo*

# Platonic Friendship

## The Value of a Woman's Friendship

"IT is a wonderful advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtile delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing; for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By friendships, I mean pure friendships, — those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But suppose the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence.

"Better and safer, of course, are such friendships, where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage: youth and age have. Molière's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter."

*Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton*

## Pélisson and Mlle. de Scudéry

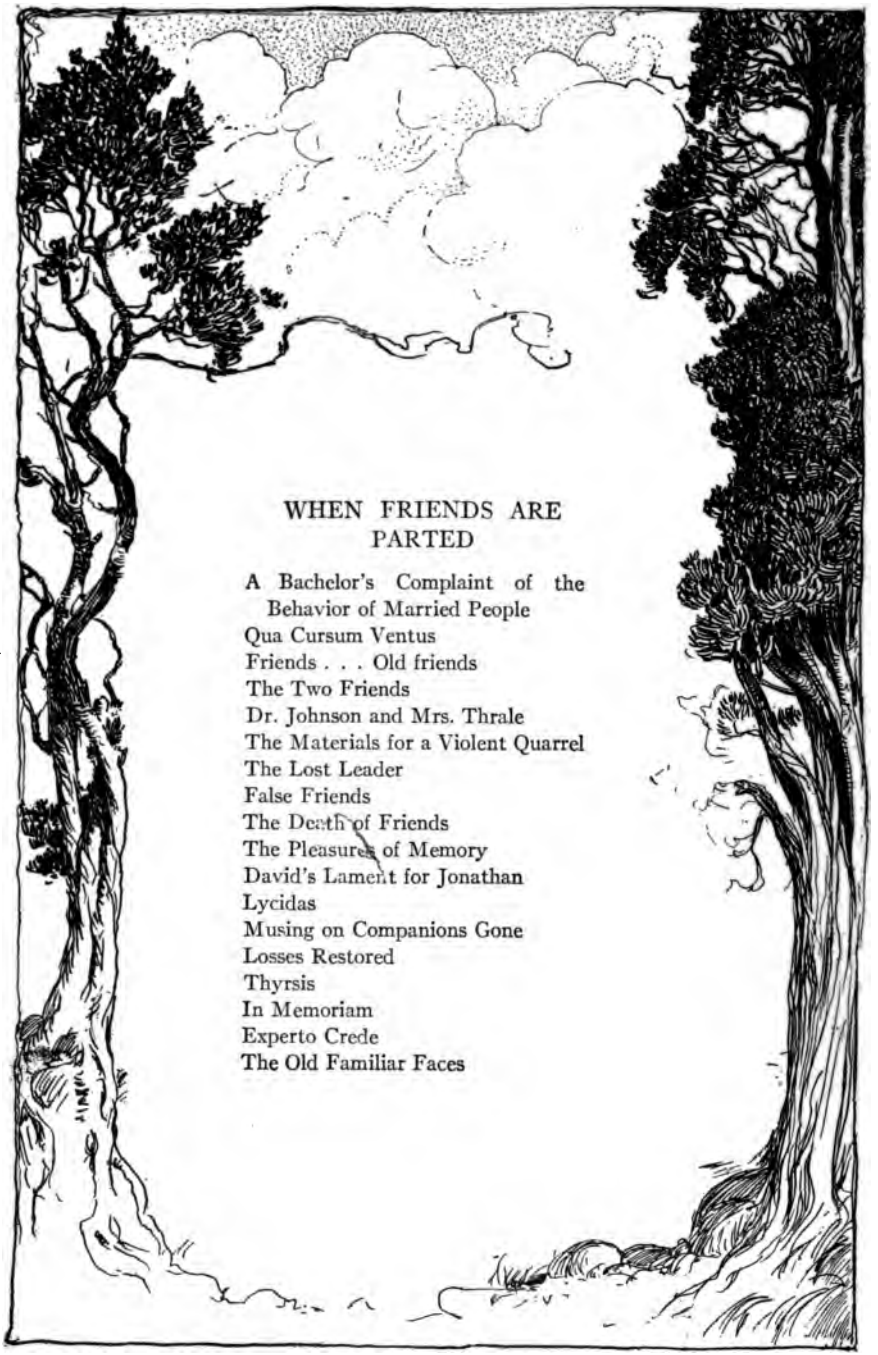
PÉLISSON was twenty-nine, and Mademoiselle de Scudéry forty-five, when they first met. Their instant mutual interest deepened, on more thorough acquaintance, into the warmest esteem and affection, and remained unshaken for over forty years. The perfection of their intimacy was known to every one; and every one believed in its entire purity. Cousin says it is touching to see these two noble persons made so happy by their friendship, — a friendship which even the coarse and slanderous Tallement respected so much that he refrained from casting a single sneer at it. The story of Pélisson's imprisonment in the Bastile is known to the whole world by the anecdote of the spider. His only companion during those wretched years was a large spider, which he had tamed and was accustomed to feed and play with. One day the brute of a jailer trod on him, and killed him; and Pélisson wept.

His friend employed all her ingenuity, during his confinement, in inventing means of communication with him. "At times, when he was ready to fall into despair, a few lines would reach him, and bring him comfort." At length his prison was opened, and fortune smiled again. At his death, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, though eighty-six years old, wrote and published a simple and affecting memoir of him, paying a deserved tribute to his character, in which, she said, there reigned a singular and most charming combination of tenderness, delicacy, and generosity.

*William Rounseville Alger*

# XI

# WHEN FRIENDS ARE PARTED



## WHEN FRIENDS ARE PARTED

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Władysław T. Benda

THEY told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
For Death he taketh all away, but these he cannot take.

*Callimachus* (Translation of W. Cory)

## A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People

AS a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the house of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description; — it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world. . . . But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage — if you did not come in on the wife's side — if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on, — look about you — your tenure is precarious — before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your friend gradually grow cool and altered towards

you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence after the period of his marriage. With some limitations, they can endure that; but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him, — before they that are now man and wife ever met, — this is intolerable to them. . . .

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, but an oddity, is one of the ways; — they have a peculiar kind of stare for the purpose; — till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist, — a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony; that is where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you, by never qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing

a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to the kindly level of moderate esteem — that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr.—— as a great wit?" If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr.——!" One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she often heard Mr.—— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for, from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words), the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to

pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour.

*Charles Lamb*

## Qua Cursum Ventus

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered —
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

## When Friends are Parted

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze; and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

*Arthur Hugh Clough*

## Friends . . . old friends . . .

FRIENDS . . . old friends . . .
One sees how it ends.
A woman looks
Or a man tells lies
And the pleasant brooks
And the quiet skies,
Ruined with brawling
And caterwauling,—
Enchant no more
As they did before,
And so it ends
With friends.

# The Book of Friendship

Friends . . . old friends . . .
And what if it ends?
Shall we dare to shirk
What we live to learn?
It has done its work,
It has served its turn;
And forgive and forget
Or hanker and fret,
We can be no more
As we were before.
When it ends, it ends
With friends.

Friends . . . old friends . . .
So it breaks, so it ends.
There let it rest!
It has fought and won,
And is still the best
That either has done.
Each as he stands
The work of its hands.
Which shall be more
As he was before? . . .
What is it ends
With friends?

*W. E. Henley*

WE can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds they are all different. No one has a double in friendship.

*Schiller*

## The Two Friends

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between; —
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

## Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale

IN the beginning of 1782 Johnson was suffering from an illness which excited serious apprehensions, and he went to Mrs. Thrale's, as the only house where he could use "all the freedom that sickness requires." She nursed him carefully, and expressed her feelings with characteristic vehemence in a curious journal which he had encouraged her to keep. It records her opinions

about her affairs and her family, with a frankness remarkable even in writing intended for no eye but her own. "Here is Mr. Johnson very ill," she writes on the 1st of February. . . . "What shall we do for him? If I lose him, I am more than undone — friend, father, guardian, confidant! God give me health and patience! What shall I do?" There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of these sentiments, though they seem to represent a mood of excitement. They show that for ten months after Thrale's death, Mrs. Thrale was keenly sensitive to the value of Johnson's friendship.

A change, however, was approaching. Towards the end of 1780 Mrs. Thrale had made the acquaintance of an Italian musician named Piozzi, a man of amiable and honourable character, making an independent income by his profession, but to the eyes of most people rather inoffensive than specially attractive. The friendship between Mrs. Thrale and Piozzi rapidly became closer, and by the end of 1781 she was on very intimate terms with the gentleman whom she calls "my Piozzi." He had been making a professional trip to the Continent during part of the period since her husband's death, and upon his return in November, Johnson congratulated her upon having two friends who loved her, in terms which suggest no existing feeling of jealousy. During 1782, the mutual affection of the lady and the musician became stronger, and in the autumn they had avowed it to each other, and were discussing the question of marriage. . . .

At last, in the end of August, the crisis came. Mrs. Thrale's lawsuit had gone against her. She thought it desirable to go abroad and save money. It had more-

over been "long her dearest wish" to see Italy, with Piozzi for a guide. The one difficulty (as she says in her journal at the time), was that it seemed equally hard to part with Johnson, or to take him with her until he had regained strength. At last, however, she took courage to confide to him her plans for travel. To her extreme annoyance, he fully approved of them. He advised her to go; anticipated her return in two or three years; and told her daughter that he should not accompany them, even if invited. No behaviour, it may be admitted, could be more provoking than this unforeseen reasonableness. To nerve oneself to part with a friend, and to find the friend perfectly ready, and all your battery of argument thrown away is most vexatious. The poor man should have begged her to stay with him, or to take him with her; he should have made the scene which she professed to dread, but which would have been the best proof of her power. The only conclusion which could really have satisfied her — though she, in all probability, did not know it — would have been an outburst which would have justified a rupture, and allowed her to protest against his tyranny as she now proceeded to protest against his complacency.

Johnson wished to go to Italy two years later; and his present willingness to be left was probably caused by a growing sense of the dangers which threatened their friendship. Mrs. Thrale's anger appears in her journal. He had never really loved her, she declares; his affection for her had been interested, though even in her wrath she admits that he really loved her husband; he cared less for her conversation, which she had fancied necessary to his existence, than for her "roast beef and plumb

pudden," which he now devours too "dirtily for endurance." She was fully resolved to go, and yet she could not bear that her going should fail to torture the friend whom for eighteen years she had loved and cherished so kindly. . . .

The truth is plain enough. Mrs. Thrale was torn by conflicting feelings. She still loved Johnson, and yet dreaded his certain disapproval of her strongest wishes. She respected him, but was resolved not to follow his advice. She wished to treat him with kindness and to be repaid with gratitude, and yet his presence and his affection were full of intolerable inconveniences. When an old friendship becomes a burden, the smaller infirmities of manner and temper, to which we once submitted willingly, become intolerable. She had borne with Johnson's modes of eating and with his rough reproofs to herself and her friends during sixteen years of her married life; and for nearly a year of her widowhood she still clung to him as the wisest and kindest of monitors. His manners had undergone no spasmodic change. They became intolerable when, for other reasons, she resented his possible interference, and wanted a very different guardian and confidant; and, therefore, she wished to part, and yet wished that the initiative should come from him. . . .

After much suffering in mind and body, Mrs. Thrale had at last induced her daughters to consent to her marriage with Piozzi. She sent for him at once, and they were married in June, 1784. A painful correspondence followed. Mrs. Thrale announced her marriage in a friendly letter to Johnson, excusing her previous silence on the ground that discussion could only have caused

them pain. The revelation, though Johnson could not have been quite unprepared, produced one of his bursts of fury. "Madam, if I interpret your letter rightly," wrote the old man, "you are ignominiously married. If it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness! If you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief! If the last act is yet to do, I, who have loved you, esteemed you, reverenced you, and served you — I, who long thought you the first of womankind — entreat that before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you! I was, I once was, madam, most truly yours, Sam Johnson."

Mrs. Thrale replied with spirit and dignity to this cry of blind indignation, speaking of her husband with becoming pride, and resenting the unfortunate phrase about her loss of fame. She ended by declining further intercourse till Johnson could change his opinion of Piozzi. Johnson admitted in his reply, that he had no right to resent her conduct; expressed his gratitude for the kindness which had "soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched," and implored her ("superfluously" as she says) to induce Piozzi to settle in England. He then took leave of her with an expression of sad forebodings. Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi, says that she replied affectionately; but the letter is missing. The friendship was broken off, and during the brief remainder of Johnson's life, the Piozzis were absent from England.

*Austin Dobson*

## The Materials for a Violent Quarrel

ON the one side was Addison with probably an instinctive dislike of Pope's character, intensified by the injurious reports circulated against Pope in the "little senate" at Button's; with a nature somewhat cold and reserved; and with something of literary jealousy partly arising from a sense of what was due to his acknowledged supremacy, and partly from a perception that there had appeared a very formidable "brother near the throne." On the side of Pope, there was an eager sensitiveness, ever craving for recognition and praise, with an abnormal irritability prone to watch for, and reluctant to forgive anything in the shape of a slight or an injury. Slights and injuries he already deemed himself to have received, and accordingly, when Tickell in 1715 published his translation of the first book of the *Iliad*, at the same time with his own translation of the first four books, his smothered resentment broke into a blaze at what he imagined to be a conspiracy to damage his poetical reputation. . . . We can scarcely doubt that it was this, and this alone, which roused him to such glowing indignation, and inspired him to write the character of Atticus. . . .

The following is the first published version of the satire: —

"If Dennis writes and rails in furious pet
I'll answer Dennis when I am in debt.
If meagre Gildon draw his meaner quill,
I wish the man a dinner and sit still.
But should there *One* whose better stars conspire
To form a bard, and raise a genius higher,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,

And born to live, converse, and write with ease;
Should such a one, resolved to reign alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with jealous yet with scornful eyes,
Hate him for arts that caused himself to rise,
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer.
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend,
Fearing e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hit the fault, and hesitate dislike,
*Who when two wits on rival themes contest,*
*Approves of both, but likes the worst the best:*
Like Cato, gives his little senate laws
And sits attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence praise
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Addison were he?"

There is sufficient corroborative evidence to allow us to believe that these lines were actually written, as Pope says, during Addison's lifetime; and if they were, the character of the satire would naturally suggest that its motive was Addison's supposed conduct in the matter of the two translations of the *Iliad*.

*Alfred Ainger*

## The Lost Leader

JUST for a handful of silver he left us;
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,

So much was theirs who so little allowed.
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen;
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering, — not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then, — record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part, — the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him, — strike gallantly,
Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

*Robert Browning*

# When Friends are Parted

## False Friends

*Piers.* Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shepheard that does the right way forsake:
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had lever my foe then my freend he be;
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde,
Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

*Palinode.* Now, Piers, of fellowship, tell us that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flockes from straying.

*Piers.* Thilke same Kidde (as I can well devise)
Was too very foolish and unwise;
For on a tyme, in sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroade unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good;
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as kidde mought be.
His vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossoms of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.
'My Sonne,' (quoth she and with that gan weepe,
For careful thoughts in her heart did creepe)
'God blesse thee, poore Orphane! as he mought me,

And send thee joy of thy jollitee.
Thy father,' (that word she spake with payne,
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
. . . . . .
'Kidde, (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes liggen in waite
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has voued thy last confusion.
For — thy, my Kiddie, be ruld by mee,
And never give trust to his trecheree:
And, if he chaunce come when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request.'
So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answered his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck, bene dispraised);
Yet forth shee yode, thereat halfe aghast:
And Kidde the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore anone:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses, in hys packe:
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne:

His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, 'Alack! Alack!
Ah, deare Lord! and sweete Saint Charitee!
That some good body woulde once pitie mee!'
  Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
And lenged to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho, creeping close behind the Wickets clink,
Prevelie he peeped out through a chinck,
Yet not so previlie but the Foxe him spyed;
For deceitful meaning is double eyed.
  'Ah, good young maister!' (then gan he crye)
'Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
And keepe your corpse from the careful stounds
That in my carrion carcas abounds.'
  The Kidd, pitying hys heavinesse,
Asked the cause of hys great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were?
  Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
'Sicke, sicke, alas! and little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore sheepe, albe my coloure donne,
For with long traveile I am brent in the sonne:
And, if that my Grandsire me sayd be true,
Sicker, I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and favour, then, I you pray
With your ayd to fore-stall my neere decaye.'
  Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke,

Wherein while Kiddie unawares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the jewell:
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame:
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
  Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see.
After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesinges of this and that,
And how he could shewe many a fine knack:
Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kidde to fynd:
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.
  Home when the doubtful Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde; but he nould answere at all:
Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

*Edmund Spenser*

# When Friends are Parted

## The Death of Friends

OUR dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatched from us is a plume,
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights
And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim Earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish and for us they die,
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent soft address,
Their posthumous advice and pious prayer?
Senseless as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish and destroy their deaths?

*Edward Young*

## The Pleasures of Memory

OFT may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!
Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.

*Samuel Rogers*

## When Friends are Parted

### David's Lament for Jonathan

THY glory, O Israel,
Is slain upon thy high places!
*How are the mighty—*
*Fallen!*

Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you,
Neither fields of offerings:
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, as of one not anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain,
From the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided;
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel,
Weep over Saul,

Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,
Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

*How are the mighty—*
*Fallen in the midst of the battle!*
O Jonathan,
Slain upon thy high places,

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

*How are the mighty—*
*Fallen!*
*And the weapons of war—*
*Perished!*

*From the Book of Judges*

## Lycidas

FOR we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening her flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,

## When Friends are Parted

Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long:
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepard, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepard's ear.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey:
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

*John Milton*

# The Book of Friendship

## Musing on Companions Gone

WHEN, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain;
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.

*Sir Walter Scott*

## Losses Restored

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

*William Shakespeare*

## When Friends are Parted

### Thyrsis

TOO rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;
And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead. . . .

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—

The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

*Matthew Arnold*

In memory of Arthur Hugh Clough.

## In Memoriam

I CLIMB the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill;
Nor quarry trenched along the hill,
And haunted by the wrangling daw.

Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down;
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

## When Friends are Parted

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
  The brook shall babble down the plain,
  At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
  And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
  Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
  A fresh association blow,
  And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills
  His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
  And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

*Alfred Tennyson*

## Experto Crede

MEN lean on pleasant staves for many years,
  And gladly use them day by day;
So sweet the journey is, they have no fears
  How long and weary is the way—

Until the staff is broken — then they know
  How much they leant upon their friend;
And o'er the dull hard way they sadly go,
  And speed them forward to the end.

*E. H. Coleridge*

## The Old Familiar Faces

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women!
Closed are her doors on me now, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces, —

How some they have died, and some they have left me.
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

*Charles Lamb*

# XII

# FRIENDSHIP




## FRIENDSHIP

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O TAN-FACED prairie boy,
Before you came to camp, came many a welcome gift,
Praises and presents came and nourishing food, till at last among the recruits,
You came, taciturn, with nothing to give — we but look'd on each other,
When lo! more than all the gifts of the world you gave me.

*Walt Whitman*

## Friendship

THERE is nothing to which nature seems so much to have inclined us, as to society; and Aristotle says that the good legislators had more respect to friendship than to justice.

The ancient Menander declared him to be happy that had had the good fortune to meet with but the shadow of a friend; and doubtless he had good reason to say so, especially if he spoke by experience; for in good earnest, if I compare all the rest of my life, though, thanks be to God, I have passed my time pleasantly enough, and at my ease, and the loss of such a friend excepted, free from any grievous affliction, and in great tranquillity of mind, having been contented with my natural and original commodities, without being solicitous after others; if I should compare it all, I say, with the four years I had the happiness to enjoy the sweet society of this excellent man, 'tis nothing but smoke, and obscure and tedious night. From the day that I lost him,

> "Quem semper acerbum,
> Semper honoratum (sic, di, voluistis) habebo,"

I have only led a languishing life; and the very pleasures that present themselves to me, instead of administering anything of consolation, double my affliction for his loss. We were halves throughout, and to that degree, that methinks, by outliving him, I defraud him of his part.

> "Nec fas esse ulla me voluptate hic frui
> Decrevi, tantisper dum ille abest meus particeps."

I was so grown and accustomed to be always his double

in all places and in all things, that methinks I am no more than half of myself.

"Illam meae si partem animae tulit
Maturior vis, quid moror latera?
Nec carus aeque, nec superstes
Integer? Ille dies utramque
Duxit ruinam."

There is no action or imagination of mine wherein I do not miss him; as I know that he would have missed me: for as he surpassed me by infinite degrees in virtue and all other accomplishments, so he also did in the duties of friendship.

*Montaigne*

## The Hare with Many Friends

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:

## Friendship

She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
'Let me,' says she, 'your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light.'
The Horse replied: 'Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.'
    She next the stately Bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord.
'Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend,
To take the freedom of a friend;
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow:
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.'
    The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
'My back,' says he, 'may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.'

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained;
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
'Shall I,' says he, 'of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas! must part!
How shall we all lament. Adieu!
For see, the hounds are just in view.'

*John Gay*

## Two Views of Friendship

*Christopher North.* Once I had a friend — and to me he was a priest. He has been so long dead, that it seems to me now, that I have almost forgotten him — and that I remember only that he once lived, and that I once loved him with all my affections. One such friend alone can ever from the very nature of things, belong to any one human being however endowed by nature and beloved of Heaven. He is felt to stand between us and our upbraiding conscience. In his life lies the strength — the power — the virtue of ours, — in his death, the better half of our whole being seems to expire. Such communion of spirit, perhaps, can only be in existences rising toward their meridian; as the hills of life cast longer shadows in the

westering hours, we grow — I should not say more suspicious, for that may be too strong a word — but more silent, more self-wrapt, more circumspect — less sympathetic even with kindred and congenial natures (who will sometimes, in our almost sullen moods, or theirs, seem as if they were kindred and congenial no more — less devoted to Spirituals, that is, to Ideas, so tender, true, beautiful, and sublime, that they seem to be inhabitants of heaven though born of earth, and to float between the two regions angelical and divine — yet felt to be mortal, human still — the Ideas of passions, desires and affections, and "impulses that come to us in solitude"), to whom we breathe out our souls in silence or in almost silent speech, in utterly mute adoration, or in broken hymns of feeling, believing that the holy enthusiasm will go with us through life to the grave, or rather, knowing not, or feeling not, that the grave is anything more for us than a mere word with a somewhat mournful sound, and that life is changeless, cloudless, unfading as the heaven of heavens, that lies to the uplifted fancy in blue immortal calm, round the throne of the Eternal Jehovah.

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*The Shepherd.* I weel believe that only the shears o' Fate will ever cut the cord o' our friendsh ip. I fancy it's just the same wi' you as wi' me, we maun ike ane anither whether we wull or no — and that's the sort o' friendship for me — for it flourishes like a mountain flower, in all weathers — braid and bricht in the sunshine and just faulded up a wee in the sleet, sae that it micht maist be thocht dead, but fu' o' life in its cosy bield ahint the mossy stone, and peering out again in a' its beauty, at the sang o' the rising laverock.

*North.* This world's friendships, James —

*Shepherd.* Are as cheap as crockery, and as easily broken by a fa'. They seldom can bide a clash, without fleein' intil flinders. O sire, but maist men's hearts, and women's too, are like toom nuts — nae kernel, and a splutter o' fushionless dust. I sometimes canna help thinkin' that there's nae future state.

*John Wilson*

## On Friendship

THE earth-born clod who hugs his idol pelf,
His only friends are Mammon and himself;
The drunken sots, who want the art to think,
Still cease from friendship when they cease from drink.
The empty fop who scarce for man will pass,
Ne'er sees a friend but when he views his glass.
Friendship first springs from sympathy of mind,
Which to complete the virtues all combine,
And only found 'mongst men who can espy
The merits of his friend without envy.
Thus all pretending friendship's but a dream,
Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.

*Allan Ramsay*

## A Friend

OF all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?
Our health is soon decayed; goods, casual, light and vain;
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honor suffer stain.

## Friendship

In body's lust man doth resemble but base brute;
True virtue gets and keeps a friend, good guide of our pursuit.
Whose hearty zeal with ours accords in every case;
No term of time, no space of place, no storm can it deface.

*Nicholas Grimoald*

## The Memory of the Heart

IF stores of dry and learnéd lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts, — whate'er we knowledge call, —
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.

But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

*Daniel Webster*

## The Limitations of Friendship

HUMAN friendship must have limits, just because it is human. It is subject to loss, and is often to some extent the sport of occasion. It lacks permanence; misunderstandings can estrange us: slander can embitter us: death can bereave us. We are left very

much the victims of circumstances; for like everything earthly it is open to change and decay. No matter how close and spiritual the intercourse, it is not permanent, and never certain. If nothing else, the shadow of death is always on it. Tennyson describes how he dreamed that he and his friend should pass through the world together, loving and trusting each other, and together pass out into the silence.

> "Arrive at last the blessed goal,
> And He that died in Holy Land
> Would reach us out the shining hand,
> And take us as a single soul."

It was a dream at the best. Neither to live together nor to die together could blot out the spiritual limits of friendship. Even in the closest of human relations, when two take each other for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, they may be made one flesh, but never one soul. Singleness is the ultimate fact of human life. "The race is run by one and one, and never by two and two."

In religion, in the deepest things of the spirit, these limits we have been considering are perhaps felt most of all. With even a friend who is as one's own soul, we cannot seek to make a spiritual impression, without realizing the constraint of his separate individuality. We cannot break through the barriers of another's distinct existence. If we have ever sought to lead to a higher life another whom we love, we must have been made to feel that it does not all rest with us, that he is a free moral being, and that only by voluntarily yielding his heart and will and life to the King, can he enter the Kingdom. We are forced to respect his personality. We may watch and

pray and speak, but we cannot save. There is almost a sort of spiritual indecency in unveiling the naked soul, in attempting to invade the personality of another life. There is sometimes a spiritual vivisection which some attempt in the name of religion, which is immoral. Only holier eyes than ours, only more reverent hands than ours, can deal with the spirit of a man. He is a separate individual, with all the rights of an individual. We may have many points of contact with him, the contact of mind on mind, and heart on heart; we may even have rights over him, the rights of love; but he can at will insulate his life from ours. Here also, as elsewhere when we go deep enough into life, it is God and the single human soul.

The lesson of all true living in every sphere is to learn our own limitations. It is the first lesson in art, to work within the essential limitations of the particular art. But in dealing with other lives it is perhaps the hardest of all lessons, to learn, and submit to, our limitations. It is the crowning grace of faith, when we are willing to submit, and to leave those we love in the hands of God, as we leave ourselves. Nowhere else is the limit of friendship so deeply cut as here in the things of the spirit.

> "No man can save his brother's soul,
> Nor pay his brother's debt."

Human friendship has limits because of the real greatness of man. We are too big to be quite comprehended by another. There is always something in us left unexplained, and unexplored. We do not even know ourselves, much less can another hope to probe into the recesses of our being. Friendship has a limit, because of the infinite element in the soul. It is hard to kick against

the pricks, but they are meant to drive us toward the true end of living. It is hard to be brought up by a limit along any line of life, but it is designed to send us to a deeper and richer development of our life. Man's limitation is God's occasion. Only God can fully satisfy the hungry heart of man.

*Hugh Black*

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## In Haste

FROM far, from eve and morning,
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff to life to knit me
Blew hither; here am I.

Now — for a breath I tarry,
Nor yet disperse apart —
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart?

Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way?

*A. E. Housman*

CONVEY thy love to thy friend, as an arrow to the mark, to stick there; not as a ball against the wall to rebound back to thee.

*Francis Quarles*

# Friendship

## The Basis of Friendship

FRIENDSHIP Aristotle defines as "unanimity on questions of the public advantage and on all that touches life." This unanimity, however, is very different from agreement in opinion. It is seeing things from the same point of view; or, more accurately, it is the appreciation of each other's interests and aims. The whole tendency of Aristotle thus far has been to develop individuality; to make each man different from every other man. Conventional people are all alike. But the people who have cherished ends of their own, and who make all their choices with reference to these inwardly cherished ends, become highly differentiated. The more individual your life becomes, the fewer people there are who can understand you. The man who has ends of his own is bound to be unintelligible to the man who has no such ends, and is merely drifting with the crowd. Now friendship is the bringing together of these intensely individual, highly differentiated persons on a basis of mutual sympathy and common understanding. Friendship is the recognition and respect of individuality in others by persons who are highly individualized themselves. That is why Aristotle says true friendship is possible only between the good; between people, that is, who are in earnest about ends that are large and generous and public-spirited enough to permit of being shared. "The bad," he says, "desire the company of others, but avoid their own. And because they avoid their own company, there is no real basis for union of aims and interests with their fellows." "Having nothing lovable about them, they have no friendly feelings

toward themselves. If such a condition is consummately miserable, the moral is to shun vice, and strive after virtue with all one's might. For in this way we shall at once have friendly feelings toward ourselves and become the friends of others. A good man stands in the same relation to his friend as to himself, seeing that his friend is a second self." "The conclusion, therefore, is that if a man is to be happy, he will require good friends."

Friendship has as many planes as human life and human association. The men with whom we play golf and tennis, billiards and whist, are friends on the lowest plane — that of common pleasures. Our professional and business associates are friends upon a little higher plane — that of the interests we share. The men who have the same social customs and intellectual tastes; the men with whom we read our favourite authors, and talk over our favourite topics, are friends upon a still higher plane — that of identity of æsthetic and intellectual pursuits. The highest plane, the best friends, are those with whom we consciously share the spiritual purpose of our lives. This highest friendship is as precious as it is rare. With such friends we drop at once into a matter-of-course intimacy and communion. Nothing is held back, nothing is concealed; our aims are expressed with the assurance of sympathy; even our shortcomings are confessed with the certainty that they will be forgiven. Such friendship lasts as long as the virtue which is its common bond. Jealousy cannot come in to break it up. Absolute sincerity, absolute loyalty, — these are the high terms on which such friendship must be held. A person may have many

such friends on one condition: that he shall not talk to any one friend about what his friendship permits him to know of another friend. Each such relation must be complete within itself; and hermetically sealed, so far as permitting any one else to come inside the sacred circle of its mutual confidence. In such friendship, differences, as of age, sex, station in life, divide not, but rather enhance, the sweetness and tenderness of the relationship. In Aristotle's words: "The friendship of the good, and of those who have the same virtues, is perfect friendship. Such friendship, therefore, endures so long as each retains his character, and virtue is a lasting thing."

*William DeWitt Hyde*

HOW were Friendship possible? In mutual devotedness to the Good and True: otherwise impossible, except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.

*Thomas Carlyle*

FRIENDSHIP is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

*Walter Savage Landor*

## Kindred Hearts

O ASK not, hope thou not, too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow:
Few — and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet —
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky
Where the rich sunset burns;
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring, —
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times, —
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill, —
These may have language all thine own,
To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!

## Friendship

If there be one that o'er the dead
  Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched through sickness by thy bed,
  Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
  Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade
  With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
  Never to mortals given,
O, lay thy lovely dreams aside,
  Or lift them unto heaven!

*Felicia Hemans*

## Friends and Enemies

I WILL take heed both of a speedy friend and a slow enemy. Love is never lasting which flames before it burns; and hate, like wetted coals, throws a fiercer heat when fire gets the mastery. As quick wits have seldom sound judgments which should make them continue, so friendship kindled suddenly is rarely found to consist with the durability of affection. Enduring love is ever built on virtue, which no man can see in another at once. He that fixes upon her shall find a beauty which will every day take him with some new grace or other. I like that love which, by a soft ascension, by degrees possesses itself of the soul. As for an enemy who is long a making, he is much the worse for being ill no sooner. He hates not without cause who is unwilling to hate at all.

*Owen Feltham*

## True Love is Blind

TRUE love, we know, is blind: defects that blight
The loved one's charms escape the lover's sight,
Nay, pass for beauties, as Balbinus glows
With admiration of his Hagna's nose.
Ah, if in friendship we e'en did the same,
And virtue cloaked the error with her name!
Come, let us learn how friends at friends should look
By a leaf taken from a father's book.
Has the dear child a squint? at home he's classed
With Venus' self; 'her eyes have just that cast':
Is he a dwarf like Sisyphus? his sire
Calls him 'sweet pet,' and would not have him higher,
Gives Varus' name to knock-kneed boys, and dubs
His club-foot youngster Scaurus, king of clubs.
E'en so let us our neighbours' frailties scan:
A friend is close; call him a careful man:
Another's vain and fond of boasting; say,
He talks in an engaging, friendly way:
A third is a barbarian, rude and free;
Straightforward and courageous let him be:
A fourth is apt to break into a flame;
An ardent spirit — make we that his name.
This is the sovereign recipe, be sure,
To win men's hearts, and having won, secure.

*Horace*

# Friendship

## The Masterpiece of Nature

I DO now wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he knew the solemnity of that relation, and honor its law! He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be presented or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness, and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign, that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those

undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness, with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, that being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a certain religious frenzy, cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliments and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plain dealing, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to the most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age, is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, — requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all

conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being in all its height, variety and curiosity reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the master-piece of nature.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

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